THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1923

WOMEN AND CIVILIZATION

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

EVERYONE acknowledges that women to-day are taking a more apparent place in public affairs than they used to. How great was their position in the past is difficult to judge, for they have been very much in the position of a junior partner. His name counts for little; his senior gets the credit, yet he may be indeed the directing spirit of the business. Such has been the position of women, and it is safe to say that their actual influence on society has been greater than the historic record admits.

Many recent writers have claimed that the present civilization of North America is predominantly female, and this although the legal and political freedom of women is certainly not greater here than in, say, England. Dr. Einstein asserted this, and caused great anger in the women's clubs by linking it to a statement that American cities also suffered from intellectual poverty. Of course, Dr. Einstein could refer only to that kind of intellectual activity which he himself practises; for most American cities are seething with an activity which shows itself in 'social work,' education, and charity organization.

This work is largely in the hands of women and is surely a part of intellectual activity. It is probable that what Dr. Einstein missed was abstract intellectual activity, the search for knowledge for its own sake.

The daily papers and the magazines frequently discuss the increasing public activity of women. They have, indeed, formed a set of opinions which we find repeated again and again. These may be shortly summarized: —

Women are more imaginative and more artistic than men.
Women have a more delicate intuition than men.
Women make excellent stenographers.
And, of course, woman's place is the home.

On the other side: —

Men are better fitted than women for the rough battle of life.
Men are more suited for business than women.
Men are physically stronger than women.

At first sight, this curious collection of qualities appears to give all the desirable qualities to women, but a little consideration shows that it really means that men are better able to occupy well-paid jobs than women. That is the beginning and end of the whole argument. All the agreeable but

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financially useless qualities are assigned to women, all the paying ones to men. The discussion, as at present conducted, is in its inmost heart economic.

This tale of the strong, brutal man who alone is to be allowed to swindle his fellow men in the rude battle of life, and the fragile, delicately minded woman who is to sit at home, cultivate her mind, and enjoy the proceeds, is a fable. It has no shadow of resemblance to real life. It goes on living because most men and many women want it to be true.

Even the most extreme advocates of women's rights do not claim that men and women are the same, either physically or mentally. We all acknowledge that there are some things which men can do better than women, and other things which women can do better than men.

The real question is — What are the things? It is a question which can be answered only by an appeal to past performance.

But it is usually objected that women were given no opportunity in the past, and that, in consequence, their abilities are unknown and to be revealed only by future performance.

The answer to this is — first, that their not taking opportunity is in itself a part of the record of their ability; and secondly, that as a matter of fact a sufficient number of women in the past have taken opportunity, and that from these we can judge their abilities quite clearly. It is only necessary to consult any good historic tables to find in them the names of many distinguished women, and also to find that their abilities have not in the least been confined within the usually accepted limits.

So it may be worth while to consider the past performance of women in the activities which go to make up civilization: in music, in the graphic arts, in literature, in science, in religion and philosophy, and in the life of affairs, business, and action.

II

Music is, by general agreement, the most abstract of the arts. It appeals purely to the emotions, is constructed in a manner akin to mathematics, and is less touched by utility than any of the other arts. The great musician is usually deaf and blind to all interests except his own. He lives in a world of sound.

Yet music is a very popular art. For many generations it has been a 'polite accomplishment,' and many generations of women have been taught the rudiments of the art. Most music-teachers are women, and many public performers. Men have, on the other hand, been rather diverted from musical training. A boy needs to show a very evident desire before he is taught to play the piano; and in many parts of America any such activity is regarded as effeminate, unworthy of a real boy.

Yet there are no great women musicians. All the great composers were men; and in this, which is the heart of music, women have never risen above a respectable mediocrity. In spite of generations of training, the heights of music are unscaled except by men. Music is apparently a man's art, and though Saint Cecilia was a woman, her disciples are men.

In painting, sculpture, and the graphic arts the case for women is a little better, but not very much so. Some elementary training in art is part of the education of most girls, and is omitted from that of most boys. Sketching is quite a female habit and, like music, is effeminate in a boy; yet how many great women painters or sculptors can we reckon — Angelika

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Kauffmann, Madame Lebrun, two or three more, and these not of the very highest rank.

The great creative artists are all men. Our art-schools are full of women. They earn their living in fashion-drawing, pattern-designing, illustration, and all the less important branches of the graphic arts; some of them paint pictures, and they have every opportunity to show their artistic talent. But all the great painters, sculptors, and designers to-day, as in the past, are men. Creative ability in the fine arts is a manly virtue.

It has often been claimed that architecture is a suitable occupation for women, particularly domestic architecture and interior decoration. We are told that a woman knows better how to run a house than a man, and therefore is better qualified to design one.

A woman can run a house if she is taught how; but these claimants forget that if a girl is to undergo the same professional training as her brother, in order to become an architect, she will have neither more nor less knowledge of how to run a house than he has. Interior decoration is a minor branch of architecture and hardly to be separated from the larger problems. A certain number of women have been trained as architects, for the profession is quite open to them; but so far they have made no mark. They apparently fail in design; for architectural design is, like music, a very abstract art. We must remember that Sir Christopher Wren, one of the great architects of the world, was a mathematician before he was an artist.

The case for women in literature is a great deal better. There are many able women prose-writers, though very few poetesses. Sappho is the only woman for whom a place in highest Olympus has been claimed. Mrs. Browning, Jean Ingelow, Miss Rossetti, and Mrs. Hemans were talented ladies, but no one would claim for them a place among the immortals. In prose we have one or two names of the highest, — Miss Austen, the Brontës, George Eliot, — and a large number of lesser ones.

A rough list taken from Nichol's *Historical Tables* gives, between A.D. 200 and A.D. 1882, of women prominent in art, two; in music, none; but in literature, thirty-eight. Some of these were novelists, as Mrs. Oliphant, 'Ouida,' and Miss Edgeworth; but the greater number were essayists and writers on contemporary life.

It is in the least abstract forms of literature that women shine — in descriptions of and comments on life and society.

In the whole field of art we must therefore conclude that women are inferior to men in imagination, intuition, and the abstract qualities. These qualities are what distinguish all the highest creative art. Lacking them, though women may do good work in the less exacting and more practical branches of art, they will go no further. The great artists will always be men. Art is a manly virtue.

This conclusion is not in agreement with the popular view, but that cannot be helped. The popular view is not based on any knowledge of art.

In science women have done little. Madame Curie is, indeed, the only woman in modern times who has shown great ability in scientific research. The same applies to religion and philosophy. There are no women philosophers, and Mrs. Eddy is the only woman who has ever founded a religion.

Surely there is cause for thought in this. Pure science, philosophy, and religion are alike in that they are all highly abstract activities. Scientific research is, of course, concerned with

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actual material, but it is pursued in an atmosphere free from any trace of utility, or of concern with human society.

The scientist is concerned with pure knowledge only. He neither knows nor cares what use man may make of his researches. They may end in supplying bandits with bombs and motor-cars, or in supplying armies with poison-gas; his business is simply to investigate nature, so far as he can, and to tell the truth, as it appears to him. He is not aware of consequences, or of utility, in so far as he is a scientist.

The philosopher similarly is concerned with pure thought. His thought, when published, may result in a revolution, but he is not concerned with this. The scientist and the philosopher have no concern with the application of their knowledge; the one investigates matter, the other thought, in the search for pure knowledge.

This investigation calls for a very high degree of imagination, and in this the philosopher and the scientist are akin to the artist; but these very qualities of abstraction and imagination would seem to render such activities uninteresting to women.

The relation of women to religion is a most interesting point. Before the coming of Christianity women took an important and prominent place in the classic religions. In Asia Minor high priestesses controlled great cults with elaborate rites and large endowments — positions which must have called for high organizing and executive power. In Greece the Delphic Oracle was delivered by a priestess, and in Rome the Vestal Virgins were more than nuns — they were a state institution. How then does it come about that the great world-religions, Christianity, Buddhism, Judaism, and Mohammedanism, give so small a place to women?

The answer seems to be that the great religions are all abstract and mystic in thought, and that these qualities have prevented women from rising in them. The classic religions had very little of mysticism, though we find mystic doctrines in the later philosophies. The early Christian Church held at first a simple doctrine of ethics and brotherly love, and, while this lasted we find that women took a large part; but as the mystic doctrine of unity with the Divine began to gain ground, as the mystic communion of the saints and the highly abstract doctrines and philosophies of the developed church came to the front, so women fell back.

Buddhism is a highly mystic religion, in which the soul seeks eventual absorption in the Divine, through repeated reincarnations. Mohammedanism, though at first a fairly material religion, rapidly became permeated with mysticism; and that is an atmosphere in which woman's thought does not seem to flourish. A few women have been great mystic disciples, as, for instance, Saint Theresa, but never mystic leaders.

The one religion, or sect, of the present day which was founded by a woman is Christian Science. It is a practical religion, devoid of mysticism both in doctrine and in practice.

The influence of women in religion is, in general, to lessen the mystical content and to increase the social and ethical value.

III

In the preceding remarks I have tried to put forward fairly the position of women in the fine arts, pure science, philosophy, and religion. In these activities women have certainly had less discouragement than in the life of action, if we may call by this term the life which centres round business, politics, trade, and society. For some

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generations the fine arts have been regarded — particularly in America — as suited to women, and their failure to take a high place in them is the more remarkable.

It is sometimes urged that women have been so universally held down that they could rise in nothing; but that is surely an overstatement. Men of genius have very frequently been held down in their first efforts to express themselves. Fathers have not always appreciated the first artistic strivings of their sons, and have very frequently insisted on their entering some quite prosaic occupation. Keats was trained as a druggist. Suppression was the lot of men of genius as well as of women, but it failed. If unfavorable circumstances were incapable of suppressing men of genius, it is not open to us to claim that under easier circumstances women of genius have failed to show themselves. And in art matters women have, for fully a century and a half, been better trained than men.

We must conclude that the fine arts are not really suited to woman's mind, and that imagination, intuition, and the love of pure knowledge are manly attributes.

In the life of action women have certainly had less opportunity than men, yet, after literature, there are more distinguished women in this life than in that of art. Some of them are among the greatest characters of history. Queen Elizabeth, the Empress Irene, Catherine de' Medici, Florence Nightingale, the Empress Catherine of Russia, and Joan of Arc were women of very different characters, but they were all great organizers, great in action. They take a place in history beside the greatest men of their type.

Joan of Arc is one of the great characters of all history, and her greatness is due not so much to her visions — plenty of men have visions — as to her exceptional power of acting on those visions, and of organizing the defeated people of her country. Queen Elizabeth was an organizer. Her greatness was due to her power of selecting ministers and of uniting them in action.

The world of action is one which men have always tried to keep to themselves. Women have never been encouraged to enter it, yet, by force of character, they have done so.

The more we consider woman, the more we must acknowledge her organizing power. The management of a household, that traditional sphere of woman, is organization. It is no light matter to arrange a little community of a man, a woman, two or three children, and a servant, so that all their different wants shall be satisfied with the least friction on an insufficient income; yet that feat is accomplished every day by women.

In France, the wife is more especially the organizer and manager of the small business. In a little baker's shop it is the man who bakes the bread — he is the producer; but it is his wife who sells it — she is the distributor and gives a social value to the man's production.

Women themselves acknowledge this, though probably unconsciously; for in the recent expansion of woman's work they have not sought employment in the arts for which they were supposed to be so well fitted, but have gone into business, organization, and education.

Women make excellent clerks and managers; social work is largely in their hands, and is almost entirely a matter of organization. They have also entered the medical profession with success; and this is a social activity rather than a scientific one.

The fact is that the distinguishing character of those occupations which

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women have chosen for themselves is their social quality. This of course involves organization, since society is an organization. It also involves utility.

We have seen that the abstract arts are peculiarly suited to men; we may suspect that the practical and social pursuits are equally suited to women. As has already been noted, many of the women authors were writers of memoirs, of comments on society; and woman now appears as the gregarious genius. She is at her best when working with her fellow citizens on useful schemes of social organization or improvement.

This is not a new idea. It has already been noted by various writers on American society, and the 'practical' nature of the American people has been attributed to the influence of women. If it is true, a comparison with societies in which women's influence has been small should give results.

The civilizations of Asia have always suppressed woman. She has been confined to the harem, veiled, secluded, and reduced as far as possible to a puppet for the amusement of man, her sole serious duty the raising of children.

Corresponding to this, the characteristics of Asiatic civilization have been lack of sustained energy, lack of organization, lack of practical qualities. The characteristic of Asiatic thought is abstraction, the characteristic of Asiatic religion is mysticism. This is the result of suppressing woman, and of giving man a free rein.

In America, on the other hand, women are really in control of the social and civilized life of the community. American civilization is known for its intensely practical character, its desire to get things done, without always considering the ultimate result. American religion has lost its mystic element, and has become a series of movements for the regeneration and reform of society. It has largely abandoned faith for good works. Is this the result of suppressing man?

The Oriental saint is holy because holiness is a good thing in itself. He seeks to lose himself in the Divinity. The Western saint is a reformer. He seeks to devote himself to the improvement of his fellow men. The Western saint is devoted to his brother, but the Eastern is devoted to God.

It is easy to see that both extremes are to be avoided. The fanatical devotee is as useless and as disagreeable as the fanatical reformer; but they do seem to represent the two extremes of religion, the Eastern and the Western.

It is noteworthy also that the only organizations in America which retain any trace of mysticism are men's organizations — the Roman Catholic Church and the Freemasons.

IV

So we have grounds for claiming that the end of a civilization too much controlled by men is impractical abstraction, that of one too much controlled by women, utilitarian materialism. After all, man and woman were made to live together, and to contribute their respective qualities to a common fund. Where either predominates, the result will be a one-sided, imperfect culture; and where each contributes his weakest quality, the result will be — dare one suggest modern America?

It would be easy to multiply examples which support this view. The Germany of the philosophers and musicians was also the Germany of the Hausfrau. Classic Greece secluded her women and was a land of philosophers and artists. Europe, we may believe, owes her greatness to the balance of man and woman. There

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abstract thought, art, and pure knowledge — those manly virtues — have been balanced by the society-forming, utilitarian instincts of women. It is proverbially the woman who holds the home together.

It is very easy, of course, to carry this argument too far. We may be able to draw broad distinctions which will be, in the main, true when applied to men or women in the mass, but only exceptional individuals will show these characteristics distinctly in themselves. There are manly, artistic women, and feminine, executive men. It is when they come to work together in numbers that the peculiarities emerge.

The boy and his sister are really very like one another, and the trend is so slight that it may often be broken down by training — especially by the training of the boy. And it is in this that one danger lies.

There can be little doubt that many of the great pioneers in industry have owed their success, not to executive powers, but to artistic powers turned into an executive channel. The building-up of a great business requires imagination, and the great business-builders have been men.

But the good name of a country depends eventually not on the records of its business or on the tale of its trusts: it depends on the contribution which it makes to human thought. This is an old truism. But how many of our business magnates are spoiled artists? How many have gained the world at the loss of their own souls and of the soul of their country?

But is this altogether their fault? At a recent meeting of a woman's club, the statement was made, with pride, that ninety-eight per cent of education in North America is in the hands of women. This means that practically every boy in the country is, during his most impressionable years, being trained to woman's ideals. He is, it is true, probably revolting against them, but his manly qualities are being suppressed. Indeed, he is being taught to consider them as the peculiar field of women. The virtues held up to him as manly are the primitive, elementary virtues of courage, loyalty, and the like. Now these are admittedly very important virtues, but they are virtues common to both men and women. Brave and faithful women are just as common as brave and faithful men; indeed, for utter devotion, it is doubtful if men can stand beside women.

These are not the peculiar manly virtues or qualities at all. The imaginative virtues cannot be taught by women and the first step in the emancipation of man must be the education of boys by men.

Not only have the woman teachers failed to train men as men, but they have brought the whole teaching profession into disrepute. The boy comes away from school only vaguely conscious that his mental needs have not been met, but perfectly aware that he despises the schoolmistress. He transfers this to the whole teaching profession, and is thereby rendered almost incapable of ever learning anything beyond the practical needs of his business. He is certainly made impervious to any real culture. In the East, where the teachers are all men, they are highly honored; in the West men teachers are ridiculed. They are ridiculed because they are said to be lacking in 'practical' qualities, because they are wrapped in abstract, useless knowledge; in fact, because they have the minds of men.

It has been reported that the European or American missionary in China is handicapped in his work because he lives in a comfortable house. 'This man cannot be a holy man, or a great teacher,' says his unconverted audience; 'he is too rich!'

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In the West, however, poverty is almost the only real offense. What we need here is the possibility of honored poverty. It need not be carried too far, but we need the possibility of a man taking an honored place in society in spite of his not being wealthy. At present a poor man may be honored by the few who know his genius; but if he is to exercise real influence on his fellow citizens, it is well for a man to be wealthy.

It is often claimed that the lack of pure intellectual life in America is due to the traditions of the 'pioneer life.' The hardships of backwoods life, we are told, left no time for thought or art. But in China or India, poor men live lives of abstract thought — it may not be the best abstract thought, but it is thought. The peasant arts of Russia and the Levant prove that poverty is no bar to fine art. But we soon knock all that nonsense out of them here.

Besides, after all, the backwoods are a thing of the past, and the present characteristics of American life are comfort and conventionality.

America has, in fact, a thoroughly feminized society. It does not really matter very much to-day whether women do or do not have the vote, or practise as lawyers, or manage businesses. These things are all being done by woman-trained men, and a few real women among them will make very little difference. The characteristics of the American world, its love of activity, its desire to do things, its social and gregarious 'convention' habit, its reform habit, its scorn for ultimate principles, pure knowledge, and art — these are the weakest qualities of woman, and they are the qualities of which many American men are proud. For, naturally, in acquiring the feminine qualities the men have acquired the weakest ones. They are as incapable of acquiring the strongest ones as the women are of acquiring those of the men.

These qualities have led to material prosperity in the past simply because America has been able to import the work of men from Europe. But they are rapidly leading to intellectual death.

For this the men are to blame. Women are perfectly justified in taking every opportunity and in insisting on their right to every opportunity. The men have left to them the intellectual and artistic culture of the country, and, if they have failed to produce any culture worth having, it is not their fault. They cannot, and that is all there is to that.

The men have neglected their duty. They have left undone those things which they ought to have done, and it is not fair for them to bring forward the old excuse which Adam made to Eve. They are the only people who can supply the elements now wanting in the culture of this continent. From their ranks must come the scientists, the artists, the poets, and the thinkers who alone can gain for the country an honored name. And just at present they are not doing anything.

It is, unfortunately, necessary to add that America, in this connection, must always include Canada.

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WHAT IS MARRIAGE?

BY A. MAUDE ROYDEN

[*On both sides of the Atlantic, the frequency of divorce is, perhaps, the most threatening social question of our time. Although the British problem is complicated by the peculiar relation of Church and State, the fundamental principles at stake are everywhere the same. The* Atlantic *has, therefore, asked Miss A. Maude Royden of the City Temple, London, to discuss, with the candor the subject requires, the British situation.*—THE EDITORS.]

I

IT is probable that there is no subject on which ecclesiastical and secular opinion is so keenly divided in this country as the subject of Divorce Law Reform. So far as public opinion is articulate, organized Christianity, as represented by its officers, is practically solid against any extension of facilities for divorce, except for a rather academic belief that there should be equality between the sexes; while the laity are as a whole, but by no means so solidly, in favor of it. There are always, of course, a few ecclesiastically minded who will out-Herod Herod on ecclesiastical topics. There is also a considerable number of working-class women whose opposition to easier divorce bases itself primarily on economic grounds. But, on the whole, the great mass of the people are in favor of reform, and the demand for it, though still largely inarticulate and unorganized, is undoubtedly growing stronger.

It is an interesting point for a prophet, whether this is not the issue on which the disestablishment of the Church of England may be decided. There are few questions, indeed, on which the Established Church feels more strongly than on the Establishment; few therefore on which she will not compromise or yield if that is threatened. She has endured the domination of her affairs by a Parliament, membership of which need not and does not involve Anglicanism, or even Christianity. She has accepted the appointment of her bishops by Presbyterian[1] or Baptist[2] prime ministers; of her parish priests by patrons who may be of any religion[3] or none. Even her 'supreme head,' the reigning sovereign, is not a whole-time Anglican.[4] All this the Church endures with equanimity. But if there is a point at which her tolerance and genius for compromise seem likely to fail her, it is on the question of marriage and divorce. It is even believed that she will risk the Establishment rather than accept another law than her own.

It will be a curious irony if this really shall prove to be the rock on which the Establishment is doomed to strike; for

[1] Mr. Asquith.

[2] Mr. Lloyd George.

[3] The late Lord Stanley of Alderley, patron of several livings, was a devout Mohammedan.

[4] The sovereign must, by law, be a member of the Established Church; hence he is an Episcopalian while in England, and a Presbyterian in Scotland.

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it is the Establishment that is the cause of offense between her and the Free Churches; and this question of divorce is one on which she and they are absolutely at one. When Lord Buckmaster's bill for increasing facilities for divorce was introduced into the House of Lords, expressions of opinion on its merits were published in all the leading newspapers. So far as one could judge by these, representative Free Churchmen were as unyielding in their opposition to all reform as their Anglican and Roman Catholic brethren.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether clerical opinion here represents anything more than a small minority of the congregations behind the ministers. But it is certainly noteworthy that official and articulate churchmanship (whether Anglican or Free) is immovably opposed to divorce-law reform now, while organized Christianity in the past has been exceedingly uncertain on the question.

Lord Hugh Cecil, one of the most distinguished of Anglican laymen, affirms that opposition to divorce is based on the express teaching of our Lord Himself, given to us in the Sermon on the Mount and further elucidated, in answer to a question from the Pharisees, in Matthew 19: 4–6. Here, says Lord Hugh Cecil, our Lord explains to us the nature of marriage, and makes it clear that divorce is not only inexpedient or wrong, but, in fact, literally *impossible*.

> Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female,
>
> And said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh? . . .
>
> What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

'They twain shall be one flesh.' This is 'marriage.' And therefore Christ's teaching is that according to the original plan of God, man and wife are in marriage joined together for life and cannot be put asunder. Any second union is, therefore, the original parties being alive, adultery and not marriage. Remarriage after divorce is not merely wrong but is not marriage at all. It is not an unworthy marriage or a loveless marriage — it is adultery. . . . This same point, that our Lord did not merely prohibit divorce but revealed what marriage is and how it is inconsistent with divorce, at once disposes of all those not very clear-headed persons who seem to think that the Church ought to conform to the law of the land in respect to the dissolubility of marriage, whatever that law may be. It is clear that, if in the mind of God marriage cannot be dissolved, nothing that the State or, for that matter, the Church, can do will make any difference. An Act of Parliament could as effectively regulate the conditions of regeneration, or enact that murder is consistent with Christian charity,[5] as that the remarriage of people wrongly divorced is marriage and not adultery.

This very interesting and — if the premises be granted — very logical theory of marriage is worth considering in detail, as it is evidently one which is likely to be adopted by 'high' Churchmen in the future. It has been developed at some length by so learned a champion as Canon T. A. Lacey, and, when laid before the National Assembly of the Church of England by Lord Hugh Cecil at a recent session, made a very great and (I think) favorable impression.

It is clear, however, that though this may be the accepted teaching of the Church in the future, it has certainly not been so in the past, nor is it quite consistent with the Church's attitude in the matter at present. In an appendix to the Report of the Divorce Commission of 1912, we are reminded of the length of time which elapsed before the Western Church accepted the view that

[5] Surely the Church and the State alike affirm that 'killing is no murder' — in war.

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marriage is indissoluble; of the devices by which the hardships inevitable to such a view were escaped; and of the fact that the Eastern Church has never adopted it at all, and the Church of England abandoned it in the middle of the sixteenth century.

Neither the Early Christian Emperors nor the Early Fathers were able to take up a definite attitude on the whole question of marriage and divorce. . . . In 449 A.D. divorce was limited to some eleven causes, but divorce by mutual consent was not abolished. This legislation practically represents the law of Greece to-day as accepted by the Greek Church. In Russia the Orthodox Church has adopted a more limited range of causes, namely: adultery, impotence, loss of civil rights and deportation, desertion for five years. . . . Justinian, a century later, restricted divorce by mutual consent to cases of impotence or captivity, or where either party wished to enter a monastery; subsequently this liberty was practically abolished by Justinian; but in 566 A.D. his successor, Justin II, restored the free right of divorce by mutual consent, and it was not until the beginning of the eleventh century, at the moment when in the West the doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage was at last receiving universal assent, that in the East divorce by mutual consent was abolished.

Even now 'the entire Eastern Church has an extensive liberty of divorce with the right of remarriage,' while at the Reformation the Church of England adopted the curious device of granting the right of remarriage after divorce for adultery by a special Act of Parliament in each case — a costly remedy which made divorce a luxury of the very rich, and which was replaced in 1857 by our present Divorce Act, which, without altering the causes for which divorce might be granted,[6] made it attainable by a judicial instead of a pseudo-legislative process.

[6] That is, adultery on the part of the wife, or adultery *plus* cruelty or desertion on the part of the husband.

It will be seen, therefore, that neither in the Western nor the Eastern Church, nor in our own Church of England, has the view advanced by Dr. Lacey and Lord Hugh Cecil, that marriage is by its very nature (or 'in the mind of God') indissoluble, been consistently held. It may indeed be argued that this was because of 'the hardness of our hearts' and the slowness of our understanding, which has compelled the Church to advance only by slow degrees to a complete realization of our Lord's meaning and purpose.

Such a contention would be perfectly justifiable, and has indeed been advanced with regard to other matters — the teaching of the Church on slavery, for example; on the position of women, and so forth. But a further difficulty presents itself when we learn that even Lord Hugh Cecil admits the necessity of granting divorce for a single cause — adultery.

It is true that this exception to a general rule is of doubtful authenticity; nevertheless, 'in face of the text of St. Matthew's Gospel as we have it,[7] it cannot be said that there is culpable perversity in believing that our Lord permitted divorce and remarriage for the cause of fornication only.' Yet, in view of the general rule, 'remarriage after divorce must be at the best a rash and undesirable thing.'

But this is to abandon the whole thesis! If marriage is *of its nature* indissoluble, to dissolve it cannot be rash or undesirable, but is simply impossible. To admit even a single exception is to wreck the whole theory, which is based on the nature of marriage itself. It is equivalent to an assertion that, in the nature of things, once a man's head is cut off, he cannot grow another; coupled with an assurance that, if he does, it will be a rash and undesirable act. The whole point is that a man's

[7] Matthew 5: 32, and 19: 9.

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body is of such a nature that it *cannot* grow a second head, and marriage of such a nature that it *cannot* be dissolved. If this ground is abandoned, what remains but a mere difference of opinion as to the cause or causes for which dissolution ceases to be 'rash and undesirable' and becomes just and expedient?

II

An attempt is made, however, to escape the dilemma by entering into a discussion on the nature of marriage. It is indissoluble except — doubtfully — for adultery, because adultery in itself is a breaking of essential marriage.

This brings us to an issue which has been evaded too long by the opponents of divorce reform: one which should have been the first, not the last, to be faced. What *is* 'marriage'? We are told that our Lord taught that marriage is of its nature indissoluble; we have never yet been told what our Lord meant by marriage, or in what it truly consists. Yet here is a vital matter, and one on which it is very easy to disagree.

Those who hold, for example, that divorce may be allowed, however reluctantly, for adultery and for adultery only, because adultery destroys the very essence and character of marriage, appear to overemphasize the physical element in marriage, to an extent which to others seems to degrade it to the level of animal mating rather than human marriage. There is a certain piquancy in quoting the late Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead, in such a connection, against the Archbishop of Canterbury; yet there are many who will find his statement far more convincing than that of the great ecclesiastic, and much loftier in its estimate of true marriage.

Said Lord Birkenhead, speaking in the House of Lords in a debate on the Matrimonial Clauses Bill, on March 24, 1920, —

The ecclesiastical case has been adopted under the influence of an almost unconscious opportunism — the case, namely, that, although marriage is not otherwise dissoluble, it may nevertheless be dissolved in cases where adultery has been committed. I, my Lords, can only express my amazement that men of experience, men of affairs, men whose experience and opinions we respect, should have concentrated upon adultery as the one circumstance which ought to afford relief from the marriage tie. Adultery is a breach of the carnal implications of marriage. Insistence upon the duties of continence and chastity is important. It is vitally important to society. But I have always taken the view that that aspect of marriage was exaggerated, and somewhat crudely exaggerated, in the Marriage Service. I am concerned to-day to make this point, by which I will stand or fall — that the spiritual and moral sides of marriage are incomparably more important than the physical side.

This question is fundamental, and I invite your Lordships to consider it with the greatest earnestness. It seems to me that there can be no doubt as to which is the higher and more important side of marriage. If we think of all that marriage represents to most of us, — the memories of the world's adventure faced together in youth so heedlessly, and yet so confidently; the tender comradeship, the sweet association of parenthood, — how much more these count than the bond which nature, in its ingenious teleology, has contrived to secure, and render agreeable, the perpetuation of the species.

I do not know whether one of your Lordships would be bold enough to say that the physical side of marriage is the highest. I greatly doubt it. I do not think that the Most Reverend Primate, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, I believe, is to follow me in this debate, would for one moment, if dialectically he were a free agent, lend the weight of his authority to the position that the physical side of marriage is the highest. And yet, be this observed, that those who oppose this bill must say that, and for this reason, that, if they say that the physical side of marriage is not the highest, they are committed to this monstrous and mediæval

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paradox, that they assent to divorce for a breach of the less important obligations, and they deny divorce for a breach of the more important obligations of marriage. I conceive this to be an insult to the spiritual and sacramental conception of marriage; and it is just because I place other elements in the marriage state far, far higher than I place the physical relationship, that I make this fundamental in my argument. I specially desire that any answer to that argument may deal with this point, that a breach of that which is higher must be treated by the State as not less grave than a breach of that which is lower.[8]

Such an argument is hard indeed to meet. It can be met, if at all, only by a very clear definition of what true marriage is 'in the mind of God,' or 'in the nature of things'; and this definition has been far to seek. Those whom God has joined together man must by no means put asunder. But whom has he joined together, and by what sign are we to know them? The physical union cannot *in itself* constitute marriage, or many would have many mates. It is true that I have heard it seriously argued that the first sexual connection *is* marriage, and that such a marriage can never be dissolved. When I pointed out that, if this were so, a woman might find herself married to a man who was not married to her, and *vice versa*, I was assured that this was undoubtedly the case and 'made no difference to the facts'!

The idea of a world full of wives whose husbands were not their husbands, and husbands whose wives were other men's wives, filled me with confusion and alarm. But if we are to avoid this terrifying conclusion, how are we to do it? The granting of divorce for adultery *only*, suggests that the physical bond is the whole of marriage. If it is not (and it is impossible to suppose that the Archbishop of Canterbury or any other decent person thinks it is), what is it that constitutes marriage 'in the mind of God'? There lies the real point.

Let us examine the grounds on which, under canon law, a marriage was held to be no marriage and was therefore declared null. It is startling to find that among them occurs the following: —

> Where one or other or both of the parties does or do not freely consent to marry the other, *not understanding the nature of the contract*.[9]

A startling doctrine, indeed, and liable, one would imagine, to nullify the greater number of marriages made, in view of the blank ignorance of 'the nature of the contract' with which most women have in the past commonly entered into it! But, however interpreted, it at least forbids the belief that sexual connection, even when permitted and blessed by 'sacramental marriage' in a church, *in itself* constitutes marriage 'in the sight of God.' When, therefore, we consider the great affirmation, 'What therefore *God* hath joined together, let not man put asunder,' we are immediately confronted with the question — whom has God joined together? And this question the mere statement that 'marriage is indissoluble' entirely begs.

I have known women 'married' to men only to be at once infected with a disease of whose very existence they were ignorant; men and women 'married' in a state of intoxication; 'married' for any kind of reason — wealth, position, safety, and so forth — which could possibly desecrate the idea of marriage. Were all these 'joined together' by God? From his wide judicial experience, Lord Buckmaster gives us some instances of women infected by disease or victims of

[8] Speech on the Second Reading, by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Birkenhead, March 24, 1920.

[9] The italics are mine.

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unspeakable savagery, or chained to an adulterer who has deserted her and in all but name is not her husband. Are these marriages in the sight of God?

Let us examine the teaching of our Lord again. We find it in the Sermon on the Mount: —

> It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:
>
> But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

It is now very generally believed that the phrase 'saving for the cause of fornication' was added by the evangelist, and formed no part of our Lord's original saying. Personally, I believe that this is so. Christ was laying down a principle, and the exception turns it into a rule — a thing in itself most unlike Him.

But throughout this great discourse, the evangelist represents our Lord as laying down principles of conduct. The 'sermon' here divides itself into paragraphs each of which begins: 'Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time . . . but I say unto you . . .' We are not to kill, not to commit adultery, not to take oaths, not to revenge our injuries, not to hate our enemies; and later, not to give alms, pray, or fast in public.

To which of these principles do we yield a literal obedience? The Church again and again has sanctioned war and capital punishment. Every bishop on the bench, every incumbent of a living, every witness in a court of law, takes oaths.

No country executes a man for murder because he admits that he hates his brother, nor literally regards a lustful glance as adultery. Neither does the Church excommunicate Christians who refuse either gifts or loans to those who ask. Yet it is urged that Christians who have almost universally disregarded the *literal* meaning of every other principle enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount must *literally* obey the injunction against divorce on pain of disloyalty to their Lord! I have even heard it argued that this one injunction, though, on the surface, singularly like the others, is in fact couched in terms more definite, more peremptory, and clearer than the rest. I have already quoted these definite and peremptory instructions. Look now at those concerning the taking of oaths: —

> Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths:
>
> But I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by heaven; for it is God's throne:
>
> Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.
>
> Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.
>
> But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Is it possible to be more clear, more peremptory, more definite? Yet hardly any Christian scruples to take an oath, and, I confess, the spectacle of a Quaker punctiliously 'making an affirmation' instead always afflicts me with a sense of unreality. Is it upon such meticulous observances that our Lord would insist? Surely He meant us to understand that we were called upon to be so utterly sincere that oaths would be no longer necessary. There can be no great or fundamental significance between 'taking an oath' and 'making a solemn affirmation.'

So at least the overwhelming majority of Christians have believed. Can they, however, completely set aside the necessity for literal obedience to a whole

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catalogue of requirements and, with any appearance of logic or reason, apply a rigid literalism to one alone?

If they are justified in doing so, they must at least not immediately refuse to do anything of the sort! This sounds like nonsense; but in fact just so nonsensical is the position of rigid supporters of a literal obedience to Christ's words about divorce. For He also says: 'What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' Yet (making the huge assumption that all legally 'married' people are joined together by God) there is not a church in the world which has not admitted the necessity of, sometimes, putting them asunder.

'No branch of the Catholic Church requires a Christian spouse to continue living with one whose temper or behavior has become unbearable. Divorce is, and always has been, recognized as a sad necessity at times. What it does require in the partners so separated is a single life.' So writes — and quite correctly writes — an opponent of divorce with freedom to remarry. And everywhere Christian people and Christian churches have acted as she describes. In Great Britain, 'the number of separation orders granted during the thirteen years ending 1908, the latest date for which statistics are available, totaled no less than 89,960. This represents an average for each year of 6689.' [10]

No one denies that such separations are sometimes absolutely necessary. But they *are* separations. They constitute a complete 'putting asunder' of married people. Those who were 'joined together' are now definitely and legally 'put asunder.' What then becomes of our *literal* obedience to the principle laid down by our Lord? He says nothing about partners *so separated* leading 'a single life'; He simply forbids the separation. Yet those who oppose the extension of facilities for divorce admit with glib readiness the necessity for 'putting asunder,' and then go on to formulate a totally different injunction. 'What (the Church) does require in the partners so separated is a single life.' Well may we ask, 'By what authority?'

The very people who claim that this one principle, alone among all those enunciated by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount, must be *literally* obeyed, by an apparently unconscious, but not less palpable, jugglery substitute for his command, '*Let not man put asunder*,' their own rule, '*Let them be put asunder and not marry again*,' and, with innocent effrontery, demand a literal obedience to their own invention! The very writer who urges literal obedience complacently remarks that no Christian denies the necessity, on humanitarian grounds, of the putting asunder which his authority, *ex hypothesi*, forbids!

Consider then the real significance of Christ's words: 'What therefore *God* hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' Can anyone be found to believe that by the joining-together of God, the Lord of Thought really meant no more than a legal contract, or even a religious rite? Is that like Christ? Is not the most salient characteristic of all his teaching its almost terrible emphasis on reality? Must not the real marriage of which we speak mean something which would make a 'divorce' or a 'legal separation' a horror? Yes — or any other device for keeping apart those whom God has joined together.

Worldly considerations, or a social organization which defers or prevents the physical union of those whose spirits are one in love, surely stand condemned before so great a saying as

[10] It should be remembered that hasty (and disastrous) 'war weddings' have enormously increased the number of legal separations.

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this. Has the Church troubled itself greatly at the obstacles placed by custom, by society, or by the law, in the way of perfect and sacramental marriage of those to whom God has given a depth of spiritual unity, a oneness of love which should, must, truly join them together?

No! It is not possible to believe that such a teacher as Jesus of Nazareth regarded as 'marriage' the unions described by Lord Buckmaster. In such there never was, or there has now ceased to be, anything left of what — I do not say Christ but — any ordinarily decent-minded person would regard as the essentials of marriage. Neither love nor respect nor forbearance, nor even the absence of active and odious cruelty, is there.

So clear is this that no Church can dare to urge the continued living-together of these 'married' people. All admit that there is no true marriage here; all admit the absolute necessity of divorce; yet some, having abandoned the belief that such a marriage *is* a real marriage, still insist on the now empty legal form, and do so — oh, strange irony! — in the name of Christ!

Would He then have insisted on a legal form from which all reality had departed?

III

It is impossible to base our laws on legal interpretations of Christ's sayings. If we did so, not only must the legal separation of married people be forbidden, on the one hand, but, on the other, divorce must be granted for a lustful glance (since Christ declared that this was equivalent to adultery), and men must be hanged for hatred, since the same Authority made it equivalent to murder. What we Christians have to do is to create and uphold such an ideal of marriage as Christ would recognize as 'made by God,' to which the very idea of separation would be abhorrent.

It would involve absolute fidelity — to the ideal before marriage, to the person after marriage. It should, being a spiritual union, be permanent, and, being physical, be sacramental. It should be the outward and visible sign of the grace of a spiritual union. No one should dare to marry unless he truly believes that his love is for life, and is prepared to accept the responsibility for such a love. He should know that body, soul, and spirit all go to a perfect union, and should regard the physical as the sacrament of the spiritual love. Sacramental in that it not only expresses but actually conveys and intensifies love; sacramental also in that it must ultimately cease to be,[11] not because something is lost but because it is transcended. He should realize that passion, glorious and essential as it is, must inevitably pass at last, and should not confound its passing with the passing of love, but realize that love is something greater and deeper still. No one therefore should be allowed to marry in ignorance, and on this the Church should strenuously insist.

Every boy and girl should grow up to the knowledge that sex is a great creative impulse, and, being creative, is most sacred. They should learn that it is not part of our lower natures but, on the contrary, is associated with the higher forms of life, and becomes conscious, powerful, and individual, not as life sinks, but as it rises in the scale of created things. They should realize its significance to the race, and the meaning to human progress of the prolonged helplessness of human infancy. In a word, they should understand all the responsibilities of sex-love, both to each other, the home, and the race. They should know *all that can be rightly known without experience.*

[11] In Heaven we need no sacraments.

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But when that is said, how much is left unknown! All that can be known without experience! No one believes more strongly than I in letting the light of knowledge into hitherto dark places; no one hopes more from it. But to the end of time — as long as we are human — how tragically possible it must be to make mistakes!

Nothing is more glamorous, nothing more deceptive, than physical passion. With all the wisest teaching in the world, with all the good-will imaginable, men and women sometimes will be deceived, and they will shake the stars with mutual vows of love who have in fact nothing but passion in their hearts. Such should know that love may still come, and should strive and long for its coming. Again and again they will succeed. In no case should failure ever be regarded lightly or accepted easily.

But why shut our eyes to the fact that a failure will sometimes happen? And if it does, — if the time comes when we are forced to admit that, of all the elements that make up a true marriage, *nothing* is left — let us admit the facts. I maintain, in the face of more 'orthodox' moralists, that to pretend that a marriage is real when it is not is the real immorality, because it is dishonest.

I urge therefore that divorce should be granted when marriage has *in fact* ceased. It should not be granted because any one or all of a schedule of offenses has been committed, but because the marriage is no longer real. I have no desire to extend the list of causes for divorce. I believe that to do this — though it would be better than no reform at all — would leave us still in the quagmire of legal fictions, perjury, and 'collusion,' which makes proceedings for divorce a joke to the indecent and a horror to the decent-minded. With regard to this form of lawlessness, it is notorious and apparently impossible to check.

The *Journal* of the Divorce Law Reform Union for October, 1922, quotes the case of a man who had been driven by her intolerable conduct to leave his wife and who was thereupon ordered to pay for her maintenance. He refused, knowing her to be leading an immoral life, and was imprisoned in consequence.

> This was Charman's position when his wife, through solicitors, informed him that she would not further prosecute him for maintenance if he would give her evidence on which to obtain a divorce — 'for business reasons it suited her to marry again.' The man, delighted at the prospect of getting his freedom, and having 'heard talk of hotel evidence,' gets a friend to go to tea with him at a hotel, but no misconduct took place. The wife petitioned for divorce, and shortly before the case came on, Charman found out that his wife had given birth to a child a few months previously, which could not be his as he had not lived with her for three years; he also learned that even if he got his freedom, as the case was undefended, and she would in all probability win, he would still have to pay her a third of his income for life. So he put in a defense, denied adultery, and the young woman produced proof to the same effect. The wife's divorce suit was dismissed, and the papers sent to the Public Prosecutor, and Charman was arrested for conspiracy and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. . . .
>
> The point of the case is that it is by no means exceptional. It is notorious that a large number of people have been doing this sort of thing for years, but, being in a position to employ the right kind of lawyers and counsel, have never been caught; while this workingman, ignorant of the law and its operation, the first to be prosecuted for conspiracy, is punished; while a prominent man, who did the same thing, and courageously published it to the world at large, with the object of showing how ridiculous the law is, was not touched.

The *Journal* points out that, 'so long as adultery is the one and only ground

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on which freedom from an intolerable burden can be obtained, people will either commit the act or manufacture evidence.' But this is hardly, in my judgment, a just comment. In the case of a wife (in England) adultery is not 'the one and only ground' for divorce: she must prove cruelty or desertion as well. The consequence is, however, the same. She has to 'manufacture evidence' of one of these also.

My point is that the whole method of 'obtaining freedom from an intolerable burden' is a mistaken one. A marriage should be declared legally dissolved *when it has actually ceased to be a real marriage;* it should not be regarded as real by a legal fiction when it is not real. Attempts to pretend that that is real which is not real will always result in attempts to prove that offenses have taken place which have not taken place, because the system itself is based on a refusal to recognize the truth.

It will at once be retorted that no judge can be expected to decide when a marriage has ceased to be a 'real' marriage. Certainly such an issue is not an easy one to decide; yet it is decided every day when a 'legal separation' is granted.

A legal separation is an admission that a given marriage is a hopeless and complete failure. No judge would or could refuse to adjudicate on such an issue. Lord Buckmaster, writing on this point, says: —

> In no case that I tried did there appear to me to be the faintest chance of reconciliation: the marriage tie had been broken beyond repair, and its sanctity utterly defiled; nor, again, though I watched with extreme vigilance, was there any single case where collusion could be suggested. With regard to cruelty, there was no case which a competent lawyer, skilled in the knowledge of witnesses, could not have tried.
>
> I was, of course, faced with the question as to what is cruelty, which, we are informed, is so difficult that you want the King's Proctor as an expert in cruelty to keep the law steady. I made my own rules. If a man who was sober kicked his wife in the stomach when she was pregnant, that seemed to me enough; if she were not pregnant, and he was drunk, he might have to do it again, or else her complaint might be due to what the most persistent opponent of my bill called 'nervous irritation.' So, also, with kicking her downstairs, or making her sleep on the doormat in winter — all of which cases I had to consider. I had no case before me involving the question of lunacy or criminality, for these, as the law stands, are irrelevant considerations in connection with divorce; but the evidence on that is near at hand. Within the last few months two women have been left eternally widowed, with their husbands fast immured in criminal lunatic asylums, and in this unnatural state they will remain while the shadow of the years lengthens and life's day grows dim. Surely the desire to help such people is not, as some appear to think, prompted by Satan, but is a humble effort to carry out the principle of the supplication which asks that, while our own wants are satisfied, we should not be unmindful of the wants of others.

It is urged, says Lord Birkenhead, that cruelty shall constitute a ground of divorce. 'I assure your Lordships that we shall find no difficulty whatever in formulating a definition which will be sufficiently lucid for the guidance of the Courts . . . the conception of cruelty will be examined much more closely by the Law Courts when we are divorced from *our present unreal system of law.*'

Already, lawyers, magistrates, and judges have to consider and put their own interpretation on the facts advanced in claiming a legal separation. There would be nothing new in their having to do so when called upon to make the still more serious decision as to complete divorce. Mr. Freke Palmer writes: 'In advising a woman whether she had a case or not, I should not consider so much the time since the wife

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was deserted, but I should more particularly consider whether the circumstances were such as would convince a magistrate that the man *intended to desert his wife*.' Not the fact merely, but the intention, is taken into consideration. I urge that, in claiming or granting divorce, the same judgment should be used, and the point at issue should be, not whether one or other specific offense had been committed, but whether in the judgment of the Court the marriage itself had ceased to be in any respect a real marriage.

I suggest that the case should not be decided by one judge only, but by three at least, and that both sexes should be represented on the bench.

If the decision goes against the divorce, the matter should remain in suspense for a period of years, the length of the period to be decided by the law of the land, in accordance with the best possible expert opinion. But I hold that if, at the end of such period as the law decides, the married partners remain immovably and reasonably convinced that their marriage is not valid or 'real,' the Court should not have power to refuse divorce. If, however, only one of the partners should desire it, the decision should then be with the Court.

Will such a system raise or lower our ideal of marriage? I maintain most strongly that it will raise it. However we may camouflage it, the present position is that marriage consists in a legal contract, followed by sexual intercourse; and it is maintained that this *is* 'marriage,' even though not one single respectable element of true marriage remains. By what amazing sophistry is it claimed that this is to uphold a high ideal of 'marriage'? It is, on the contrary, to degrade it. It is as immoral as it is dishonest.

I am well assured that marriage is not merely an affair for the individual. Both Church and State do well to concern themselves with it. But let them do so at the right end — that is to say, at the beginning.

To fail in marriage is a great and tragic failure — tragic for the married partners, even more tragic for their children. Everyone should be taught to think of marriage as a high and sacred responsibility. Both Church and State — but especially the Church — should regard it as a grave indictment against themselves that any of their members should marry without knowing what they are about.

Ignorance and levity should be made impossible, so far as any teaching or moral authority can make them so. No one should be allowed to admit failure lightly or quickly. Every effort should be made to create a deep sense of responsibility, to induce those who have failed, to try whether success be not yet possible.

But so long as either Church or State bases its laws upon a fiction, — as long as their morality leans upon a dishonest but absolutely rigid pretense, — so long will they shirk the harder but truer duty of inculcating so high an ideal of marriage, so deep a sense of mutual and racial responsibility, that both separation and divorce will at last become as rare as they are always tragic.

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HISTORY AND THE LOWER CRITICISM

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

'WHERE there is much smoke there must be some fire' is a saying which has contributed, perhaps, as much to the world's store of error and the social unhappiness of individuals as any other of those proverbial sayings which form the stock in trade for thought of the man who does not think. That there has of late been a very considerable amount of smoke raised above the discussion of the integrity of our school texts in American history has been obvious to the most casual reader of the daily press.

To those who have been following the results of historical scholarship for the past quarter of a century, and whose sense of perspective and of balanced judgment has not been wholly warped by the heats of the recent world-conflict, the charges made by those who fear that our Americanism may suffer a discount in the hands of bought historians and the international bankers may offer a subject for humorous rather than for serious treatment. It is a busy world, however, and it is not the fortune of even a small percentage of our citizens to have the leisure or the inclination to follow the work of historical specialists, or to examine for themselves the untroubled sources of historical narrative. For them, therefore, it may be well to try to blow away some of the smoke that has been raised and to look for what may be underneath, or, to discard the misleading metaphor, to try to ascertain whether, because there has been a great deal of talk, there is any sense in it.

As I write this article there is a discussion going on in the City Hall in New York as to whether the long-suffering taxpayers of that community shall pay a thousand dollars or so for the printing of a forty-thousand-word report by their Commissioner of Accounts, — one David Hirshfield, — on the dangerously unpatriotic nature of certain texts used in the schools there. The subject had already been investigated, some months ago, by a committee of the Board of Education which made its own recommendations to publishers and banned certain histories — a subject which might be considered by itself. This action, however, aroused little public interest; whereas many news columns have been devoted to the wider sweep of Mr. Hirshfield's vision, which has discovered nothing less than a concerted plot (according to newspaper analyses of the yet unpublished report) among the 'international master minds' to regain the lost American colonies for England and to form a new Anglo-American union based upon British supremacy.

He is said to find that the 'banking octopus' and the 'super-money-power,' the Cecil Rhodes Scholars Alumni Association, the Carnegie Council, the Carnegie Libraries, the Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the Carnegie Pension Fund for American Professors, the Sulgrave Institute, the

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Pilgrim Society, the Church Peace Union, the Sons of St. George, the English-Speaking Union, the Magna Charta Association, the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches, the National Security League, and American judges and American historians are all, among other foundations and individuals, engaged in the task of so influencing public opinion and sentiment as to bring America once more into the British Empire. For this purpose, according to the *New York Times*, Mr. Hirshfield claims that they are using the 'newspapers, magazines, moving pictures, books, churches, banks, and many other institutions' for the purpose of bringing about a state of things in which they would subordinate themselves to an alien power and system — a truly stupendous if somewhat incomprehensible undertaking.

One of the chief characters in Mr. Hirshfield's drama of national shame and fantastic crime is the traitor historian, who deliberately suppresses or distorts the truth in order to sell his country to the imperialists overseas. Let us examine briefly the case in which Mayor Hylan, the Commissioner of Accounts, and Mr. Miller of 'the Hearst newspapers' are the plaintiffs and the leading historical scholars of America are the defendants, for it is from the latter that for the most part the school-text writers have derived their facts and ideas. We choose this case and these plaintiffs not because of their importance, but because they have enjoyed greater publicity than others.

II

One noteworthy feature of many of the recent attacks upon the historians has been that the sore point in the minds of those who make them is apparently the treatment accorded by the 'newer school' to Anglo-American relations. For example, in the first section of a law passed this year by the legislature of Wisconsin in regard to the history texts to be excluded from the public schools, we find it set forth that 'no history or other textbook shall be adopted for use or be used in any district school, vocational school, or high school, which falsifies the facts regarding the War of Independence, or the War of 1812, or which defames our nation's founders or misrepresents the ideals and causes for which they struggled and sacrificed, or which contains propaganda favorable to any foreign government.' Note that nothing is said about the truth of the texts in general nor is any care shown for the truth in particular of the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, or any of the great movements or characters other than those related to England. Here we have the real animus of these guardians of our patriotism, naïvely but clearly exhibited in statute form.

It is true that they point occasionally to what they state to be ungenerous references in histories to France or other countries, or to unpatriotic accounts of the Mexican or Spanish wars; but these criticisms from them are so slight and so scattered as to bring out all the more forcibly the constant and bitter dwelling by them upon the fact that the recent historians are no longer influenced by hatred of England or by ancestor-worship, but that they endeavor, on the one hand, to mete out justice to both branches of the English-speaking peoples as far as possible, and, on the other, to see our ancestors as they were and not as demigods.

This is a movement that has slowly been gathering force for many years. Its sources and development are an open book to anyone who is familiar

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with the growth of American scholarship. It is a movement wholly natural, and yet one in which we can take satisfaction. If we go back to the contemporary literature of the period of agitation and discussion from 1763 to 1776, immediately preceding the Declaration of Independence, we find ourselves in the thick of a pamphlet literature of marked ability but strong feeling, and naturally of special pleading on both sides. When men's passions are aroused and their interests deeply affected, they speak and write to convince, not to weigh soberly or to judge fairly.

Then came the years of the Revolutionary War, years of intense struggle, of bitter suffering, and of white-hot passion. Propaganda was no discovery of the last great war. It is a natural weapon of the writer or orator, and the years of the Revolution had their full crop of propagandist writings. Next followed the period of uncertainty and of slow welding of the new states into a nation. To that period belongs the first American history on the grand scale, Bancroft's *History of the United States*, of which the first volume was published in 1834. The early volumes in particular were a pæan in praise of democracy. As has been said, they '*voted for Jackson.*' Written to a great extent from original sources, they were, nevertheless, uncritical, and the men and events of the colonial period were wrapped in a haze of golden mist from which they were long in emerging. Some voices, more coldly critical, were indeed raised to suggest that the history of the United States was not that of the Kingdom of Heaven, and that our worthy ancestors may have been of like mind and flesh with ourselves. In 1849 Richard Hildreth wrote the first words of the advertisement of his six-volume history which was to paint the picture in more sober colors. 'Of centennial sermons and Fourth-of-July orations, whether professedly such or in the guise of history, there are more than enough,' he began. 'It is due to our fathers and ourselves, it is due to truth and philosophy, to present for once, on the historic stage, the founders of our American nation unbedaubed with patriotic rouge, wrapped up in no finespun cloaks of excuses and apology, without stilts, buskins, tinsel, or bedizenment, in their own proper persons, often rude, hard, narrow, superstitious, and mistaken, but always earnest, downright, manly, and sincere.'

It was toward the close of the last century, however, that history tended to become more critical, to adopt the methods of science in its examination of facts, to develop the impartiality of the scientific spirit, and to undertake the examination of new spheres of human interest and achievement. From the events of the political forum and the field of battle it turned to survey the hitherto little-considered fields of social and economic life. Historians delved into archives and every possible repository for new documents; they did so with the desire of the scientist to discover facts, not to illustrate a theory; and they interpreted these facts from new angles. Americans went abroad and examined the vast accumulations of materials among the manuscript collections in the Public Record Office and elsewhere in England, as well as in the leading archives on the Continent. From all this emerged new facts, new points of view, and a new interpretation.

In 1883 began the publication of the Johns Hopkins 'Studies in Historical and Political Science,' continued ever since. Eight years later commenced the somewhat similar series issued at Columbia University. By the turn of the century men trained in the new methods, illuminated by the new spirit,

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and familiar with the new material were advancing to middle manhood. In 1905 was published the first great synthesis of our historical knowledge as related to America, in a form to reach the general reader, to whom the special and technical studies which had preceded it had necessarily been almost unknown. In *The American Nation: A History*, — edited by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, — Professor Andrews of Yale, Professor Greene of Illinois, Professor Van Tyne of Michigan, and others, gave to the public in readable form the latest views of scholars as to our colonial period, as to our relations with England, and as to the American Revolution.

In addition to this — for the time — definitive summary of our knowledge in popular form, there had also accumulated a mass of special studies in print, as well as many new printed collections of sources, such as the earlier volume of the *Calendar of State Papers, Colonial*, for England, and a multitude of American colonial records and documents of many sorts. By 1905 the popular writer and the writer of school-texts thus not only had an invaluable guide to the general outline of the nation's story in the twenty-seven volumes of the *American Nation* series, but he had also at his elbow in any first-class reference library a vast collection of studies and sources utterly beyond the reach of similar writers of a generation earlier. It is little wonder then if they began to see American history in an entirely new perspective.

Meanwhile the world had been moving outside as well as within the scholar's closet. The rapid development of science and the pride which the scientist took in his impartiality and open-mindedness had naturally affected the historian. History is not, in my opinion, a science in the narrow American meaning of that word; but the use of scientific method and the growth of the scientific spirit led the American historian to judge his material with an impartiality which had been alien to a great extent to the spirit of American history until well toward the close of the nineteenth century. Moreover, the mere lapse of time, the century of Anglo-American peace which was fulfilled by 1912, enabled him to survey the past without prejudice or bias. No one to-day can write the story of the Great War in an absolutely impartial spirit. In 1866 no one could have done so for our Civil War. In 1812 no one could do it for the war of that year with England, or for the Revolution. But is the historian of the year 2018 to write the story of the Great War solely in terms of the propagandist literature of the year 1918? God forbid! The historians of the period from 1890 to 1910, then, were in a particularly favorable position to recast the story of our colonial period. They had a vast mass of new facts; they were under the influence of a new spirit; and the lapse of time had removed old subconscious prejudices and prepared the way for a judicial survey.

The public is necessarily somewhat behind the march of historical or scientific studies. The historical field is now so vast that only a large group of workers can handle the material relating to even one period. Their studies are usually embodied first in articles or books unattractive to the general reader and indeed usually unknown to him. Before it is worth while for anyone to undertake the rewriting of a period in the light of such fresh studies, a considerable number of them must be written, which takes time. It was the work of the whole period from 1885 to 1905 that made the *American Nation* series possible. The appearance of that work was in itself a stimulus to renewed activity along the lines laid down; and

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since then we have had more and important special studies, notably such as Professor Schlesinger's *Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution*, as well as more popular summaries of new views and facts. The growing tendency to publish records, such as those of the colonies, towns, courts, and churches, without deletions, is a most encouraging advance. The older editors, particularly in New England, had no hesitation in leaving out recorded but unpleasant facts, — without any indication that they had done so, — through a mistaken filial piety. The new methods, if they occasionally reveal the fathers as sinful, at least reveal them as human beings and not impossible saints.

It is evident from this scant summary of the development of American historical writing down to 1905 that for some decades before such a catastrophe as the Great War was dreamed of there had been a steadily broadening movement in historical research, which had as a sequence a recasting of much of our early history. From that time onward the movement simply continued in its already well-established and appointed course. With the opening of the war in its first phase, from 1914 to 1917, and with its continuance in its second after we entered it, there was, as everyone knows, a vast deal of propaganda put forth by writers of every nationality and with every motive. For the most part it is not difficult for the reader to detect it in all its crudity. Occasionally it was better done and far more subtle. Aside from conscious propaganda, it was also natural that men's sympathies should be deeply stirred and that their views should be unintentionally and unconsciously affected. In the historical writing of the past nine years, since the war began, there may be found statements in which I personally think that the authors have leaned too far to the English side in their discussion of the colonial case. That, however, might be true at any time of writing on debatable questions. In considering the writings of our leading historical scholars who have dealt with the colonial period in works published before, during, and after the war, I fail to find any evidence that they have been biased by that event to put forth statements which indicate any radical change in attitude from that to which the historical movement I have noted had long been leading them, and to which, indeed, they had already attained.

III

Let us now consider very briefly, in the light of what we have been saying, one of the school texts to which Mr. Hirshfield devotes special attention in his report — Dr. Muzzey's *American History*. The first quotation to which he objects, as given in the *New York Times*, is as follows: —

> This great event [the American Revolution] has too often been represented as the unanimous uprising of a downtrodden people to repel the deliberate unprovoked attack of a tyrant upon their liberties; but when thousands of people in the colonies could agree with a noted lawyer of Massachusetts that the Revolution was a 'causeless, wanton, wicked rebellion,' and thousands of people in England could applaud Pitt's denunciation of the war against America as 'barbarous, unjust and diabolical,' it is evident that, at the time at least, there were two opinions as to colonial rights and British oppression.

Again he quotes disapprovingly: —

> When we review, after a century and a half, the chain of events which changed the loyal British-Americans of 1763 into rebels in arms against their king in 1775, we see that the cause of the Revolution was a difference of opinion as to the nature of the British Empire.

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That there were at the time two very distinct opinions, not only in England, but in America, as to the war is a fact that is beyond dispute. A patriot and participant, John Adams, said that, if it had not been for New England on the one side and Virginia on the other, both Pennsylvania and New York would have sided with England. From the Congress at Philadelphia he wrote that 'every important step was opposed and carried by bare majorities.' In all the colonies there were many Loyalists, and the best estimates place those wishing for independence at one third of the colonial population, those wishing to remain within the Empire at one third, and the remainder as caring only to choose the winning side. Everywhere Loyalists could be found among the most conservative and able men in the colonies; and of the three hundred and ten, among the several thousand who left Massachusetts, who were particularly singled out for banishment, it was said by a patriotic historian thirty years ago that the list of their names reads 'like the beadroll of the oldest and noblest families concerned in the founding and upbuilding of New England civilization.' One has only to read the contemporary pamphlet literature, the diaries and letters of our troubled ancestors at that period, to realize that there were two sides, both taken by honest men, as is always the case in such times of fundamental crisis in a state. The Revolution itself was made up of many strands, for, as I have tried to point out elsewhere, revolutions are not made in a year, and least of all in communities mostly composed, as were the colonies, of an agricultural property-owning class.

For a long time, under the new conditions in America, a new people had been developing, with new aspirations and with different political ideas from those in the old country. Their views as to the nature of imperial control differed, and although Professor Muzzey's statement may be a little summary and too condensed, it certainly contains nothing revolutionary. The controversy as to the nature of the Empire was carried on in many of the newspapers of the day, and there are some extremely interesting articles on it in the papers of both Massachusetts and New Hampshire, in which colonists put forth views which read almost like the speeches of General Smuts of South Africa to-day.

Hirshfield also condemns Professor Muzzey for using the word 'mob' to describe the participants in the Stamp Act outrages. This was the word commonly used at the time, and much of the mobbing in vogue became distasteful even to radical patriots who had believed in such violent means at first. Similarly he criticizes him for using quotation marks when speaking of Hancock, Warren, Otis, and Adams as 'patriots' in 1774. As Massachusetts at that time had not seceded from the Empire and as the only 'country' to which they belonged, aside from the Province of Massachusetts, was the British Empire, the use of quotation marks is certainly justifiable to indicate an anachronism. They could be properly and emphatically dropped when speaking of the situation two years later.

The Commissioner's criticism that Professor Muzzey devotes only ten pages to the military events of the Revolution illustrates amusingly some of the difficulties of an American historian. As we have pointed out, the interest of history has shifted during the past generation to a great extent from the military to the social and economic; but, in addition, there were organizations at work before the late war to reduce the space devoted in school histories to military topics, in the hope that the young idea might

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cease to shoot — at least, in that direction. Now that the tendency has been somewhat reversed, the poor historian is accused of belittling the cause of war as earlier he had been of belittling that of peace.

In all of this, and the other comments of Mr. Hirshfield, there is certainly slender basis on which to raise a pro-British plot. Indeed, if Professor Muzzey — to whom I apologize for the suggestion — were trying to turn American history into a pro-British document, he missed one opportunity that would be somewhat surprising. Although I do not wholly agree with the favorable interpretation placed upon the British Proclamation of 1763 by the two American historians who, perhaps, have devoted most study to it, nevertheless that unfortunate act of the British Parliament is not now generally recognized as having been directed against the interests of the colonists with malice prepense. Yet Professor Muzzey in discussing it says that, despite England's assigned reasons, 'the real reason' for passing it 'was to curtail the power of the colonies, to discredit their old "sea-to-sea" charters, and confine them to the narrow region along the Atlantic coast, where they could be within easier reach of British authority.' This is a view which I do not think is now the accepted one among scholars, but which is certainly an unnecessarily anti-British one for a pro-British plotter to entertain.

One of the most difficult problems for the historian who has a limited number of pages in which to tell his story is the allotment of the number of lines to each incident or topic — the question of emphasis. I do not altogether agree with Professor Muzzey's arrangement throughout, but no two men would agree on every point in such a matter of construction, complicated in the case of a school text by the necessity of considering the effect on an immature and, with due respect to our public schools, a comparatively empty mind. The total impression made by a book depends to a great degree upon what the reader already knows, as well as upon what the author tells him, and a good dietitian does not feed strong meat to babes. We do not, in teaching a child religion, begin with the methods and results of the higher criticism, and just what may or may not be imparted to a school-child as to the real truth of history is a matter which I leave to the educators who have to determine the objects of that study and its place in the curriculum. As I stated above, however, that matter had already been taken up and decided by the Board of Education, and Mr. Hirshfield's report aims at higher game, the whole gigantic plot to enslave the American people. That, too, I gladly leave at this point to those who have to deal with the mentally empty and immature.

The whole episode, however, following as it does others of a similar though less grotesque sort, raises questions that are not without interest and importance to the individual and the state. In his search for truth and his attempt to express it, the historian has technical problems to overcome that are peculiarly his own. He does not deal, as does the chemist or physicist, with 'matter' or 'force,' which may be weighed or measured or tested by instruments, nor does he deal, as does the mathematician, with symbolic abstractions. He has to do with the motives and actions of an infinity of human beings, and not even with those directly but only as they are recorded in a multitude of documents and records of very varied sorts. Even in the narrower field of biography the difficulties are great. Take the case of that 'very vulnerable patriot' John Hancock. In

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attempting to appraise the character of the man, how much stress should we lay upon the fact that he practically embezzled the funds of Harvard College while acting as its treasurer, and embarrassed that institution of learning for twenty years? Just how are we to appraise the moral differences between the different classes of smuggling carried on by him and others under the peculiar conditions of the time? In a general history covering a large period most of the characters who cross the stage must be summed up in a phrase, or at most a paragraph, owing to the limitations of space. There is no room for explanations and etching in the half-lights. What standards are we to use? Are we to stress only the high achievement and pass the rest in silence? On the other hand, in the case of a man who outwardly failed, are we to consider

> All instincts immature,
> All purposes unsure,
> That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount?

Leaving aside for the moment the question of truth, let us consider that of justice. If we wholly ignore the seamy side of Hancock, are we fair to his contemporaries who, knowing it, were influenced by it in their opinions and mistrust? If we palliate and gloss over the intolerance of the Puritans, can we be just to those who fought against it for themselves and us their posterity? If we laud the actions and assumed virtue of all in the colonial army and patriot party, are we fair to those who had to fight the corruption around them?

'Such a dearth of public spirit, and want of virtue, such stock-jobbing, and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind and another,' wrote Washington while engaged in the siege of Boston, 'I never saw before, and pray God I may never be witness to again.' And once more, 'Such a dirty mercenary spirit pervades the whole, that I should not be surprised at any disaster that may happen.' If we paint such men in the colors of virtue, are we fair to the labors of the great leader? If we ignore the facts as to sexual immorality in Puritan New England, do we not, on the principle that 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' propagate an entirely false impression of the results of the Puritan system, and make a false standard by which to measure the progress or decline of society from that day to our own? It is said that of the dead no evil should be spoken; but if we conceal the evil that men did, do we not rob those other dead who fought against those evils of a portion of their just share of renown?

On all sides the American historian meets organizations devoted to the glorification of the past, societies formed to celebrate the deeds of ancestors, racial groups bent on magnifying the share of certain elements in the formation of our country, 'patriotic' groups bent on distorting the glorious story of human America into an allegory of the conflict between the powers of darkness and the powers of light. All these have performed valuable services in their way, services which I have no wish to decry; but within the temple of history, where should preside the twin figures of justice and of truth, the student too often finds that the public and such organizations have set up myth and false legend, enthroned passion and propaganda, and above the door have placed that *noli me tangere* which they warn the historian to violate at his peril.

The advance in historical study and in public knowledge had made great strides during the generation before the war, as we have tried to show. Since, then, however, the forces of reaction

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and obscurantism seem to have been let loose and to have gathered fresh strength. Nor is this true of the field of history alone. It is but a few months since the legislature of one of the older states failed by one vote only to pass an act prohibiting the teaching of evolution in any form in the institutions of learning within its borders. The more abstract sciences may, indeed, appear to be safe. Their symbolized formulæ and even their texts are to a great extent an unknown tongue to the public. History, however, for better or worse, speaks in the language of the market-place. Partly because it uses the language of the common man, the common man constitutes himself a judge of its truth, and we have the spectacle of a municipal commissioner of accounts attacking the validity of the scholar's work while a town chamber of commerce defends it. Is it any wonder that many a quiet scholar whose sole interest is in truth should prefer to devote himself to his documents and write only for those fellow scholars who will properly appraise his work and welcome his labors, and whose ideals of truth and justice are his own, rather than give his time to writing for a public which may repay him with aspersions on his patriotism or invidious questions as to his motives?

What then of the future? Is the writing of popular history to be an effort to discover and to disseminate among the people the true story of mankind in the past, or is it to be written as an ethical or political tract, to further the passionate conflicts of the present? Are there to be two publics in this democracy of ours, one which cares only to have its vanity flattered and its prejudices coddled, and the other, small and esoteric, which cares only for a genuine enlightenment? If democracy rejects the truth, will it slowly retire again, as in the Middle Ages, to the quiet cell of its cloistered votary? I do not believe that the test will have seriously to be made, but the influence of democracy in the long run upon intellectual life has yet to be determined, and there rests upon the more cultured elements among the public a very genuine and solemn obligation. Scattered about from coast to coast, in every city, in every town, in many villages and on many a lonely farm, rich or poor, self-educated or broadly trained, are individuals whose ideals are those of the scholarly historian — to know truth, to do justice. It is this public that has a mediating function to perform between the scholar in his closet and the great mass of citizens whose ideals may be differently based, or as yet inchoate. It is, I believe, steadily growing in numbers and in maturity of judgment and in depth of culture. Upon it rests the responsibility for the future of our intellectual integrity. If it should yield to the forces of reaction, if it should come to prefer flattering local legend to critical analysis, if it should demand passionate propaganda in place of reasoned statement, if it should insist on feeding the flame of hot nationalism in preference to the establishment of international justice and good-will, then the outlook for the writing of history which should be both popular and truthful would indeed be dark.

Just a century ago, Bancroft, irritated at having had an article of his for the *North American Review* altered without consulting him, wrote to the editor: 'If I mistake not the character of the American public, there is no need of keeping back any truth from it. The public is willing to be shocked. Ask yourself, if a thing appears good to your own mind; and doubt not that objections which may arise from the fear that this or the other will be offended will prove groundless.' In the hundred

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years which have passed since Bancroft thus wrote to Sparks, the American public has, in the main, more than justified his contention and his faith. Partly in consequence of that very fact, American history as written to-day is nearer the truth than that written by Bancroft himself. The exultant rejoicings over democracy have indeed given place to a more sober spirit. Here and there legends have crumbled under critical examination. The propaganda written in times of strain in the past has been subjected to analysis and the statement of fact separated from the appeal to passion. Our forefathers have stepped from their pedestals, but in many cases to attain to a greater stature as living, struggling men than that which had been attributed to them as mere lay figures for the moral virtues. Because the historian has attempted to be just in his estimates of character, faithful in his search for truth, fair in his treatment of the issues, the patriot need fear no danger to the ideals and inspiration to be derived from an ever more painstaking scrutiny of the history of the colonies and of the nation. The historian who most loves truth is most likely to love his country.

AN INVIGORATING AVOCATION

BY WILLIAM LAWRENCE

A FEW months ago, as I was about to enter upon a campaign for a million dollars, President Eliot said to me, 'Do you expect to raise that amount?'

'I hope so,' was my answer.

'It is very hard work,' he replied.

'Yes,' I said, 'it is hard work and a heavy strain; one must be fit and on edge every moment. I hate the job at a distance, but when I once get started, trout-fishing is not in it for excitement. You strike what is called a deep pool; no fish rises, and you go back to camp depressed. You cast into a shallow and almost hopeless pool, and come away with big game. You have all the fun of the gambler and do not gamble.'

'You mean that it is a great enterprise,' answered Dr. Eliot. 'You have my best wishes and I believe that you will succeed.'

Dr. Eliot was right. It is a great enterprise that the leader of a campaign for a beneficent cause or institution undertakes; for by his work, supported by others, great sums of money are transferred, by the consent and often glad approval of the owners, from their pockets to a treasury which will work for good through untold generations.

Who suggested to the young minister of Charlestown, John Harvard, the idea of leaving his modest fortune to found a 'College at Newtown'? What spiritual forces that unknown benefactor set a-going!

Now that I have just completed a campaign wherein the cash and pledges for over a million dollars poured in easily and happily in the course of three months, I am by request jotting down a few suggestions and principles gathered from my experiences in a number of financial campaigns, large

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and small, for educational or religious causes.

I dislike the word 'campaign' in this connection almost as much as I abhor 'appeal.' 'Campaign' suggests force or pressure, methods whereby people are dragooned to give. 'Appeal' suggests a call upon the sympathies and emotions of people, melting them to give. Both methods are weak and liable to bring reaction; but as no other words have been invented to meet our ideas, we must use them.

1. My first point, therefore, is this. The American people are reasonable and, on the whole, generous. They want to do the right thing; but they must have facts and be reasonably convinced that the cause put before them is worth their while. If you dominate or dragoon a man by your personality, you may get his money once, but not the next time. If, finding that the facts do not move him, you appeal to his emotions of sympathy and pity, and thereby get the money, you will find him cross the next time you call. You have taken undue advantage of him. My rule is never to allow a person to sign a pledge in my presence. If my facts do not convince him, — if the cause apart from the influence of my presence will not bring his contribution, — I do not want it. And if I should get it by undue personal pressure, I shall never succeed with that man a second time.

2. Hence my second suggestion is that, before you can get support, you must be sure that you have a good cause, one that stands on its own feet. You may fool some people with a poor cause once, but not twice.

There are a thousand good causes, but only a few of them may bring big money. Many causes are not worth big money; and the people find it out. Moreover, if you expect a broad and popular support, even the best cause, be it an institution or a programme, must be linked up with some big cause or problem touching the whole people. For instance, the creation of a pension system for the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church was a comparatively small cause. When we started to put it before the people, over ten years ago, we had on paper the best pension system invented to that date; we had the best actuarial work and the soundest business methods. It was the first time in history that an attempt had been made to meet the accrued liabilities by voluntary gifts; and five million and sixty thousand dollars was the amount that had to be raised — not a dollar less. Our pension system was a rather intricate proposition to explain, and it affected a comparatively small body of people. We soon discovered that we should have to arouse the interest of a very broad sweep of people, a mass of the public, in order to gain such publicity as would make our own people sit up and take notice.

Just then the chief editor and administrator of the *New York Times* asked me to lunch with the staff. As we sat down, Mr. Ochs said, 'Well, Bishop, what have you got?'

I answered, 'Mr. Ochs, I have got something to increase the circulation of the *New York Times*.'

'What is it?' he replied.

'What are you going to do with the old people, Mr. Ochs? What are you going to do with the old policemen, the old firemen, the old teachers, the old clerks, the old work-people?'

'Why,' he said, 'that's just the question that has been bothering us here in this building. What are we going to do with the old men who have served the *Times* faithfully for years?'

'That's all,' I answered; 'everybody is asking the same question. Just talk about it in your columns, and occasionally put in "the old minister" and

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tell your readers what a solid job the Episcopal Church is trying to do for its old ministers — the Church Pension Fund.'

As we rose from the table, Mr. Ochs said, 'Anything that you want of the *Times* you can have, Bishop.' And Mr. Ochs kept his word.

We soon saturated the atmosphere of New York with the Church Pension Fund. Within two weeks a friend told me that he had heard people behind him at the theatre talking about the Church Pension Fund. As I was taking dinner in a dining-car on my way to Boston, a man passing quickly by pushed a five-dollar bill into my hand, — that was holding a fork, too, — and said quickly, 'Here's something for your fund, Bishop'; and he shot out the door. The public had caught on, and the Church people would feel the atmosphere and begin to think.

My last campaign for a million dollars had a much narrower constituency. 'The Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge' is about as dull a title as anyone could hope to raise even one thousand dollars for. But the people throughout the country are yearning for spiritual leadership. Even the cynics and worldly minded are sorry to feel, as they do, that the ministry is not what it used to be, and they would like to see the old days back. 'Spiritual leadership in these days of confusion we must have' — so says everyone.

With 'Spiritual Leadership' as a slogan, you can almost raise the dead, provided you have one essential — a school or institution which will send out 'spiritual leaders.' In theological schools with slack standards and slack work the American people take no interest. The most earnest and intelligent people, those who will contribute, want the best. One fact about the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge struck this note. 'Of every thirty living graduates of the School, one is a bishop, a leader; and other graduates hold positions of wide influence.' Reading this statement, the business man asks the question, 'How do you do it?' When told of the high standards, the methods of work and all, he asks, 'How much do you need to put this thing along for another generation?' And the million dollars came practically in ninety days, with ease.

Indeed, I want nothing to do with a campaign where the money comes so hard and with such personal pressure that the people who have given are a bit irritated that they gave so much, or gave at all. No campaign is a success that does not leave every giver in the mood that he is glad he gave and wishes that he could have given more.

In saying that it is my rule not to allow anyone to sign a pledge in my presence, I should perhaps mention three exceptions which occurred during the Church Pension Fund Campaign.

There appeared one morning in my office on the twenty-third floor of the Bankers Trust Company building (since then I have gone up higher, and, though I dread heights, am on the thirty-first floor) an alert man. 'Bishop,' he said, 'I am from the Middle West. They want me to be chairman of your campaign in my diocese, and I have come to New York to see what you have for a system and what you want of me. My father was the Bishop of the diocese thirty years ago: he died leaving mother and us five children without a dollar. The diocese started to raise fifty thousand dollars for mother: they got twenty and then stopped, and everybody thought that mother had the fifty. I was a boy then. The poverty I could stand, but oh, the feeling of dependence, the asking of favors for mother and the rest of us! And I made up my mind that if I could ever do anything to head off that experience from other

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boys I would do it. So here I am.'

After fifteen minutes of talk about the system and plans of campaign, he said, 'Where are your pledges?'

I told him that we would send a bundle to him with the literature.

'No,' he replied. 'I want to sign up.'

'But we do not have pledges signed in this office: go slow: think out how much you can give, and sign when you get home.'

'No,' was his answer, 'I cannot begin work until I have signed. My wife and I have talked this thing over and have decided already.' So he sat down, wrote in 'twenty-five thousand dollars,' and signed. 'Now,' he added, 'I can go home and get to work. This young man, my secretary, will stay and study the system more thoroughly and follow me home.'

But the young man spoke up. 'I want a pledge too.'

'You cannot have one,' was my answer; 'we do not have pledges signed in this office.'

'But I will,' he stubbornly replied. 'I am in debt for my college education, but am working that off. I intended to sign up for a hundred dollars, but I am going to make it two hundred, and you cannot stop me.' So he signed.

And my third illustration of the breaking of my rule was this. To one of the most generous men in New York, the late Commodore Bourne, a friend of mine wrote asking if he would see me, adding that my cause was a good and big one. A telephone call from the Commodore brought me to his office. Armed as usual with the little 'Plan' of the system, a confidential list of the larger givers, and a pledge, I met with a cordial reception. In ten minutes I had given him the principles of the system, and answered a few questions. As I left, he said, 'I will give this my consideration.' Two days later, instead of asking me to call again, he came up to my office and, holding out the pledge still unsigned, said, 'Bishop, what do you want me to do with this?'

'Whatever you please, Commodore.'

'But I have the money in the bank; I can send a check.'

'This is liberty hall, Commodore. You will do and give just what you please and as you please.'

'Well, I might as well sign,' he said, as he sat down at my desk.

As he rose and handed me the signed pledge, I noted the figure, — $100,000. 'Commodore,' said I, 'this is very generous; but it is not the amount of the gift which touches me: it is the gracious way in which you have made it.'

'Why, Bishop,' he replied, with tears in his eyes, 'I have the money and I am glad when I can give to a cause so worthy.' He went out, and within two hours the check was at the office. I never saw the Commodore again, but those two brief interviews were worth weeks of hard labor.

3. The leaders in the campaign must be the leading alumni of the institution, men of force in the community, if the people are to have a respect for it. They too can do no half job: they have got to turn in for all they are worth. The people judge a cause by the kind of men who support it, and the kind of support they give. Leading men whose names stand on the campaign committees are of little use unless they themselves go and see people. You cannot raise money by circulars, or even letters. The only way to get money is to go out and get it.

The leaders must begin too by — to use Major Henry Higginson's expression — 'cutting into their own hides' deeper than they expect any person whom they approach to cut into his. To me it is very strange that trustees and campaign-leaders of their own colleges will plan and work and call on people for support before they have

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themselves contributed, and at real cost. The very fact that you have put a part of your own self, your income or capital, into the enterprise, gives you a sense of confidence that you have a right to ask others. You can say to yourself, 'No one to whom I turn will make a gift that costs him more than mine cost me. I am playing no game of bluff.' Soon the understanding gets about that you are in it at your own heavy cost of money as well as strength and time. And that affects those people whose only test of sacrifice is in money.

4. Again, the raising before the campaign opens of a sum large enough to defray all the expenses of the campaign is a great asset. Suppose, for instance, a campaign for one million dollars is going to cost four cents out of every whole dollar. 'What!' exclaims someone, 'that involves the gathering first and before the campaign starts of forty thousand dollars in order to get a million. It is impossible.'

It certainly is not impossible, I know by experience. If you cannot get that first fund, and thus anticipate the total expense, it is a question in my mind whether you have the backing to raise the million. One is a test of the other.

Moreover, many people have a suspicion that campaigns are carried on wastefuly sometimes, that professionals get a 'rake-off' of ten, twenty, and even fifty per cent; and they are a bit shy at having the expenses deducted from their gift. But if others have anticipated the expenses, and their dollar counts for one hundred cents every time, they will contribute readily.

5. I have never been responsible for a campaign in which the names of the contributors and the amount of their gifts have been made public. Some newspaper men kindly offered to print lists of names in my last campaign, and I answered, 'Not a name.'

'But givers like to see their names, and it always stimulates others to give.'

'Some do,' I answered, 'but in the long run those who give do not care about the public knowing it. If they give largely, their mail will be heavy with appeals: if in small figures, they would rather not be published.'

At the same time I believe that people who are going to make a somewhat large investment in a cause or institution have a right to know, not only what sort of enterprise it is, but who their fellow stockholders are. Hence a confidential list of larger givers may rightfully be shown to those who may consider giving largely. They can thus have an idea as to what their share is, and most men are ready to do the fair thing.

6. When the officers of an institution are deciding upon the amount to be raised in a campaign, they should have in mind two considerations. (*a*) How much does the institution really need? Most institutions would like to have double or triple the amount that people will give; but no honest board of officers will ask for more than their institution really needs. Even that figure may be far higher than it is wise to ask for. (*b*) A wise board and its campaign-leader will also ask themselves, after a careful study of the field and their plans, what amount, given all the conditions, the people are likely to give. For it is dishonorable consciously to ask for a big figure, in order to get a half or three quarters of it. Large givers, in trying to do the fair thing, give what they think is their fair share of the total asked; and if only half the total is raised, they have a right to feel that they have not been fairly treated. Such methods kill the generosity of generous people. Moreover, a campaign, an institution, or a church is discredited if the final amount falls far short of the figure set. Our war loans and other war campaigns were thus

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carefully worked out. The country needed far more than was asked, but the campaign, its plans and work, brought one hundred per cent and over every time. These victories were an element in discouraging the Germans and elating our own people. It is a pity that some church and educational campaigns since the war have not profited by those experiences.

7. In the raising of a large sum of money, quite a large amount should be first quietly pledged by those most interested, or who can be interested, so that, when the campaign comes out into the open, it will have a thrust and momentum. The large body of possible small givers then realize that it is a worth-while proposition, that the men and women behind it mean business, and then they join in.

8. As to publicity, organization, and methods, the subject is too big for anything more than two or three suggestions. An organization, be it small or elaborate, runs so easily into mechanism that I shrink from it; but of course it is a necessity, and demands high qualities and abilities. The great purpose, however, which is sometimes lost in the whirring of the wheels, is to touch sympathetically multitudes of people; and the best organization is that which, having power and system at its heart, keeps its outmost workers as sensitive as the nerves beneath the finger-tips. The humblest solicitor must have the imagination to see his cause from the other man's point of view, and so to present the cause as to commend it from his point of view. Unless the two get together sympathetically, there is no helpful result. The solicitor may get some money, but he has failed unless he has also got the good-will.

Every person who gives at my suggestion interests me. If it be by personal letter and I have never seen him, I should like to see him and know him; and if he responds in a sympathetic way, even if he declines, I want to shake hands with him. Some of the best letters that I receive are those declining. I acknowledge personally every gift of good size (I should like to acknowledge all) and write just as appreciative a letter to those who refuse.

I have never received a rough or discourteous word. People instinctively treat you as you unconsciously think of them. If I call on a man notoriously close or mean (and such a call is always interesting), I determine before I meet him that he really wants to do the fair thing, if he can only be shown what the fair thing is. And if, after my best effort, he refuses, I make up my mind that the fault is not with him but with myself. I must put the case better next time. It is not for me to complain that he does not give, and that he ought to. He owns his property, not I; and I am wise to respect his property rights. As a matter of fact, I very rarely have a refusal from a person on whom I call. Letters are different. Publicity demands quality, not quantity. Tons of paper and printer's ink are wasted every day. It is worth a week's study to set forth the purposes of the campaign and the definite needs in the most compact and interesting form possible; publicity should be so simple and clear that he who runneth may read.

9. With this persistent spirit of optimism must go transparent honesty. I have no use for those campaigners who hold back totals and then throw them on the public at strategic times. The public has come to distrust totals, to the great loss of confidence in campaigns. Those who have given and those who are to be approached have a right to be treated honestly, and will respond to honest treatment.

In the Church Pension Fund campaign we had to have five million and

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sixty thousand dollars on March 1, 1917. As the day approached, it became clear that we should overrun: money was pouring in fast. Telegrams came from the West and South, saying that they had hardly got started, that an announcement of five million dollars would spoil their whole campaign, disappoint people, and work disaster to the future system. We at the centre were responsible; and a heavy responsibility it was, to head off perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars by publishing an announcement which we had never promised to make. To some of us, however, it was a simple question of keeping faith with the people. And on March first I announced in Grace Church, New York, and through the Associated Press, the receipt of six million dollars. Nevertheless, by August first there had poured in two and one half millions more. The organization had continued working where it was behindhand, and people gave, not to make up a definite sum, but to support a good cause; and no figure was too big to pension the parson or his widow. People when they have the facts are often finer than we think.

I close as I began, with a reference to the uncertainty of trout-fishing. May I give an illustration — one of many similar experiences.

When on the Pension Fund campaign in New York, I wrote to the late Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, whom I had never met, asking if I could call and tell him of the Pension Fund. He courteously answered that it was impossible, as he was then engaged in adding to the endowment of Vanderbilt University. To this I replied, and with sincerity, that, knowing Vanderbilt University well, and its fine influence through the South, I hoped that he would forget me for the time and concentrate there. A year later I dropped him a line to learn if he cared to see me, and a telephone message came asking me to come to his office at eleven o'clock. Just then another telephone call came from another wealthy man of whom I had high hopes of a large gift, asking me to call at half-past eleven, some fifty blocks farther uptown. It was close work, but a man who is in a campaign must meet the hour fixed by his constituents, and be on the minute.

Entering Mr. Vanderbilt's office, I thanked him for seeing me, spoke of my last visit to Vanderbilt University, and after a few words from him said, 'Mr. Vanderbilt, you are at the head of great industrial organizations; they are all studying the problem of pensions; this system is recognized by experts as the best up to date: it is a leader. I am sure, too, that you want to give where under a businesslike system your gift will go to the support and comfort of thousands on thousands of public servants who have given their lives to help others. Here is a very brief statement of the system, here a confidential list of the larger givers, and here is a blank pledge. Good-morning.'

I may have been in his office five minutes; he may have talked one of them. His face was alert, his look direct, his eye piercing; but no sign of a favorable response.

Jumping into the taxi, I was at the next man's house on time. He too was a stranger to me. He was most gracious, asked all sorts of questions about the system, admired its plan, showed me his works of art, and held me in interesting talk for over an hour.

The next morning, on opening my mail, I found a delightful letter from the second man, closing with the remark that he was unable to give anything. And from Mr. Vanderbilt two lines and the pledge signed and filled in for one hundred thousand dollars.

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THE ROBE DE BOUDOIR

BY CATHERINE WELLS

Mrs. Hannaford drove her fast-trotting pony neatly up the railway approach, gave the reins to the garden boy who accompanied her, repeated her directions for being met by the down train at 6.40, gathered up her sunshade, her purse-bag, and her novel, and passed into the cool shadow of the station.

She was making one of her customary excursions to London that happened every fortnight or three weeks, combining shopping with the acceptance of some invitation to lunch or an afternoon 'At Home.' Her husband was a sportsman and a country gentleman in a small way, — ill at ease away from his fields and his gun, and never leaving them willingly, — who visited London, when it was unavoidable, in a humor of ferocity that made him a difficult companion. But Mrs. Hannaford clung with persistence to the convention she had set up, that occasional shopping in London was a duty no conscientious house-manager could neglect; and she would have valued her vote as a badge of freedom very lightly if it had been offered to her against her ticket for the Stores.

One had to manage a little.

'I think,' she would say one day at tea, 'I really ought to go up to town to-morrow, if I can, and get some shopping done.'

She would throw a slightly troubled accent into her voice.

Perhaps Mr. Hannaford would grunt, and in that case she could go on making her plans in fair security; perhaps he would say nothing, but just go on reading the *Field;* perhaps he would make some objection and she would defer her plain necessity until the following day; perhaps at breakfast the next morning he might suddenly allege that he was aware of her intention for the first time, and with the simple statement, 'You 'd better not go to-day,' postpone her excursion. She never felt quite sure of herself till the pony-trap cleared the avenue and the lodge gates, and was well along the wide white road to the station three miles away. And even surer and safer did she feel when the train began to move, and slipped from the familiar little platform away and away and away into freedom, giving her a whole six hours of liberty before the tether of the 5.45 brought her back to her home.

It was delicious — that liberty. But do not let it be inferred that Mrs. Hannaford had ever passed an hour of her life in any but circumstances of meticulous decorum. There was nothing awaiting her in London but the shops, and perhaps the small luncheon-party given by another woman, which were the avowed objects of her journey. But the experience of freedom; of being able to make her own decisions as to what she would eat and when; of being able to go down this street, or, if she willed it so, that one; of stopping here to look into a shop window, or going on without argument or justification or debate, thrilled into her veins like wine. Sometimes she would squander so much time at first in this joyous

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exercise of free will, that she would have to hurry immoderately at last to get through her allotted business. She went along Regent Street or Victoria Street or Oxford Street with the *élan* of a cage-bird that has escaped to the blue sky.

Once or twice, indeed, she had done things that seemed to her to beat the very bounds of liberty; once or twice she had gone into a picture gallery; once she had slipped into a concert, sitting in a back seat and looking furtively about her in the fear of seeing an acquaintance who might recognize her; but the anxiety of that and the subsequent strain of concealment seemed to her to overbalance the strange pleasure of the music. For it would be quite impossible to make it acceptable to Mr. Hannaford that she should do, or want to do, anything of the kind. To Mr. Hannaford attendance at concerts and picture galleries was either the doubtful privilege of people in 'society' — a position he would repudiate — or the unhealthy proclivity of people who were 'artistic.' He felt about 'artistic' people the same slightly contemptuous commiseration that he would have felt about colored people. He himself was not artistic, and he would take good care that his wife was not either. And all that body of sound, downright opinion that occupied the basement in Mr. Hannaford's mind would have made it dreadfully difficult for Mrs. Hannaford to explain to him that she had been, alone, to such places — in fact, it made it impossible. It would be like confessing to a moral lapse. It might have the effect of curtailing her freedom to go to London at all.

Once, indeed, she had done something even more inexplicable. In the early darkness of a winter afternoon, changing from a motor-bus from the West End to another for Victoria Station, she passed close by the great shadowed mass and orange-lit windows of Westminster Abbey. There was a sound of music, like a trail of thin smoke across the air. It was as if she saw it for the first time; it uprose in its great height so strangely aloof that it penetrated her with awe and wonder; it was like a giant in still communion with the stars, while the little men ran about their little dark affairs around its feet. The pealing of the bells for evensong beat against the roaring traffic like the legendary phantom peal of a church swallowed long years ago by the encroachment of the sea.

She saw people passing in through a small doorway in the great one, and with sudden daring she too passed into the murmurous, shaded mystery of the interior. She slipped into a chair and knelt; the pealing bells sounded as if they were ringing at an immense distance; the sound of a voice rose and fell far away, with chanted responses; the pattering up the aisles of feet on the pavement, the shrill scroop of a chair — all this soft web of sound enclosed her in a globe of solitude. Her whole being was pierced with a sense of self-abasement, of humility too profound for adoration. She knelt with her face pressed upon her muff; her eyes filled with tears so that she had to seek her handkerchief; she wept. Presently she rose and slipped away, fearful lest she should have lost too much time to catch her train; but she found she had been there barely ten minutes. She concealed that incident of her day with the scrupulosity that another woman might have employed upon a rendezvous.

Those were rare and trepid adventures. Usually she enjoyed the simple pleasure of passing along the streets, the simple exercise of her own free will.

It was a very warm, very beautiful day in June. She was a pretty woman;

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riding and country life had kept her fresh and young. There was the usual group on the platform, of three or four neighbors, some farmers and work-people; no women she knew, she was glad to see, since they would have traveled up with her; the men would make off to smoking-carriages.

There was Colonel Burton, raising his hat.

'You coming up, Mrs. Hannaford? Beautiful day. Wonderful weather.' And so on, as usual, for five minutes.

The train came snorting in. Mrs. Hannaford parted from the colonel and got into her own compartment. She opened her novel.

Now novels were a source of imaginative stimulus unreckoned with by Mr. Hannaford. He knew about pictures, he knew about music; he knew that they led women into trouble and tended to break up a man's home; he knew that a conspicuous interest in religion could be neutralized by red beef and exercise and a little auction in the evenings; but he did not know, since he never opened one, what novels were like nowadays, and how astonishingly they illuminate the female mind. Mrs. Hannaford did not obtrude them. She changed them at the library inconspicuously.

The floating population of novels and other popular works that came and went were accepted by Mr. Hannaford as part of the furniture proper to a country house. People who came to stay expected them, as they expected to find the newspapers about and things to smoke. He was not a reader himself; he had too much to do. He would have been immeasurably shocked to see a French novel among them, and would quickly have put a stop to that; but, lulled by the long security of the Victorian era, he never thought of opening them or doubting their innocuous fatuity so long as they bore titles in English. Among them, unsuspected by him, were translations from Russian, from French, from Italian — wolves in sheep's clothing. And so it came about that Mrs. Hannaford had glimpses, and more than glimpses, not only of reality, of the mental and emotional workings of nearly every sort of human being in the world, but of adventure and experiment and peril and happiness, and of all the beauty and tenderness of love that the most ingenious minds of our age can devise.

As she read, something like the weight of a big clumsy hand resting upon her mind passed away. She reached Victoria in the highest spirits. It was an extremely beautiful day.

She determined on a bus to Sloane Square. There was a shop there where they had pretty clothes in the window, and an attractive old furniture shop; and then she liked to walk up the length of Sloane Street — she liked its breadth and clarity, the long stretch bordered by gardens, and at the top the bright, interesting, individual shops. And then the great glossy curved plate-glass windows of the big drapers' shops in Knightsbridge, where she would make some small purchases.

The warm summer air was still fresh with the morning; women passed her, charmingly dressed; there was a sparkle in the sunshine that made people smile at slight provocation. It was pleasant to linger under the broad awning of a florist and breathe the scent of the gorgeous mass of blossom banked against the cool depths of the open shop; it was pleasant to see the neat baskets of glossy, pampered fruit, the speckless gleaming glass bottles of a *parfumeur*, the smart, luxurious stationer's, with its profuse elaborations of letter-writing.

She walked along very gayly, now in the shade, now in the sun, humming a

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little soundless tune, her parasol drooping back over her shoulder. The branches of the trees swayed in their full green of summer; the smartly fronted houses had hung out striped sun-blinds over window boxes blooming with that high pressure of achievement peculiar to West-End plants; taxis passed with a swish, motor-buses with a heavy impetus; there was the glittering passage of a water-cart, a keen, fresh smell, the swirl of water in the gutter. She had a wonderful sense of happiness, of looking charming, of being admired by passers-by while she kept her eyes quietly upon the shop windows or the interests of the traffic. It was pleasant, it was delightful. And she had five hours more.

The big shop in Knightsbridge, where she meant to buy some gloves, foamed and frothed over with the light gossamer of summer raiment, stocked with an exuberant abundance. In the lingerie department, through which she had to pass, were lying on the counters and displayed on stands fragilities as lovely and light as soap bubbles. She marveled at a series of transparencies, sheaths of chiffon faintly flushed with color, their low décolletages edged very simply with lace, and labeled 'Robes de Boudoir.' Mrs. Hannaford had never seen their like before; it was, in fact, the first season that that particular kind of garment appeared in the department of feminine wear which has of late years done so much to rid itself of its old partnership with scarlet flannel. She looked, and then went on, just a little embarrassed by those wisps of chiffon. They were so different in every particular, in every characteristic, from anything she had ever possessed. But they were lovely. As she sat among the austerities of the glove department, they were enormously alluring to think of; they took insolent possession of her imagination; they clung about her like cobwebs. It was a scrap of the world of imaginative beauty become fact and reality; it was as if a figure from a floating, quivering mirage had suddenly thrust forward and touched her with a living hand. Such things existed. They were made; they were bought.

She would buy one.

She went back a little nervously through the lingerie department, as if she were casually strolling; she stopped in front of one of the coveted coquetries and fingered its edge with an expression of sternness, as if she were debating whether it would wear well.

A pretty young saleswoman approached her. 'These are just in, madam. Are they not charming, madam?' And she twirled the stand to show it off.

'Very pretty,' replied Mrs. Hannaford with dignity. 'I think this one would look very well, lined with blue silk.'

Fatally she caught sight of a quick spasm of amusement that lit up the pretty young saleswoman's face. She dropped the edge of the chiffon wrap as if it were hot, turned straight about and walked off, out the department, along a series of shops toward the street. She was not thinking, she was too confused; but as the heavy swing-door was being pulled open for her, something like a voice spoke straight into her ear:

'Some day you will be dead!'

She turned away from the open door, feigning to examine a festoon of lace. Then in a moment, she walked with straight swift resolution back to the *robes de boudoir*.

'I will take that one,' she said very gravely, as soon as she got there.

'Two and a half guineas, madam,' said the saleswoman, whipping it off the stand.

'Thank you,' said Mrs. Hannaford,

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with a sense of having just jumped off the edge of a precipice and of floating, floating in mid-air.

'No, I will take it with me, thanks.

'No, thanks, I will pay for it now.

'No, please do not put it in a box. A small parcel please.'

She took the little flat parcel and doubled it up again. It might have contained a veil.

She continued her shopping methodically, a little entranced.

Punctually at 6.40 the train from Victoria brought Mrs. Hannaford back to her station. She gathered up her novel, her sunshade, her parcels, and looked out of the window.

She was astonished to see her husband waiting for her on the platform.

He had a jackdaw curiosity about parcels. He liked to see that she had got good value with his good money. Her idiotic dress had no pocket.

The train stopped. Very quickly she took the slim little parcel that might have contained a veil, and slipped it as far as possible down into the crack between the seat and the back of the carriage.

TO A WILD GOOSE OVER DECOYS

BY LEW SARETT

O LONELY TRUMPETER, coasting down the sky,
Like a winter leaf blown from the bur-oak tree
By whipping winds, and flapping silverly
Against the sun — I know your lonely cry.

I know the worn wild heart that bends your flight
And circles you above this beckoning lake,
Eager of neck, to find the honking drake
Who speaks of reedy refuge for the night.

I know the sudden rapture that you fling
In answer to our friendly gander's call —
Halloo! Beware decoys! — or you will fall
With a silver bullet whistling in your wing!

Beat on your weary flight across the blue!
Beware, O traveler, of our gabbling geese!
Beware their weedy counterfeit of peace! —
Oh, I was once a passing bird like you.

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OF LUXURIES AND HARDSHIPS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

OFTEN you read in books that the missionary lives in luxury, and you are to believe it. He knows it himself — none better than he. When he comes back from a tour of his part of the African forest, and the luxury of his own clearing bursts upon him, he is amazed by it. There it is, like a cup full to the brim with luxury.

Those little mushroom houses of his own planning are shaggy with the thickest of palm-leaf thatch; they stand on ironwood stilts; there is glass in every window of them, and a stove in every kitchen of them, and a batch of white man's bread in every oven. There is a rose before the door and a cabbage in the garden. There is a black boy in the garden — he is the gardener; and another under the house washing out the clothes — he is the wash-boy; and a boy in the kitchen baking the bread, and one in the middle room playing a crooked game on the table with knives and forks that are twisted.

These are the wonderful servants of the white man. They cry out with joy when they see him returned from his journey — and I ask you, when did your servants do that? It is a luxury. And they rush to tell the white woman — for there is a white woman in that house, and a calendar (which is a thing of the white man entirely), and the white woman has been telling off the days on the calendar against the luxury of her husband's return. And for that day she has planned the most luxurious meal. She hopes there will be fresh meat, but if the huntsman fails her she means to 'kill a tin.' They will have kippered herring or a tin of sausage for supper, and tinned asparagus.

There they will sit under the clear bright light of a double-burner angle-lamp, — double-burner, mind you, — with their bark walls about them and the forest wall pushed back from their roof and the large expensive stars above their clearing, — or the moon in the sky, and the sound of dance-drums rising from the valleys, — and the degree of their comfort is excessive. They reread their home letters and the paper that is two months old or the latest novel of three years ago — the sort of thing you would not be found dead doing. Or they look at the butterflies and beetles they have bought for fish-hooks, instead of having caught them themselves.

Nothing could better it — unless it rains. If I could tell you what they feel when it is a night like this and the rain roars on the thatch and from all the eaves there is a fall of water that shines in the lamplight, — and the two of them together there, lapped in luxury, — you could not bear to hear of it. Envy would bite you, and you would break the Tenth Commandment. It is just the sort of spectacle that makes anarchists. When it rains, none of their thousands of friends come to see them; they go to bed at nine o'clock; and when, I ask you, had you a chance to do that? You see what I mean.

And if their skies are furnished more elaborately than their station justifies,

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— as they are, — why so are their houses. There is furniture in those houses that is famous for miles about. Black women come from a distance, and creep up the white woman's stair on their hands and knees — a most hazardous adventure — to look at the mirror that is there.

I remember a chest of drawers in such a little cabin, and it was priceless. Money could not buy it. The possession of it was a corruption. I owned it for a year, and the thought of it obsessed all my journeys — I would rush untimely home from a professional itineration, to verify its presence. It furnished my room when I was at home and my heart when I was abroad. It had three stomachs, each of these larger than the one above it — all bulged. It was painted to simulate mahogany, but it was more vivid than mahogany, as a painted girl is more vivid than a girl. The three drawers of it must have come inland on the back of a carrier and the body of it on another back. It was the only imported article of furniture in the house, and I witness here and now that one luxury may make a summer. I cannot think how I bore to part with it, as I must have done. The drawers of it stuck in that humid air, but this was not a flaw — that chest of drawers was flawless. It was full of roaches.

And the roaches were there for the people who are sure that we endure the most crushing hardships. They expect so much of the animals and the cannibals and the climate that you hate to disappoint them, and you tell them about the roaches. How big they are, and how silly. How there are so many of them, and that they are forever leaving their little Gladstone bags full of their little foundlings on the steps of your most private doors. That you lace them up in your shoes and pull them out of your pockets and pour them out of your teapots. And once — but no, you think, I won't tell them that. Besides, these people who are enamored of hardships are not to be put off with a cockroach. Surely, they say, there are days when you live above the level of your cockroaches.

And you are bound to agree that on the days when you have looked higher for your hardships you have found them. You wonder if you will tell these amateurs that there are days when the major hardships are as many as there are missionaries at the station, and the minor hardships are as many as the things they say and do; that the character of such a day is evident from its dawn. You know what you are in for at breakfast; and if you are very, very wise, you know what the other fellow is in for. If you are as wise as that, you take the quinine yourself as well as prescribe it for your neighbor. Neither dose on such a day is superfluous, or ever entirely adequate.

Refinements of technique do not come amiss on such a day. Do not discuss the postman's schedule — where he should be sleeping the night, or what may be the day and the hour when he will cast his shadow in the clearing. If there are two of you, — and the nature of this hardship is based on the gregarious quantity, — these speculations will produce an optimist whose postman is winged, and a pessimist whose postman has been drowned in a river that has risen under a rain that is about to fall. For that same reason, do not discuss the schedules of steamers; avoid discussion of the merits of station clocks, personal watches, and the time of day. Differences of opinion and desperate loyalties to opposing timepieces in a forest where there is no umpire but the sun, due to set among hills, might breed the hardship of murder. And oh! do not claim inordinate virtues and excessive talents for

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your house-boy. Let him be as other house-boys are. And don't diagnose this, either.

Best of all, if you have a job twenty miles away from the station, go off in the morning, and take your day of hardship to yourself. Savor it while you may, for it will not last long. In a respectable mission, where there are no heroes, and there is a bias against the chronicle of adventure, the intoxication of hardship is brief. Presently you will be protesting that it was not like that at all, and that you have had a most wonderful day. You will come limping back to the station where all the clocks are right and all the food is good, and the house-boy and the wash-boy and the cook are all your friends, and your fellow missionary is your brother; and you have had the most wonderful day, or ten days, or month, in the most wonderful country, and the most wonderful profession, in the world. Such is the effect of the hardship — or is it a luxury? — of fatigue.

There is an essential jewel of fatigue so costly that it must be a luxury. It is a pearl for which you pay many another pearl, and it is done up in endless wrappings of efforts and of hours. You are drawn to it by endless paths in the rainy season — you wander through the débris of the forest, you cross rivers on little bridges that are under water, you struggle through sand by a sea that thunders under an excessive moon. You think not at all of the luxury of fatigue, until suddenly it is night: the stars are out; there is your fire by the way and your pot on the fire. You dry those tears. You drink your coffee. And you feel a rapture. Something from the very bones of you sings under the long pressure of the thorn of fatigue.

I know my metaphors are mixed, and so is the matter of fatigue. It is, indeed, a wine and a thorn and a pearl and an unforgettable rapture. There is no wanderer in the world — soldier, sailor, flyer, missionary, tinker, or other vagabond — but remembers with an extreme and unforgettable nostalgia the rapture of such an end to such a day of effort. There is none of them but is lost when he smells a blend of bacon and coffee and wood-smoke — and is far away in a camp that was broken long ago. There he sits, in a ragged canvas chair by a little fire on the ground; and there is a black boy beside him, or a yellow boy, or a boy enameled in tattoo, who squats before the fire. That ring of light is the exact centre of a shadowy world. He is there at rest, and he is alone. He is altogether lulled by the luxury of the firelight and the silence and the solitude.

Sometimes solitude is a luxury, but not always. Often I have thought of the fishermen of Theocritus, lying against the leafy wall of that wattled cabin by the sea. Because there were two of them, one might tell his dream to the other. And the Two Orphans — each had a sister. Or Dick Whittington — he had his cat. You think of these things when you are lonely, on a night of the rainy season when the rain is like a wall about the little house where you sleep. Or you are lying at night in a house by the sea, and it is the breathless hour of interval between the land-breeze and the sea-breeze. You hear an empty surf at your door, and you are lonely. Or you have been all day on a journey among strange villages, and you come at night to sleep among strangers. By the light of your lantern in this village where the townsfolk sleep you are reading *Macbeth*. 'Out, out, brief candle!' says Macbeth; and you alone there by your lantern, which is the only candle in the whole diameter of the darkness of the forest — you are loath to put it out. Or it is the horrible hour of midday on a journey by the

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sea, and two of your carriers are quarreling. You sit on a log in the lee of the forest. You hear their grievances, and you administer your languid and impeccable justice; but in the face of these passionate alien furies you feel your isolation and a loneliness. Your carriers regain their customary aspect and are at peace again, but all that day they are strange to your heart — there is everywhere a strangeness. Or you are at home in a village all day, and you have friends in every hut of that village; but in the evening there is a strangeness: there is a shadow of degradation. Dusk falls on that village, and in your heart.

Every missionary in the world knows what I mean, and every girl who is wishing to be a missionary should be told of such hours, and cannot be told. There is no way to be telling her.

All the hardships of which she will have account are tangible, like leopards and cannibals and driver-ants — carnivorous hardships. The leopard that took the German police dog from beside Mrs. Adams's bed. The cannibal who threw the boy's head under the eaves of the little mission outpost, saying, 'There is the white man's portion; let him come and take it!' The driver-ants that do truly drive you from your house — and even on a Saturday night before a communion Sunday, which, in face of the agitations of Saturday and Sunday, is indeed a hardship. These are the favorite hardships. There is a permanent demand for them at home, and in the heart of every young missionary an adequate and fostered fortitude with which to meet them. The last thing such an one looks to see is a reed shaken by the wind. And yet there you are — the woods are full of them — reeds shaken by the wind! And this is the hardship of anticlimax.

There are the leopards and the cannibals and the driver-ants, all truly numerous and truly carnivorous; and for years and years and years you survive them. The cannibals make friends with you. They beg you to visit their villages, where they feed you on chicken stewed in peanuts. There is a leopard's spoor on the trail and the mark of a big paw, but all you ever see of the leopard is the thrilling striped length of a dead one. The snakes that fall from the trees never fall on you. And when the driver-ants swarm over the little cabin where you live, and you rush away with your clothes gathered up as you go, your kitten escapes with you, the hens are let out of the henhouse, the shepherd delivers the sheep and the goats, and it is all quite matter-of-fact and different from the event as imagined.

It is all quite different. The sheep set up a clamor in the night and you are sure they are menaced; it will be a leopard, you think. You rush to the window, and there is a mist of light among the high grasses about the path to the sheepfold. It is old Ngalli the shepherd, with his torch of reeds. By that little light the white trunks of the trees flash out and the little log-hut at the foot of them. The savior has come to the sheepcotes, and that high hysterical crying subsides.

You cannot go to bed, the night is too lovely. You watch the stars, until Ngalli comes back to put them out with his torch, which has burned low, and is a light on his feet, and his loin cloth that is the color of earth, and his old brown body, and his withered face that is kind. 'It was nothing,' he stops to tell you. There is a little new lamb in one of the sheepcotes. And you are to go to bed, leaving him to care for the sheep.

'Sleep well,' says old Ngalli. 'Am not I the shepherd of the sheep?'

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THE ARMY AS A CAREER

BY JAMES G. HARBORD

I

It is a delicate matter to offer advice concerning the choice of a career. The selection of his life work is an intimate personal problem for the young man. It is easy for an older generation to intrude upon this intimacy, and rudely to ignore the romantic visions of youth, from the practical viewpoint of age and mature knowledge.

Ours is a material age, and Americans particularly are accused of being a 'material' people. In a world now discouraged and discontented, we alone have very great national wealth, and many of our young men appear to make the acquisition of wealth their chief aim in life. Such men confound the aim with the means of its achievement. Under the history of most of our great fortunes, however, lies a record of accomplishment. The youngster who wins his way from poverty to riches must have energy, enthusiasm, and ambition. He who strives only for gold may lose the treasure that was his inheritance. Accomplishment is truly the American aim, and success must accord with the Christian ideal of service. Men's lives are their answers to the question of destiny; and America has called those lives great which have been of greatest service to mankind.

In this word *service* lies the measure of a career. To youth, peering forward through the obscurity of inexperience, the necessity of service in his own life is not always apparent, nor its meaning clear. If he will believe that service is not a compulsory process of subordinating his own aims, but is rather the means which will enable him to achieve them, he can pursue his ambition with a minimum of the confusion and stumbling which are often the experience of youth. In groping for the answer to 'What is a career?' I conclude that there are as many careers as there are men and women. There is, however, a common denominator of success for all, and in this sense the successful career is *service*.

In choosing a life work the normal young American of good physique, proper home-training, and average attainments has early to elect between the pursuit of mere wealth, with the power it brings, and a career of accomplishment with less of material reward. If thoughtful, and capable of weighing considerations before making a choice, he will probably decide for or against an army career in the light of answers to such questions as these: —

Will it be congenial employment? Shall I like it? Does it offer sufficient remuneration to enable me to live decently, to marry, and raise the family to which every normal young American should look forward?

How does its opportunity for a service to country and humanity balance as against a career of commercial activity, with the power that attends success in business life?

What opportunity does it offer for

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distinction, for fame, for such accomplishments as will make my name live beyond me?

The reply to the first of these questions is so much a matter of individual taste that it may be answered only by the youth standing at the threshold. The old army life, so dear to our frontier days, of a small selected community socially sufficient to itself; of summer Indian scouting and winter garrison schools; of long isolation on duty in the distant West, with an occasional leave of absence and return to Eastern civilization, is a phase of our history which has passed with the buffalo and the blanket Indian. It was a life of romance and adventure, wherein survived something of the chivalry of a bygone age, and in which the lives of fair women and brave men were sweetened by mutual dependence and self-sacrifice. The last of those who knew it and loved it are now at an age when all the associations of youth are fast receding in the purple haze of memory. In its place have come tours of duty in the Philippines, Panama, Alaska, and Hawaii, stations near the larger cities, and much service with the citizen soldiery. So much of the future duty of our Regular-Army officer in time of peace will be with the National Guard and Organized Reserve that he can hardly expect more than two years with Regular troops in each grade, as he climbs the commissioned ladder. The posts with Regular troops will be small, and the social activities will depend upon the nearest city rather than on the garrison life which was so attractive in the Old Army. His brother officers will still be gentlemen — for the traditions of 'an officer and a gentleman' have stood the test of time, and outlasted many storms of legislative displeasure. Duty, Honor, Country, are still the watchwords of the Regular service — as the record of many a gallant officer, and many modest headstones in our national cemeteries and among the hills of France bear witness!

On duty detached from troops, the officer will find himself quite often the associate of civilians whose individual incomes far exceed his own. Since the World War the necessities of national economy have imposed upon the Regular Army much hardship through enforced life in temporary camps and cantonments. There are to-day many army families living in unpainted, unplastered wooden buildings, erected in 1917 for an average life of three years, and located in more or less barren and unattractive surroundings. These hardships are less felt, however, than would be the case in civil life; for the entire military community shares the same fate, and is spared comparisons with wealthy neighbors. Many an old wooden gymnasium, once used to train the great overseas army, or an old Liberty theatre, in which the Welfare Workers entertained the homesick recruits of 1917 and 1918, now lends itself well to decoration, and witnesses within its dingy walls hospitable occasions graced by gentle army women. The enjoyment of such gatherings is not destroyed by the flavor of a Spartan environment.

One of the interesting phases of army life has always been the care-free manner in which an entire army community submits to being transplanted from the midst of a city to the frontier, or to tropical wilds, without much disruption of its social activities, and even with an increased development of camaraderie. When the nation returns to normal financial prosperity, and the reaction in Congress which follows each of our wars has once more spent itself, the proper housing of the Regular Army will doubtless receive its due attention, and conditions which

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are now disgraceful to our country will be remedied.

No man who yearns for sheltered ease and the fleshpots is apt to adopt a military career. He who seeks the companionship of gentlemen and gentlewomen, and the attractions of a disciplined and orderly life, will find them in the army. For one who enjoys working with men in the open, with occasional opportunity for foreign duty, and the constant knowledge that he is preparing himself and those he commands to serve his country in her time of need, I know of no career more attractive than that of the American army officer. The profession of arms is one of the oldest, and there is none more honorable.

The remuneration of the army officer is quite moderate. He, frankly, is not so well paid as some branches of skilled labor, nor so liberally remunerated as many positions in civil life above the grade of laborer, but which demand less of education and character than does the army. The compensation of a major-general after twenty-six years of service, including all allowances, may not under the law exceed nine thousand seven hundred dollars per year, less the liberal subtraction for income tax. A lieutenant in his first three years of service receives per year some twenty-three hundred dollars, including all allowances. Formerly army pay corresponded to rank, and was presumed to increase with added responsibility. It is now based upon length of service, and does not necessarily correspond either to grade or to responsibility. At the discretion of the President it may be slightly varied each year, to correspond to the rise or fall of the cost of living. There are fairly liberal allowances for quarters when not furnished in kind, and certain increases for growing family responsibilities. Medical attendance is free for members of the army and their families.

The average young man is apt to gauge a place by its remuneration and, from the foregoing, army pay may not seem attractive. With the army system of retirement, however, the pay may be considered in the nature of income drawn upon the investment of a commission. The problem of saving for old age does not have to be solved in quite the same way that it is by the civilian. Insurance can safely be carried, since steady pay is not threatened by sickness or absence from duty. In case of physical incapacity for active service, due to accident or broken health, the army officer is retired for life upon three quarters of the pay he is drawing at the time of such retirement. At the age of sixty-four, he is similarly retired. After thirty years of service he may, on application, be retired, at the discretion of the President; and after forty years he can demand it. If an officer dies while on the active list, his widow will receive a small pension; if he dies after retirement, the law provides no such pension. There is therefore the continual urge of economy throughout life, and constant facing of the fact that there is no other class of public servant from whom so much is expected in proportion to his pay as is exacted from the army officer.

The matter of pay is important when the officer contemplates marriage. In many walks of life wealth is the measure of the young man's ability to support a family, and determines his eligibility in the mind of the potential father-in-law. This is not so literally followed in the army. There the rewards are of a different sort, and it is the unworldly fashion of the service to prefer reputation to riches, and honor to opulence.

A commission in the army gives the

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entry to as good society as there is in the world; and since frugality is demanded of all, there is little competitive dressing or spending. There is no stratum of our modern life in which there are relatively more happy marriages than in our good American army. In mere statistics army marriages stand next to the bottom in divorce ratios. In these days of the high cost of living no army officer can maintain a family on his pay without practising close economy, but in normal times, while lacking luxury, the life is comfortable. The delightful associations of army life make up in a measure for the absence of luxury. Service has its compensations.

The army career compares well, in its possibilities for service to country and humanity, with the power and opportunity that attend success in business life. The modern army officer must be a composite of business man, lawyer, statesman, and priest, as well as soldier. There is a popular misconception as to the usefulness of an army career, due to the belief that because soldiers are dressed alike, and drilled in masses, they are therefore stamped in a mould which crushes originality and initiative. There must be in the military organization discipline and teamwork; but beyond this, the army of a free people is made up of individuals, each with his own hopes and ambitions, and his own ideas of accomplishment. It is this development of individuality which has distinguished the American soldier above those of other countries, and which indeed is principally responsible for the success which attended our arms in the World War. The common tie among our soldiers is the sense of service. Their discipline during the World War was largely a self-imposed code, founded on their belief that it was necessary, in order to accomplish that for which they had come to France. In the army one serves the country, while finding at the same time an opportunity for development along a chosen line.

In the long uneventful drowsy days of peace between our Spanish-American War and the stirring times of nineteen seventeen, the average American citizen thought of his Regular Army only as an organization which was comfortably housed in military posts, whose original location had been due to something connected with Indian wars and frontier protection, or as standing guard at picturesque and rather useless old forts, conveniently situated with reference to fashionable summer resorts along the seacoast. He understood that it drilled a little, danced a good deal, paraded on national holidays, and performed a number of other vague and unimportant duties — all at considerable cost to the taxpayer. If it be true that the ideal self-government can come only through knowledge, the average American citizen's pre-war knowledge of his Regular Army would have entitled him to little participation in those historic institutions through which he thinks that he governs himself.

With the coming of the World War, the transformation of our young manhood into the great National Army, to be commanded and administered largely by officers trained in the Regular Army, brought home to the average citizen the fact that in the regular establishment lay much of the hope for success in the great military adventure which our country was undertaking beyond the sea. A year's contact on the Rio Grande border during the threatened trouble with Mexico had brought the National Guard and Regular Army into closer understanding than had ever before existed in their history, and had strengthened their mutual esteem.

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The Regular Army, as the repository of the military traditions of our country, the exponents of the latest military teachings of the world, with the indispensable habit of discipline, and long experience in handling soldiers, enjoyed the confidence of the citizen soldier to a higher degree than ever before.

The national administration wisely kept high army appointments out of politics when we entered the war, and to a larger extent than had been the case in our other wars made its appointments in the higher grades on a merit basis. It was thought as wise to keep the highest command in the hands of the Regular Army as it is to appoint only lawyers to the Supreme Court, and to keep only experienced navigators on the bridge during a storm at sea. The war ended so quickly after we began to get our divisions to France in effective numbers that there was little opportunity for that rise to distinction through the actual practice of war which, during any long conflict in which our country has hitherto been engaged, has always brought to high rank our best type of citizen-soldier. Consequently the commander-in-chief, the army commanders, corps commanders, and the majority of the division and brigade commanders were officers of the Regular Army. So too, in the higher grades of the staff, the leaven of the mass came from the Regular establishment.

The strength and support brought to our military establishment, both in the army and in the War Department, through the splendid men who came to it from every field of business and professional life, can never be calculated. It was the support of her gallant sons which has never failed our country in her time of need, the memory of which may well alleviate the indifference that still half stuns the demobilized soldier in this land of short memories and brief regrets. With all this array of business and professional training at the disposition of the high command, and the rallying of our incomparable young manhood to the colors, the intelligent direction which the Regular Army was able to give to our military effort resulted in a share of the credit for the final triumph of the Allied arms, the assessment of which we may confidently leave to history.

Since December 1918, when the victorious armies of the Allies marched to the Rhine, the presence of our contingent there, though small in numbers, has been the strongest steadying influence for peace in that war-weary region. Its attitude has been that of a mediator, seeking to allay misunderstandings and irritation, and so conducting itself as to reflect credit on the American name. The hauling-down of our flag from the silent fortress of Ehrenbreitstein in January last, closed, at least for the time, our military adventure across the Atlantic, — the greatest the world has ever seen, — in which the nation transported its men by millions across three thousand miles of ocean, and counted the cost in billions, as well spent in a good cause.

II

From the days of Lewis and Clarke, in the first years of the nineteenth century, the development and settlement of our country was largely through the agency of the Regular Army. It conducted practically all the preliminary explorations. It constructed the early roads, built bridges and canals, conducted the surveys and made the maps in the winning of the West. Army engineers initiated most of the accurate methods now employed in our geodetic, topographic, and hydro-

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graphic surveys. When our pioneers went west, they traveled by routes laid and constructed by the army, and were protected by its frontier stations. They settled on lands surveyed by it, and the validity of their titles rested on such surveys. The linking of these outposts of civilization with the East was accomplished through railroads located, and in many cases constructed, by the army. Up to 1855 practically all railroads in this country were projected, built, and sometimes operated by our military establishment. The Baltimore and Ohio, the Erie, Northern Central, Boston and Providence, New York, New Haven and Hartford, and Boston and Albany were thus located, constructed, and initially operated.

An army officer built the best locomotive of his time, after his own designs. Another was chosen by the Russian Tsar to build the railroad from Moscow to St. Petersburg. He died before its completion, but a brother officer carried his work to successful termination. The army built the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the old Cumberland Pike from Maryland to Missouri. Practically all our federal and state boundaries were surveyed by it. The Washington Monument, the wings and dome of the national Capitol, the old Post Office Building, the Government Printing Office, the Library of Congress, the War College, the Agricultural Building, the Washington Aqueduct, the parks of the District of Columbia, are the work of military engineers. Army engineers supervised the Lincoln Memorial. Their part in the river, port, and harbor development for a century past is well known, and these activities are still going on as part of a coördinated scheme for the entire country. They are studying present commercial facilities, the hinterlands which can be served, their proper development, and the factors which advance or retard their progress.

Within the present generation our country has faced the problems — always difficult for a representative government — of new possessions. Alaska, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Guam, and the Canal Zone have presented each its problem, and the major part of the solution has been directed by or through the Regular Army. In the Klondike it was the army that opened the harbors, and built the roads and trails leading to the gold. It surveyed the lands and policed the frontiers. The link which bound the Klondike to civilization was the cable laid and operated by the army.

The Philippines, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Panama all have histories of achievement, histories in which the forces of civilization have struggled against reaction and backwardness. That civilization is triumphant is due largely to the constructive work of our Regular Army. Building up public utilities, eradicating decimating diseases, educating the children, creating institutions of self-government, and protecting such institutions from retrogression — in all these the Regular Army has left its record of the day's duty well done. These are generalities true of all lands where our flag has flown outside of our continental limits.

To particularize as to Panama, we made success out of the failure of our predecessors on the Isthmus. The Canal was built under the worst possible initial conditions of sanitation, and in the face of tremendous engineering difficulties. In the last four months of 1922 our government collected a million dollars per month in canal tolls. Seventy-five great steamship lines serve the world through the Panama Canal. Its equipment as a base for fuel, repair, and supply is complete. Incidentally,

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it is a tremendous military asset for national defense. So long as it remains in our possession it doubles the value of our navy, though its total cost was only approximately that of ten modern battleships, with an average life of ten years before overtaken by obsolescence. Our occupation already exerts a powerful influence over the neighboring nations to the south. They are beginning to undertake necessary improvements under the stimulus of increased prosperity brought by the Canal. The building of the Canal was a monumental accomplishment worthy of any nation in any age.

So much for the peace-time opportunity for service to mankind and country which the army afforded its officers in the era ending with our entrance into the World War. After the Armistice the cry of American Relief stirred the army in France almost as had in other days the slogan, 'Westward Ho!' Except for the titular head, and some minor officials and employees, the American Relief in Europe after the Armistice consisted of three hundred and twenty officers, and nearly five hundred enlisted soldiers constituted the missions and agencies which distributed relief. In addition, a great amount of convoy and courier service, and much handling of supplies, was done by the American Expeditionary forces. The American Relief was little more than an army activity. Russian Relief has been a similar activity, whose management and administration have been principally the work of army officers.

Our pioneering days in distant lands have perhaps ended. On the eve of a period of construction and progress, which we hope will be one of the greatest our country has known, the army is, however, once more a pioneer. A very significant influence in standardization of manufacture has been exerted by the War Department in its planning for the mobilization of national industries in time of war. The tractor industry has come of military experiments in design of tanks and artillery tractors. The activities of our air service are preparing the way for an aviation industry, and keeping the art alive in the meantime. The aerial development of the army is not only real preparedness, but promises an extension to commercial life. The army has likewise pioneered in radio. It modifies commercial apparatus for military purposes, but its research and development are continually presenting solutions of difficult problems. Among these are the loop, which to some extent superseded outside antennæ, and led the way to the radio compass; besides the invention which applied radio principles to commercial telephones, and made possible broadcasting over telegraph, telephone, and even power lines. The army telephone-system is second to only one other on our continent.

The activities of the Army Chemical Warfare Service promise one of the greatest opportunities for service. The deadly mustard gas is being hopefully tested for use in treatment of tuberculosis. The use of war gases in medical treatment of influenzas and similar diseases is very encouraging. This branch of the army has apparently solved the problem of safe and effective fumigation of ships, warehouses, and other insect and animal refuges. Tear-gases have been demonstrated as effective in controlling criminals, and in supressing jail deliveries and riots. The gas-mask has been tried out with success for mining, and the army has produced the only substance protecting miners against carbon-monoxide gas. The control of the boll weevil will come from the same source. The Chemical Warfare Service has led the way to

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the foundation of an American dye industry that should one day be one of the great national assets.

The army has played an important part in the development of the steel industry. It was the original market for steel, and led the entire industry in the specifications for design. The army specifications for high-grade steel have generally been fifty per cent more severe than any others, thus promoting the production of superior quality. Alloy steels were introduced by the army ordnance department. For years the Watertown Arsenal was the leader in metallurgical study, preceding the creation of the Bureau of Standards, and it exerted a strong influence in stimulating the work of the technical schools. Scientific management was largely born of army arsenal methods, and the first card-system of shop-returns was devised at Frankfort.

The Federal Power Commission, organized under the War Department, is now studying the proposed development of waterpower in excess of twenty million horsepower, or more than twice the existing power development of our country, and more than the combined potential resources of Norway, Sweden, Finland, and the Arctic and Baltic drainages of Russia — the principal water-power region of Europe. The chief engineer of the Commission and his assistants and the chief counsel are army officers. Within two years it has studied projects for development of resources under federal control amounting to six times the aggregate of projects for the development of resources under federal control in the preceding twenty years.

Army engineers lead in flood prevention and are assisting in forest protection. During the past year over one hundred thousand square miles of forest lands were constantly and effectively patrolled by army fliers, and over fifty per cent of the twelve hundred and forty-eight fires occurring in the national preserves of California, in the critical three months of the danger season, were reported by the aerial patrols.

The memory of the service of the army in the San Francisco earthquake in administering the forces of order is still gratefully cherished at the Golden Gate. In the Galveston disaster of 1915 it made a record of heroic achievement. Its constructive value was felt in the Mont Pelée cataclysm, and during every great Ohio and Mississippi flood, for many years.

The chief coördinator under the Director of the Budget is an army officer, and is assisted by nine others. The army furnishes a governor-general to the Philippines, an ambassador to Cuba, a fuel administrator to the great State of New York, a Director of the Budget, the active member of the Alaskan Roads Commission, the governor and the chief engineer of the Panama Canal and Zone, and the chief administrator of the railways of Alaska. The Assistant-Secretary of War, with his army assistants, is performing one of the most complicated and extensive tasks that has ever confronted an industrial organizer, in the army plans for industrial mobilization in event of war.

The Act of June 1920, gave this country the first real military policy it has ever had, and made it permanent, subject only to the pleasure of Congress. The function of the Regular Army in this three-part army of the United States, is the chief concern of this act, and is the paramount opportunity of our times for service to kin and country. The military policy itself is a conservative insurance policy against war and internal disturbances. In addition to assisting to train the National Guard and Organized Reserve, the Regular

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Army constitutes the first line, which, in time of national danger, would guard strategic points on our frontiers against invasion, while behind such protection there would be formed the armies necessary to guarantee our national safety in the war to follow. It further constitutes at the present time the dependable land force available in case of internal disturbance, and against destructive radical forces which are steadily working to overthrow our governmental institutions and loot the products of our industry. It is insurance of the participating kind. The training for national defense will always bring returns to the country in the physical and hygienic betterment of the young manhood of the nation. The draft statistics of the World War showed that about fifty per cent of our young men have disabling defects, most of which can be corrected by physical training and instruction. This is one of the most serious and interesting aspects of the army opportunity.

This is an age when many serious people are studying problems of race betterment. The World War gave the opportunity for a survey of the physical condition of the nation. The majority of our World War recruits were narrow-chested, awkward, and under weight in proportion to height. Many basic diseases and disabilities, such as weak arches, weak backs, malaria, social diseases, incipient tuberculosis, and numerous other troubles were discovered in time and eradicated. Inoculations and prophylactic treatments resulted in new minimum records for prevalence. The occurrence of these diseases throughout the country has been much lessened as a result of the medical administration and training of young men during the war. Camps were made models of neatness, and personal sanitation and hygiene were taught as fundamentals. This experience will largely govern the administration and conduct of the summer training camps under the Act of June 4, 1920.

Such achievements are the work, not only of the medical officer, but of his line brother. Yellow fever, malignant malaria, and tropical anæmia have largely disappeared from our neighbors to the south as the result of great constructive work by the Army Medical Corps. It is a work in which line and staff pull together in the team. The influence of the summer camps is a continual education against intemperance in all its forms. There can be no higher usefulness than to share in this regenerative work. The common thought of the best statesmen in our hundred and fifty years of national life has been that a programme for continued peace is best served by plans for defense. The army has always stood for peace. 'I know of no war in which America has been engaged, offensive or defensive, which was brought about by army pressure, or, indeed, stimulated by military desire,' said Secretary of War Baker.

The power that comes to the successful leader in civil life is very great. With such power comes the obligation for service. It is met in a very splendid way by many great chiefs of finance and industry, of whom all Americans are proud, and to whom humanity owes a great debt. But in civil life such opportunity comes to a man as the result of success, and when his years are few. In the army the opportunity is present all through life, and the improvement of such opportunity for service is itself the success one seeks, and it depends only upon the individual desire and ability. The accumulated experience which makes the officer of value to his country in a time of great emergency is itself born of

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what he has made of his opportunity for service to others.

What does the army offer in the distinction which ambitious men seek? How shall one's name live after him? Does the military brow ever wear the laurel? The Regular Army has furnished two Presidents of the United States and one of the Confederate States. Senators, cabinet ministers, members of the lower House, state officials, ambassadors, and ministers have been proud to point to a Regular Army record. The army has furnished forty-six presidents to universities and colleges, and a great many professors. It has graduated eighty-seven presidents of railroads and other great corporations. A bishop of the Episcopal Church, a graduate of West Point, gave his life as a lieutenant-general in the Confederate Army. The military establishment has to its credit a great number of editors, clergymen, engineers, bankers, judges, consuls, artists, and authors.

History will honor the names of a great many professional soldiers of the United States Army. The verdict of history is generally just. In our country, or any country with a tendency toward pure democracy, the professional soldier seldom finds favor with the politicians. It is well recognized that the regular officer and soldier, being without the vote, are generally without much serious representation among the statesmen of the Republic. The reaction which seems inevitable in the United States after every war has sometimes resulted in belittling the accomplishments of our successful soldiers during their lifetime. The full recognition of our great leaders of the Civil War was long delayed, and in some cases never granted. Sheridan received a full generalcy only when the world knew that he was dying. Forty years after the Civil War was ended, a succession of lieutenant-generals was appointed who had held only insignificant rank in that great conflict, but Meade and Thomas went to their graves unrewarded.

A certain grim philosophy prevails among officers of the army, and it is recognized that the best reward that can come to the American officer as he nears the end of his career is the approbation of those with whom he has served. If those who knew him best, who have shared with him the dangers of flood and field, the vicissitudes of peace and war, of prosperity and adversity, appraise him as a real man, when the riderless horse with the reversed boots is led slowly behind the flag-draped caisson, and the volleys and the trumpets sound in his honor for the last time, the servant of his country may well trust his fame to the verdict of history.

There is much about the army that is naturally dear to one who has given his best years to it. The heart of any true soldier must tell him that his is one of the noblest professions. Prophecy of the future does not lie within the soldier's domain, yet he, like others, may read the future by the past. Looking backward, he can find predecessors among those who in all ages have been great through service. At the waning of his days, if he has kept the faith and held aloft his standards, Duty, Honor, Country, he who chooses the army as a career will merit that tribute which the poet gives — and which can be won by neither wealth nor wile:—

His work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure.

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A GLUT OF FRUIT

BY H. E. ALLEN

I

STRANGE things happen to the English climate, and one spring and summer the sun shone day after day. The next year was generally dark and cold, but the sunshine was stored, and the blossom burst forth in an effulgence over orchard and hedgerow, and there was a glut of fruit.

That was the year when James Turner and his American wife and his American-born daughter came for a visit to his old home near the East Anglian coast; and when they pushed open the gate into the little garden of his old home on the marshes, all the old trees that he had known so well were bearing heavily. The trees had become woodier with the years, bent farther away from the sea under the influence of the biting winds that blew across the marshes; but here were still the miniature dessert-apples that had looked luscious to James's eyes before he had known the fruitage of a land of more sun; the rosy-cheeked neat green apples that bloomed in their foliage like flowers; massive red-cheeked pears, hanging in thin leafage; harvest bullaces, like golden beads bronzed on one side; sloes, like grape-colored beads; damsons, and greengages. There was even a scattering of purple fruit high up on the tall poplar-like plum tree that had almost become barren in James's boyhood.

Already, in the train bearing them from the port, James had discerned the wonderful harvest of fruit. It hung in the low orchards, against the high garden-walls, on the stiff trees trained — as if in mystic shapes — on the southern ends of the brick farmhouses.

'There, father,' cried Margaret, 'you said there'd be plenty of flowers but no fruit, and the fruit's as plenty as the flowers. The trees are very little, but they're loaded to the ground.'

'I see,' answered her father absently, being absorbed at that moment in his own inner consciousness. He had come on this trip half-heartedly; for he was a man who found his peace in continuous, forward-looking action.

'You have n't a bit of sentiment, father,' said Margaret during the negotiations for this journey, looking up at him with a half-teasing, half-mystified expression.

'I suppose that's like a man,' put in her mother, a trifle seriously, as if she did not like to find anything in her husband hard to comprehend.

James hardly understood what they were talking about: this trip was to his mind an unnatural turning to the past, a boring experience which he felt should be accepted by him loyally, as a good husband and father. However, the day he landed and saw the chimney pots on the dirty rows of brick cottages at the port, something wakened in him: he had forgotten that such things as chimney pots existed.

His unsettlement went on apace during the journey to his old home. As the two women excitedly looked,

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questioned, and commented, he sat with a heavy air, as far as possible silent. How different it all seemed to them and to him! They would be surprised if they knew that in spite of appearances he found it vastly more interesting than they. He felt suddenly detached from his family — that firm bond that he had felt ever since he had had them was somehow loosened a little. The stirring of memory made him restless: like an adolescent, he hardly knew what to make of himself.

'Still a-plenty of white ducks on the common,' he was thinking as they neared their journey's end. 'The grass looks so green it's fair blue. How dank the pits look! That's where old man Riches fell in and got drowned. Though he was a stargazer, he did n't prophesy that, and folks did n't set much store by such goings-on after he died.'

He was half smiling when the train drew into the market town near his native village. As usual, the liner landed on a week-end, and they reached his old home early on a Sunday afternoon. Mary and Margaret broke into delighted exclamations when they saw the innumerable village children everywhere blotching the scene by their white pinafores, and James felt a thrill of pride when he explained that all English families, however poor and miserable, thus neatly observed the Sabbath. Curiosity stirred as to the antecedents of all these children. Could he recognize their breeds?

They quickly settled themselves, and under pressure from Margaret set out for James's old home. Green things had grown, but brick and stone had hardly altered. Sometimes familiar sights looked strange; harvest was just over, and James found his eyes lingering with surprised delight on the shapely thatched ricks everywhere grouped about farm-buildings. On this fine afternoon they gleamed across the levels like pale golden pagodas, so ethereal as to bely the hard labor which his memory associated with their construction. 'They have good farmers about here,' he said aloud.

When they reached the poor little farm that had been James's home, he was touched by the excitement which he saw on the two blond faces; and with a half-remorseful twinge of tenderness he put himself forward and opened the wicket in the hedge. Once in, the fruit burst on him, and he stopped, as if a message had been flashed to him from his boyhood. At that moment his discontent disappeared, and he began again to be satisfied with the moment — which was his natural condition.

Then the bright door-knob was turned, and a middle-aged woman came out. With that, the Turners remembered their manners and went forward.

'Please excuse our coming in in this way,' began James, lifting his hat in his best manner. 'I lived here till I went to America, and we came to ask if I might show my wife and daughter around.'

'Step you in and set you down,' was the quick impersonal answer, given in a pleasant voice, with the manner of perfect courtesy. The travelers found themselves in a tiny room, with a diminutive grate in which burned the smallest fire that the women had ever seen. Tall glazed-china dogs were on the mantelpiece, homemade rugs of clean bits of black wool on the floor, and roseate mahogany chairs with concave seats stood about, as highly polished as if they had just been varnished. Confronting the doorway stood a fine grandfather's clock. The women perceived with astonishment that this neat little room was sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen combined.

Here they all sat for a moment, uncertain, and before anyone had spoken a tall young man appeared at the doorway, coming from the ancient flint and

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brick barn at the side. He stood hesitating a moment, thrown into relief by the light, and his bony features, gray eyes, and flaxen hair marked him as a near relative of the mistress of the house.

'Abner,' she began, with a touch of formality in her manner surprising to the visitors from rural America, 'here be wisitors now come from out foreign to take a look round Gorse Cottage.'

At her words something snapped in James's consciousness: the old-fashioned name, the family resemblance, had awakened memories. He jumped up. 'You be Myleses,' he stammered.

'And who might you be?' returned the young man, in a mellow deliberate voice.

'James Turner,' answered the other. 'My father and grandfather lived here till my father lost the place. Abner Myles was the millman at the Black Mill.'

The strong face of the woman had lighted. 'Jimma Tarner!' she exclaimed. 'I would n't ha' thought it. You have got into the American talk, like—beggin' your pardon, mum.' She made a courteous inclination toward Mrs. Turner, as if to excuse her familiarity. 'I be Emma Barrett, Emma Myles that was. My poor husband got drowned a-fishin', and I come to do for Abner when he set up for hisself in Gorse Cottage. Some judge me for his mother, but we be brother and sister. I'm the oldest and he's the youngest.'

She spoke as if the relationship were one on which she loved to dwell. But her rustic suavity did not let her linger on her own affairs. 'How the memory come,' she continued, as she sat with her rough hands folded across her white apron, looking at James smilingly. 'Now I see that you be Tarner right enow. That do bring back my young time! There ware a rare lot o' Tarners about that time o' day.' She turned toward Mrs. Turner. 'But they're out o' the parish now.'

'Mostly dead,' said James, shortly.

Emma looked up, slightly startled, as if she had given a wrong turn to the conversation. 'You won't wish to stop indoors,' she said, after a moment; and rising, she led them out to the bright flower-border. 'You'll find some things have got on and some have perished,' she went on.

'The haysel was fair, t' year,' contributed Abner, taking up the discourse with considerably less of the local dialect and singsong. 'The corn's vera moderate. There's a glut of fruit, and it's now fit; but it's nothing gain. The market's spoiled. But I carry my pockets full.' With a smile he put in his hands and handed out to each what seemed to them a wizened specimen. 'I hear you dry and bottle fruit in America?' he ended, inquiringly.

'The woman what lived against ours used to put down bullaces with mutton fat on top. Might I ask, mum, is that the way you manage?' Emma asked with a shy hesitation in her manner.

Here the American family burst into the conversation; for they came from a part of America that lived by fruit, and they knew a whole lore of canning and preserving and jelly-making. Mary spoke up first. 'Margie and I would like to show you how to put up fruit. We do whole cupboards full at home.'

'I'll furnish the bottles and the sugar,' broke in James, seizing the opportunity for action. 'Provided,' he went on, 'that I can help pick.'

As he stood in the centre of the little domain, with fruit as it were showering on all sides, he began to feel again that this country belonged to him.

'Agreed,' said Abner, obviously delighted.

'All right,' said James, eager to repeat the happier episodes of his boyhood.

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The women were all smiling, but beneath Emma's polite smile of acceptance was just visible the cautious and puzzled uncertainty of the rustic who receives an unexpected benefit.

It was Mary who in a moment caught sight of the sun dropping into the horizon far across the marshes. 'It's time to start back,' she said.

'We'll go home by the "kissing-gate,"' said James, gayly, his return of mental health showing itself by a half-jocular, half-teasing desire to impress his family with his knowledge of local topography.

'You know,' he was saying as they went out of the gate, 'the lanes are called lokes and each has its name. So have the fields. Stop,' he continued: 'here you see what this country's like'; and, sweeping the landscape, he proceeded to count in the distance five dark brick windmills, like giant four-leaved clovers, and six church-towers, near and distant. The aftermath of the sunset was still lingering, and long sweepings of rose and orange-colored cloud ornamented the broad circle of the sky.

'This old level is about as sightly as the top of the hill at home, don't you think?' he asked, and looked happily from the happy face of his wife to the happy face of his daughter.

'Wonderful!' answered his wife, showing by her low voice how delighted she was.

But Margaret, much as she evidently admired the scene, was too eager to satisfy her curiosity to linger over it. 'Who are those people at the farm?' she burst out, as they went forward.

'Oh, yes,' returned her father, 'I was going to tell you. It's a queer thing their turning up like that. You'll notice I did n't match stories of old times with them very much. 'T was because the stories I recollected of their family mostly would n't bear telling. What you've seen is the flower of the family. There were twenty-two children of them born at the mill over yonder, but they never had more than eight alive at any one time.'

'How fearful!' exclaimed Mary. 'Twenty-two children and only eight alive at any one time! That was "a glut of fruit that was nothing gain"! What was the matter?'

'Well,' went on her husband, 'in old times the mill wings used to sweep the ground, and they made way with two girls — both by the name of Becky. I guess the rest died of their hardships. When the old man was in drink, he'd throw his wife and children into the dike, and drag them about by the hair; and her ears were all ragged where he had tore out the earrings. She was very ladylike, with fine eyes and a skin all little wrinkles. I remember her well. Mother said she could wash and bake and brew all in one day any time — with all those children. Once father saw her husband drinking in at the Maid's Head, and she went right up and smashed in the big window. She knew the publican could n't take action because he was serving a man reeling drunk. They say she had the heart of a lion to begin with, but in the end she had only the heart of a mouse.'

Mary had heard this narrative pityingly, but Margaret evidently relished it as a drama. 'How like a novel!' she exclaimed. 'Who would ever have thought you knew all these exciting histories, father! Mrs. Barrett and Abner deserve a great deal of credit, don't they?'

'That they do,' said her mother.

'They favor their mother,' returned her father. 'I recollect,' he went on, 'when the sister next Emma died.'

They were then crossing the field which separated the marsh from the church, and he paused a moment to look up at the fine tracery of the sound-hole in the tower.

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'She was twenty-five year old, and I helped ring her passing bell. They keep them a week about here, — unless they can't because they've died sudden, — but when the week was up this time, the old fellow was roaring drunk, and he got it into his head he would n't let the body out of the house. In the finish they took it by main force, but he followed the procession along the causeway a-cursing. The poor mother had to be fair lifted on either side, to keep her from dropping; and when they got to the grave the rascally old sexton had dug it too deep, and they had to lower the box into water. Then the mother fainted dead, and they had to carry her off. I guess that was when Emma come to the fore, tending to everything. You said, when we come along, it was queer the church was so near the marsh. Well, you see it is too near,' he concluded, turning to his wife.

Even Margaret was a touch affected by her father's last narrative, and they passed silently through the crowded churchyard to the footpath.

But by now James was in full swing of reminiscence and of explanation, and he returned to the village looking first one side and then another, to recognize and be recognized. When they reached their sitting-room at the Catherine Wheel, he turned: 'I see I shall have to thank you two for getting me into a fine holiday,' he said, giving a pat on the shoulder to each of the two partners of his house.

II

The fruit-picking was finished, and in due course the bottling.

'A fine young man,' said James, as they walked home along the causeway, when the operations were complete. 'He'd certainly get on in America, but there's not such a good chance here.'

'"Several" have gone over,' said Margaret, laughing. 'I found after a while that that meant a great many, just as "moderate" means very bad.'

'Don't you laugh at my old neighbors,' put in her father, half smiling at her sharpness. 'Their life's hard, and they don't always dare to come out flat, as we do.'

'No,' said Mary. 'I've been a little embarrassed helping Mrs. Barrett. You'd think she was a stranger in her own house. But Abner's different.'

'Yes, the sauciness ain't knocked out of him yet,' said James. 'Well, we've plenty such in America and can do with more. Why do you suppose he's not gone over?' He questioned his wife, as he so often did on some puzzling aspect of human behavior.

'Sentiment,' she returned, laughing in his face, till they all laughed.

'There you see what good that is,' he retorted, 'keeping a likely young man working hard where he'll never get any forwarder. A season or two more like this, and he'll hire out to a farmer. I hear he does a harvest now to get hold of a lump sum once in the year.'

'Father, father, can't you understand a man's wanting to stay where he's been brought up if he can?' said Margaret, hanging to his arm as they walked. 'I admire him for it. He's got lots of nice feeling.'

'Yes,' said her mother seriously, 'and he's had luck in having that sister with him. She's an old hand at the work. She told me she'd "done her piece" and could have gone to live quiet with her sister, only Abner needed her.'

'They always stick together, that family,' said James. 'Not like some in this parish that could n't recognize their brother's children if they met them.'

'You do tell the funniest stories about this place, father,' said Margaret. 'Not know your own brother's children!'

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'Perhaps you'd be the same if you had such a lot of relations as some of them about here must have,' said her mother dryly. 'But it's a good quality in the Myleses to stick together. Yes, they seem very praiseworthy. They don't spare work, and they're proud.'

'By the way,' said James, 'the people at the inn told me Abner made a practice of taking summer visitors out driving to earn a little. They never mentioned that to us — would n't, for fear we'd think they were begging. But what would you say to his taking us out?'

'What a splendid idea, father,' cried Margaret, while her mother seemed to hesitate. 'I want to see the ocean on the other side of the dunes, and go to all those churches sticking up in the distance. Let's go to the one with the pretty name first — Oxtead Turf. I've read the map and lots of places sound charming.'

'All right,' said her father, echoing her enthusiasm. 'That's a good idea. Help them and piece out our holiday. Now that we have got into it, I don't know but what we may as well stay here a little longer.'

'People come here for holidays from all over England,' put in Margaret, as if to justify the move from the point of view of friends at home. Her mother was silent.

They visited the six churches, and at several points saw the ocean roll in on a blank shingle. They were a happy party as they drove about in Abner's little trap; and James decided that his money was never so sweet to him as when he used it in the very neighborhood where he had once been miserably poor.

III

But after a time the mellow autumn weather broke, and the winds began, for which the district was famous. One brilliant restless day they took a drive when the wind was making the dikes flow like rivers, ruffling up the glassy surfaces into waves. The dikes reflected the high blue of the sky, and their bright color and liquid hardness as they ran off into the marshes made a striking contrast to the general softness of the sun-melted levels. That evening Mary complained of neuralgia, and went early to bed, remarking that the fine weather had broken and they had better move on. She was unexpectedly firm on this point; usually she did not insist on any arrangement that was suggested by her own comfort.

James was mildly surprised, but he took her suggestion as a sign of the severity of her attack. 'So you don't want we should stay our month out. We'll talk it over in the morning,' he answered gently. 'Sleep now, my poor girl.' And he kissed her and went out to write his letters for the American post.

It must have been close to midnight, and James was sealing his letters, when the door opened and Margaret came into the sitting-room. To his amazement he saw that her fair hair was blown in streamers about her face and she was dressed in the round little cap and broad cape which had been her costume on shipboard.

'You've been out, Margie,' he said slowly, giving her a steady look.

She stood firmly in the doorway, doing nothing to right her appearance, but gripping her cape as if for support. She looked at once younger and older than he had ever seen her.

'Yes,' she returned absently; and before her father could question further she went on, 'Mother said we must leave at once.' She paused, as if it were difficult to surmount the obstacle of her mother's comfort, swallowed hard, and continued, 'I think the wind'll drop. Anyhow, I — can't — go.' Her pauses

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gave her last words emphasis, and she dropped her head.

James stared, and he cursed his wife's illness, which had apparently thrown a delicate situation on him.

'We'll talk it over in the morning,' he answered; 'but where have you been now?'

She looked up sharply. 'Out walking with Abner Myles.' As her blue eyes flashed, they filled with tears, her face became convulsed, and she turned and ran.

Her father was left struck to the heart with amazement, anger, grief, and uncertainty. In a moment he followed her, and knocked gently at her door. He could hear intermittent sobbing within, but the intervals in her weeping bore no relation to his repeated knocks. He tried the door and it was locked.

Because of his wife's illness, he slept in a room adjoining hers, and he spent a miserable night. His holiday that he had been enjoying had become hideous, and his bitterness stretched back into a remoter past. If he had only talked a little more at home about his early life, Mary and Margaret would n't have sentimentalized it as they had done. He should have told them how six of his family used to sleep in one tiny room, lying so close under the window that it could never be opened. But with them poverty had never been combined with brutality, as in the Myles family. When he thought of that young man's aspiring to Margie, he almost flung himself from his bed; but just after he became vaguely conscious of the first show of light, he fell asleep.

He must have overslept, for he knew nothing till his wife — pale but fully dressed — appeared seated by his bedside. 'Mary!' he exclaimed gratefully, reaching out his hand for hers. Both were silent, and James, to his great relief, felt that his wife knew.

'Yes,' she answered to his questioning look, 'Margie looked so bad when she came into my room this morning that I asked her what was up, and she gave me the same answer that she tells me she gave you. I made her go on and she told the whole story.'

James's wolfish curiosity sprang to his face, but solicitude for his wife restrained him.

'I knew you would manage to get it out of her,' he said as quietly as he could. 'Tell me'— he held his breath.

'There's not much to tell so far,' returned his wife quickly. Then, as his face expressed his relief, 'But what can you expect, throwing two young people together like that, day after day?' She spoke almost querulously. '"T was all very well at first when the difference in their bringing-up made a kind of barrier. I did n't want to spoil your holiday; but ever since I saw how natural they've been getting together, I've been anxious. Margie's not like some girls. Appearances don't mean much to her. And I was the same,' she added firmly, after a moment, looking her husband straight in the face.

'What do you mean?' he asked, startled.

'I mean,' she went on, with a slight quiver, as if afraid to hurt him on a vital point, but none the less determined to go forward, whatever the consequences, 'I mean that when I married you it did n't seem a much better match than for Margie to marry Abner. And everyone sees now that I did very well for myself,' she added, pausing a little for emphasis, and to satisfy herself that her husband was taking her words as they were meant. But she saw uncertainty struggling on his face. 'Of course, I don't mean to say that you gave me anything like the hard life Abner 'd give Margie if they married and settled in Gorse Cottage. But you say yourself he'd get on in

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America. What young man would you rather have for a son-in-law? In some ways he's got a fine inheritance. What's to hinder your taking him home and letting him clerk in the stores, the same as you were doing in my father's when we got engaged? He'd soon catch on in every way.'

'Never!' roared James, leaping from his bed. 'I don't see how you can compare us. I'd been in America a long time, and was clerking at your father's and making good before I ever made love to you. How does that fellow dare to think of Margie! He's a cad, that sprig of a drunkard.'

He began dragging on his clothes in a fury. Amazement was working through him that his wife should serve up to him, all cooked and garnished in this fashion, the raw and outrageous new subject. He who had been brought up in this parish knew how courtship in the lokes soon ended. Nine out of every ten girls — at the moment he credited Abner with more than the full brutishness of the rustic lover, and he became more and more gloomy as he continued his toilet.

'I'll tell you what I think about it, Jim,' said his wife quietly, after regarding him for a few minutes with wide eyes. 'Just the very fact that it's come so sudden and natural makes me think it may have gone deep. Sometimes even very young girls don't get over these things easily. I suppose Margie must have felt it all working in her last night — especially after I spoke about our leaving: she said she felt she just had to go out to get the fresh air, and there she met Abner — leaning against the big oak, looking up at our windows. He was taken aback and told her he came there every night. He's looked calm enough — I would n't have thought it. Well, evidently this time she caught him off his guard, and when she said we might be going off at once, he asked her to walk down the loke with him. 'T would be the only time, he told her. She says they did n't say more than a word or two; but when they turned by the kissing-gate, the wind struck them fit to knock them over, and he seized her and kissed her. She started to run home and she seems to remember that they faced a kind of battle together. When they got here, they kissed again; but she thinks she began it; he did n't make any advance toward her after she started running away from him — only kept at her side. You can see how it all was,' she finished, appealingly. 'I don't think he's behaved badly. He can't help his affections. I should think you'd have a little fellow-feeling for him, Jim — he's almost like your own flesh and blood — living in your old home, and all that.'

She spoke almost severely, and James had a vision of her as a mother-cat, discreetly protecting her kitten.

'I'll not take any young man into my business in order to help him to marry my daughter,' he enunciated, comforting himself with the conviction that Margaret would never be mad enough to marry Abner and settle at Gorse Cottage. She had always been level-headed. He was doing his parental duty by refusing to make it easy for her to give her children undesirable blood. Mary was weaker toward her child than he would have expected. Poor Mary, she did look poorly! But why had n't she mentioned her suspicions earlier? This holiday had been mismanaged all round, and they were all suffering in consequence. James longed passionately to be at home spinning along the valley roads in his good little 'tin Lizzie.' When he made the round of his stores, every moment had its own neat little problem that it was only a pleasure to solve.

They sat at breakfast silently. Margaret did not appear, and they hardly

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knew what to do next in the difficult situation that had arisen.

'We can't drag Margie away to-day,' said her mother. 'She's been brought up too free for that. It might make her desperate. Abner won't communicate with us: it's all too new, and he won't want to commit her.'

'Anyhow, it's not the way in these parts,' said James, dryly.

'He's sure to try to see her, or to write her. The thing for us is to keep in her confidence.'

To this James could accede.

'But I don't feel as if I could let matters drift,' she went on. 'I think you and I had better go down there, as if to say good-bye; and we'll see what happens. But you must n't be violent.'

'Are you able?' asked James anxiously. His wife looked haggard at this moment and he remembered sadly how up to now he had been able to pride himself on her looking more like Margie's sister than her mother.

'I'll take an aspirin, if necessary,' she answered, shortly. 'Only don't be violent.' She looked at him beseechingly, her eyes filling with tears; and he bent and kissed her.

The wind had fallen, and it was a dull day, making for rain. Emma was feeding her fowls — scattering grain, cutting up nettles for their necessary green stuff; regarding each bird attentively, in order to satisfy herself as to its condition and appetite.

She came forward courteously, as always. 'Good-morning,' she said, gravely; and both Mary and James imagined a constraint underneath. Nevertheless, as usual she appeared more at her ease than they. 'Abner now tell me yo' be leavin' directla.'

'Yes, soon, perhaps to-morrow,' murmured Mary. 'Is Abner here?'

'He be now gone on the Green,' answered his sister; then, after a moment of general silence, she added in a low significant voice: 'He did n't let on where he was off to, but he put on his Sunda clothes.'

Her eyes dropped.

James hastily rose, but his wife kept her seat quietly, and put out her hand and rested it on his. 'We wish to thank you for all you've done for us,' she continued formally.

'We have done all our possibles,' returned Emma proudly; then, with a half-frightened look on her face as if plunging rashly, 'If you'd a come after Michaelmas, you would n't ha' found us. I doubt Abner 'll be forced to tarn out. The boy be a man and he have warked, — that he have, — but the weather ha' ben bad, and the prices warse. Fare this year'll be his downfall.'

'Perhaps you'll come out to America,' said Mary boldly, looking her infuriated husband in the face as she did so. Only his knowledge of her headache and his admiration of her grit restrained him from bursting into speech.

'Not I,' retorted Emma quickly. 'England's good enough for me and Abner. He have set his heart on gettin' on over here,' she went on, almost fiercely. 'We know a-plenta get on over there; but here' — She stopped short of the rudeness which she evidently desired. 'You kin go over to the beach and see how wicious the ocean be. That is loud of a winter, and I don't wish for no more on it than what I get. Our fam'la be all in the same mind. None on us hain't never crossed since our aunt, that wore the farst from these parts to go, went by water all the way from this parish. She took a wherry at the staithe and a sailin' wessel when she got to the sea. She ware shipwracked three times and took six months to get there.'

Mary had sat quietly, gazing at Emma during this outburst, while James, fidgeting, kept his eyes on the

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floor. His wife had evidently satisfied herself as far as this visit was concerned by the time that Emma had ended, and she then rose to make their adieus.

'You ha' left us a rare fine cupboard full of fruit, mum,' now said Emma in haste, as if fearful of ending ungratefully. 'That will be a pull-up come winter.' Her expression was a pathetic mixture of courtesy, contrition, and unregenerate displeasure.

They shut the gate with ever so little a bang. 'There, Jim,' exclaimed Mary, nervously glancing behind her as they got into the trap, 'you're jealous for your daughter and she's jealous for her brother. You can see she suspicions the whole thing, and is trying to give the impression that our being here has made Abner neglect his work and been the straw that's broken the camel's back so far as his finances are concerned. She has n't any more idea of Abner's marrying Margie that you have of Margie's marrying Abner. Well, I see these people's wonderful politeness don't carry them too far when their human nature gets stirred up.'

James could hardly bear not to whip up the horse to a gallop, so eager was he to be back at the Catherine Wheel and satisfy himself that Margie was not eloping with Abner in their absence. Mary seemed to trust the young people, and she relaxed now that the strain of the call was over; but to James the silence and slow pace made necessary by her weakness gave the memory of the scene that he had just experienced time to rankle. Emma Myles scorning his daughter for her brother! Could anyone ever think of a Myles without remembering their monstrous 'glut of fruit that was nothing gain'?

When the Turners entered the Catherine Wheel, they found, to their surprise, Margaret, carefully dressed, seated writing at the bureau in the sitting-room. As they came in, she quickly rose, handed her mother a letter, and ran out — leaving her father this time furious that she had not stopped to assist her mother.

Mary weakly handed the letter to James to open — thus delighting him. It was addressed in stiff old-fashioned writing to 'Mr. and Mrs. James Turner. By Hand.' It ran as follows: —

DEAR SIR AND MADAM, —

With your daughter's permission I write to say that I love her. But I have no mind to bring her down. I have not got on as I hoped to have done by this time, having worked hard ever since I was a small boy. I will give notice to turn out come Michaelmas — which is near. You will see me in America, and I trust to prosper and to deserve your sweet daughter.

Yours respectfully,
ABNER MYLES.

James read the letter impassively, and handed it to Mary in silence. She read it with streaming eyes, and an expression of relief. 'Now, Jim, what can we do about it?' she asked, in a firm tone that belied the emotion on her face.

'I told you the other day that John Riches and Frank Borrett were coming over when the work slacked up for the winter, and they gave out they wanted to bring home one or two hired men.'

'He can start with them,' returned Mary dryly, leaning back in her chair. 'England has a glut of human fruit every year,' she went on musingly. 'It 's good luck for us,' she added, reaching out her hand and gently stroking her husband's. 'The poor sister,' she pursued, smiling a little. 'Emma "have done her piece" sure enough; now she can go to her married sister.'

'Let her,' returned James savagely; but of his own accord he bent to help his wife to her feet, that she might go upstairs to seek out the girl.

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THE DEBT

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Because the years are few, I must be glad;
Because the silence is so near, I sing;
'T were ill to quit an inn where I have had
Such bounteous fare, nor pay my reckoning.
I would not, from some gleaming parapet
Of Sirius or Vega, bend my gaze
On a remembered sparkle and regret
That from it thanklessly I went my ways
Up through the starry colonnades, nor found
Violets in any Paradise more blue
Than those that blossomed on my own waste ground,
Nor vespers sweeter than the robins knew.

Though Earth be but an outpost of delight,
Heaven's wild frontier by tragedy beset,
Only a Shakespeare may her gifts requite,
Only a happy Raphael pay his debt.
Yet I—to whom even as to those are given
Cascading foam, emblazoned butterflies,
The moon's pearl chariot through the massed clouds driven,
And the divinity of loving eyes—
Would make my peace now with mine hostess Earth,
Give and take pardon for all brief annoy,
And toss her, far beneath my lodging's worth,
Poor that I am, a coin of golden joy.

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THE CASE OF JOHN SOBIESKY AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA

BY JAMES BRONSON REYNOLDS

I

JOHN SOBIESKY is a Lithuanian. He came to America a young man of seventeen. He was of peasant stock, strong, erect, clear-eyed, and equal to hard work. His picture is before me as I write. He had a sister, brothers, and other relatives in the coal mines of an Eastern state. These he sought, and asked for work. He found that a straight line was not always the shortest distance between the worker and the job. He inquired for the door to opportunity, and a saloon door was shown to him — one of many between the homes of the workers and the mine pit. He entered the saloon, asked for a drink, and then for a job in the mine. He got both — at least he got a card which got a job for him where previously he was refused.

Strong-armed and sinewy, he began his task. The saloon was a Lithuanian resort, and he went there occasionally for a drink and a chat with his landsmen. But he cared little for drink and was not a good customer. Soon the saloon-keeper called him aside and warned him that the hand that gave could withdraw.

'What you want?' asked John, thereby heavily draining his stock of ready English.

'Spend more of your wages in my saloon if you want to keep your job.'

So he spent a little more time and money there, but his custom lagged and he was reminded sharply of his dereliction. He appealed to his friends, but they told him that the labor boss seemed to have mutually beneficial relations with the saloon-keeper, and he would best heed the warning. The saloon-keeper had declared that a certain miner, who did not demonstrate his appreciation of the saloon-keeper's aid in getting him a job, would lose the job because of his base ingratitude. Soon he lost it. When the labor boss was appealed to, he shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

So John drank more and saved less. He even spent all his spare wages at the saloon one Saturday night, and got drunk. When he next entered the saloon, the keeper clapped him on the back and said he was a good fellow. This commendation raised John in the estimation of his friends. John did some thinking, but his thoughts were not good and his conclusions did not go to the making of a good American.

The making of this American progressed along lines approved by the potent saloon-keeper and the corrupt labor boss. After a little over a year John met another American educator — a doctor. John overstrained himself, producing a rupture, and was forced to suspend work. In a local newspaper he read the advertisement of a cure by a doctor — at least such was the claim, and the proper authorities failed to check the probable fraud.

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Fifty dollars was demanded for the cure, to be paid in advance. On the second visit to the doctor, John happened to open his pocketbook and the doctor saw there was something left. He told John he must have more pay for the cure. John protested that he had only $28 and that he needed this to pay for his room and board while he was under the doctor's care. But the doctor was firm, refused to return the $50 already paid when John threatened to call in 'the squire,' and shut the office door in his face.

Then John cursed and swore and spent his remaining cash on a real drunk of despair. When he was in danger of getting sober, he disposed of some of his belongings and got drunk again. The debauch lasted two weeks. It appears that John had developed a case of alcoholic epilepsy in his American sojourn, entirely new to him until the saloon-keeper and the labor boss got to work; and this contributed to his mental and physical downfall.

The last day of John's debauch was Easter Sunday, the Lithuanian church festival celebrated more as we celebrate Christmas. He sobered a bit and called on some of his relatives. Later they swore that he looked wild-eyed, and used rough language to an old woman who criticized his appearance. But the women-folks got the old woman away and soothed John's befuddled brain and sullen temper.

In the early evening John and his roommate took a walk. Two strangers bumped into John and knocked his hat off. This was too much for John's nerves and temper, still smarting with the repressed desire to get even with the doctor. A boy laughed at his bare head, and John savagely warned him to look out for himself. John and his companion returned to their room. John got out his razor and went out in search of the man who had knocked off his hat, while his companion lay down for a nap.

John failed to find his quarry, so returned to his room. For an instant he regarded his sleeping friend, with whom he had never quarreled, then walked over to the bed and cut his throat. The man groaned and John slashed him again. Then he was silent. John threw down his razor and with bloody hands, blood-bespattered clothing, and bare head dashed out of the house, went up to the first policeman he saw, and asked for the police station, saying 'I want to see the captain; I have killed a man.' At the station he repeated his declaration and gave his address. He was put in a cell, slept for an hour, then was awakened, and told the whole story of the killing without reserve. But his real awakening occurred about two weeks later, when he came to himself and asked in a maze how he happened to be behind iron bars in the jail.

Here ended the first chapter of the making of John into an American. In due season he was tried, convicted of murder in the first degree, in spite of the testimony of relatives and others as to his irresponsible condition, and sentenced to be hanged. John afterward stated that, not speaking English, he understood nothing of the testimony against him. He adds, 'I still mistrust myself as being the author of such a horrible deed.'

Only one incident of the trial will be mentioned. A Methodist preacher, who had not known John but came to know him when he was waiting for the halter, had a talk on the night of the murder with the police captain who declared John to have been half-drunk when he surrendered himself. On the trial the prosecuting attorney wished to prove that John was fully responsible

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for his deed, and the captain then testified that John was sober when put under arrest. Shocked by his declaration, the clergyman took the stand and repeated the earlier statement to him. The captain stuck to his testimony, however, and the jury believed that the clergyman, like the relatives, lied for sentimental reasons.

One who has seen this clergyman in the militant uniform of an army chaplain which he now wears thinks he is not that kind. At least he had fighting blood, and when the half-baked or half-burned immigrant was ordered to the gallows, he would not let the verdict stand, but went to the Governor and visited the jurors man by man. Eleven of them joined the clergyman in an appeal for John when they were told the whole story unwillingly recounted by John, who was inclined to let the bell, the hangman's bell, ring down the play. His tale was checked up at several points, and the truth was found to be better for him than he represented it. So the Governor commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, and he began to serve his term. His only friend was this Samaritan, though in this case the Samaritan was a Protestant priest, who did not pass by but visited him regularly in prison.

II

A couple of years pass, and we ring up the curtain on a new scene. John was now cured of his bodily infirmities, or seemed to be. A very busy but very kind woman, some years John's senior, took an interest in him. His letters to her reveal what the story might have been if the saloon-keeper, the labor boss, and the dishonest doctor had not been his teachers of Americanism.

This second chapter shall be told in John's own words. Remember that he was an uneducated Lithuanian peasant, whose English was chiefly gained through unaided toil during two years in prison. Did John belong in that prison? On different visits each of five different supervisors spontaneously and independently informed the lady, his new friend, that he did not. The warden, by no means a mollycoddler, also said that he did not. The reader shall decide. No harm will be done by your decision, gentle reader. You cannot release him now.

Let us begin with John's backward glance at his early life and parents in the old country.

Replying to the first letter of his friendly correspondent this uncultured peasant writes (I change only a few errors of spelling): 'I received your most welcome letter few days ago and I appreciate from all my heart especially because I have found a friend to help me in my great troubles and difficulty of my life journey through which I am traveling. It is more than pleasure to trace these lines in the hope of coming to the closer acquaintance, and if possible to the personal meeting in the future. I would like to acquaint you with my character and personality so that you might have an idea what sort of correspondent you have.

'I was born on the 24th of June, 1893, in the country of Russia. My parents being of poor working class of peoples had no means to educate me on any professional point, nor had they an inheritance to bequeath to me. I was put to work from early childhood in order to earn my living and lighten their burden of existence.

'Thus living for several years, I became informed about this country or new world as it is called and I began to think about taking a trip and seeing a better future. I came to terms with my parents and they gathered almost

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their last resources and furnished my way over to this country.' He adds that for a time he sent money back to his parents. He records some of the experiences mentioned above and then comes to his prison life.

'Many times I think that my liberty is only in a graveyard so there is the end of my suffering.

'In order to properly introduce myself I am giving you description of my physical make-up. Am six foot tall, weigh 180 lbs., light hair and complexion, gray-blue eyes, normal nose, mouth, and ears, and long face.

'P. S. It is a joy for the man in my surroundings to receive a letter and hear a word of sympathy, far greater than that of a child at seeing sunrise in a beautiful midsummer morning. Nature has endowed me with freedom of my birth and I meant to keep it. My disposition is peaceful and my way is quiet. I rather suffer myself than to see another's suffering. My belief is that every being ought to enjoy this life in eligible way, for it is so short.'

In his next letter he writes: 'You have asked me what kind of life I like best? Undoubtedly it is farming as I was brought up to it and I guess it is bred in my bones for generations.' Of books he says: 'I have read no books until I came here. Since then I am reading anything I get. My favorite authors are Count Tolstoy and Dumas.'

Noting his mystical quality, his correspondent sent him Trine's *In Tune with the Infinite*. But the prison chaplain refused to let him have it, explaining that they felt it best to give the men 'only the simplest Christian doctrine!' One wonders why John was allowed Tolstoy.

At last his correspondent visited him and of this event he writes: 'I feel as if some great and lovely event has passed in my life. The loneliness seems to be less irksome and life itself renders a different aspect altogether.' He deplores his failure to express his appreciation of his visitor's call and in quaint language protests: 'It was a fault of my nervous embarrassment as it is my inborn tendency to remaining mute at a time when I need it most of the articulate speech. I remember reading somewhere that the learned people call timidity a barbaric rudiment.

'Myself and the fern that you brought me are enjoying the blessing of good health though our environment could be much better for that purpose.'

In his next letter he records: 'I am reading now Plato, Socrates, and Epictetus, and *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*. That book is immense. If I could have one hundred part of the moral grandeur, will-power, and benevolence of Epictetus I would consider myself very fortunate. Of all characters I have read about he seems to me the greatest. Socrates I admire too, but his arguments are so artistically brought out by Plato that the man Socrates seems to me a myth. If I could afford, I would keep a copy of Epictetus's Golden Sayings in my cell all the time.'

His imagination touches even his prison abode: 'I wish I could have as much respect for my room as monk or nun has for his or her own cell. Truly I would consider my surroundings happy if I could think but for a moment I am in a cloister instead of prison. I wonder if the cloister inmates feel similar pangs of despair as the prisoners are often subjected to bear? I imagine that the quietness and tranquillity of a cloister life gives more courage and hope for an eternal life.

'My unfortunate fern died in spite of my greatest assiduity of nursing him

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in order to keep in life. The reason of his death coming so soon was lack of sunshine. The sun never penetrates my cell in all year around. I am sorry for his death, being left alone, especially because life cannot flourish in the same atmosphere wherein I am consigned to live.'

Of his letters this peasant prisoner states: 'I usually write a copy first and keep on revising until I am satisfied that my thoughts are expressed as clearly as I am able to convey my meaning in the English language.'

Again alluding to Marcus Aurelius he reflects: 'I admire very much his precepts and advices, but I can't help wondering whether he conscientiously practised what he preached, as during his reign the early Christians were persecuted and sacrificed in the arena for their virtuous and brotherly life that they led. His meditations cannot completely obliterate the stain on his character.'

Of the presence of an overseer when his correspondent called on another occasion he comments: 'I regret that you failed to get the warden's permission to speak to me in dialogue instead of trialogue. However friendly an overseer may be still one in my circumstances feels him "de trop."'

'Please write me something of the current events foreign as well domestic. I only wish I could write as good a letter as you and give you a pleasure in a way of reading. In my surroundings here very seldom one can get a good idea to convey to the peoples outside that would be of any importance except longing and loneliness.

'In the clipping that you send me about the war refugees (1915) I noticed among the people from other states that were flying from the German army were the people from the same town where I was from. God knows if my dear old mother was among them. I have been writing several letters and no answer came whatever.

'I have n't been making very much progress in my studies lately. I have been reading fiction only. To-day I am going to start reading Plutarch's Lives.

'I will have many things to be thankful for this coming Thanksgiving. My constant prayer to the good Lord is not for liberty, riches, or health, but to give me and those dear to me, a contented heart and mind so, whatever may happen to me, I should earnestly be able to say it is for the best.

'*Thanksgiving Day, 1915.*

'Yesterday evening I received your Thanksgiving card and my overseer informed me that a box of candy also came from you for me, which I am not allowed to have. I do not know what disposition was made of it. My overseer said he was going to send it back to you. Anyhow I am very thankful for your good intention.'

Of the evidence of spiritualism our untrained peasant writes thus discriminatingly! 'In regards to what you write of proof and experience in psychic phenomena, I think I really meant experience not necessarily personal. If someone whom I knew thoroughly to be level-headed, one who has perfect control of the imagination and has no object to deceive one's self or others, was to tell me that he or she personally had communications with anyone who has departed this life, the statement would tend to convince me that spiritual beings exist, though the belief would be certain knowledge if I should experience the phenomena personally.

'I have to stop writing now, as I hear the overseer distributing our dinner. Our dinner to-day was better than usually, I suppose in honor of the all American holyday. We each re-

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ceived boiled "turkeys" and sour-kraut. We call them "doggies." We also got dessert to-day — five apples each. After all I could have enjoyed some of the candy, but I suppose luxuries are not good for my health. Oh well, I 'll just imagine that I have had some, and when I want some more I will imagine again.

'In regards to the sweets that you sent me, which I was not allowed to have, I decided not to ask the warden for permission to receive same as I at first intended to do. The rules governing this institution are formulated by a Board of Inspectors, and one of the rules is, that no food of any description should be allowed to the inmates which the state does not furnish.

'The warden as a favor could grant me permission no doubt to receive a box of candy, but I think it best not to ask for favor to satisfy my palate. The warden will dispose of the sweets by giving them to children who visit their fathers who are inmates here.

'Not so very long ago I used to consider myself the centre of the universe, and was inclined to self-pity, consequently I was more miserable than I should have been. Now when my eyes are opened I can see and realize that self-pity is one of the worst traits in a human character, because it leads to misery the one who indulges in self-pity as well as to those who come in contact with him. I have read somewhere the following quotation, "A man is what he thinks." And I found it to be true to life. When I pitied myself, and thought my life was a burden to me, it was so. Now when I think that all is well with me, I enjoy life from day to day, and my mind gets more tranquil. I am inclined to believe that there is a good deal of truth in the teaching of Christian Science. No doubt you know that Christian Science teaches that all is mind, nothing exists but in the mind. I am not convinced as to the nonexistence of matter, but in regards to the nonexistence of evil, I am inclined to believe it truth. If one thinks that there is no evil, one will never experience what does n't exist to him.

'I made the acquaintance here of a professing Christian Scientist. I converse with him quite frequently and during all the time I have knowed him, I have never noticed any change in his bearing toward those he comes in contact with. He is the most serene and the most tranquil man I have ever known. Nothing ever disturbs him. He seems to be perfectly in harmony with the surroundings and everybody around him when I consider that his circumstances in the outer world were such that he could gratify all his desires as far as money is concerned. He is a middle-aged man of wealth, a university graduate and has traveled extensively over the entire globe, and yet he seems to be the most happy man in prison, where he has to contend with coarse food and all other disagreeable restrictions. I have asked him what gives him that tranquillity of mind that he possesses and the personal magnetism that makes everybody like him, and he told me that by thinking well of everything and everybody, one gets in tune with infinite mind, consequently the immortal mind that all humans possess governs our actions, instead of the mortal part of us. He explained it to me more fully but it is beyond my present understanding. Still it must be a good philosophy of life, such reasoning.

'My best wishes for you and all your dear ones for a Merry Christmas and a bright New Year.

'I wish you health, I wish you wealth, and many a merry day and a happy heart to play the part along the great highway.'

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III

In the following year the tone of his letters is tragically changed, and we enter a new phase of his life in the reaction of the prison-cell on both mental and moral enthusiasm.

'You write that you have read the printed account of my trial. If you still have it, will you please send it to me, as I have read nothing about my case and I have a very hazy recollection of the trial and the incidents leading up to it.

'I thank you very much for your kind offer to help me in my studies, but I shall not avail myself of your offer, as I have very little ambition left in me, and my energy seems to be all I have got, the means to fight my awful circumstances and conditions. Besides I think I have intellectual indigestion. I shall read nothing but fiction for a long time to come and of course about current events whenever I get such reading-matter.

'I am afraid that I am getting prison stupor, because I can remember that I used to derive pleasure as well as knowledge from my reading and studying, which lately do not interest me at all. I am inclined to think that society acts stupid as well as vicious to keep a human being in a place like this for a long term of years. Of course if the only reason for imprisonment was punishment, and no other results looked for, society would find justification in the cruel laws of "an eye for an eye," but from what I have read on the subject, all the law officers pretend to send a man to prison for reformation and reclamation as well as punishment. If they were sincere in that, no man would be kept in prison more than two years, because all the good resolutions one makes in the first year in prison, but after a man has been here several years he gets discouraged and loses ambition to better himself, and gets too stupid to learn anything more than he had learned in the first couple of years. Consequently, when the man is finally released after five or more years spent in the surroundings so much different from what awaits him in the outer world, the good resolutions that he made in the first year of his imprisonment are not strong enough to overcome the habit of discouragement that he had gained in the succeeding years. So eventually he follows the line of least resistance, which is to him the life he had known previous to his incarceration and the probability is that he will become again a menace to society, until he is caught committing another crime for which he will be returned to prison again, and will finally graduate into an habitual criminal. Of course there is always an exception in everything but the majority of men I have met in here attribute their downfall to the first cruel and misdealt punishment. It would be laughable if it was n't so sad to realize that private corporations can afford and do employ valuable efficiency experts to save them time and money in their different national affairs, but in all the forty-nine different governments in this country there are thousands of human beings who could be made more efficient to themselves, as well as to society at large, if those in authority would make a sincere effort to reclaim those who had "fallen by the wayside on the highway of life" instead of thrusting them on the junk pile as habitual criminals and hoboes.

'I come in contact here with all sorts of peoples, some of them have been here a good many years, while others are in their first or second year, and invariably those who have n't been here so long are the most intelligent as well as the most pleasant peoples to

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speak to. My friend of which I have spoken to you before, went home few months ago. He was with me one year. Perhaps if he had been locked up years instead of months his amiability and general disposition may not have been so good as I found it, though I think that he would have proven himself an exception to the rule.

'I earnestly wish I could comply with your suggestion in regards to taking a course in agriculture. But I am sorry to be compelled to inform you that I have decided not to study any more, not from laziness, but, because no matter how hard I may try, I find myself unable to concentrate my mind on any unfamiliar subject. I have felt that way during the last eight months. As I have mentioned to you in one of my letters formerly, I think that I have acquired a state of mind that is known here as prison stupor. Some men are affected only temporarily while with others it remains for years. I trust I shall get over my indisposition very soon, and feel once more, as formerly, actual pleasure and delight in acquiring useful knowledge. At present any study would be a hard task for me and to no purpose. Therefore I refrain from taking a correspondence course, as I don't like to start in and be obliged to drop out for incompetence. I am inclined to think that I am a better practical farmer than the majority of the graduates from the correspondence schools of agriculture. Of course, those who were raised on a farm as I was, and supplemented their knowledge of farming by theory as well as practice, will be apt to be more competent than I am at present. Otherwise the advantage is with me.

'As you are aware, I am also a full-fledged coal-miner, and if the Dear God would permit me to gain my liberty again, I expect to make my livelihood by mining or farming. I may later on when I feel that my effort would n't be wasted, take a course in dairy-farming but at present I 'll just drift along with my humdrum occupation [several forms of prison labor, permitted him at different times as a reward for being an honor man] in the daytime and light reading evenings.

'I notice, that you don't write to me as often as formerly. I suppose you can't spare the time. Yours is a full busy life. I wish I was n't so rich in idle hours, yet such is life. One has overabundance while the other has n't enough.'

IV

The 'prison stupor' yields to prison despair, and in John's last two letters we mark the fading of hope, faith, and even aspiration. One letter gives the despairing wail of protest of this sensitive peasant, who longed to be, and perhaps might have been, a man of vision, reflection, imagination, and faith. But how much of the blame was his for the events that landed him in the hell that throttled the possibilities of making a sober, hard-working American?

'I expect — or hope — to reach you with this through the "subway." I feel my heart so full and I want to confide to someone, *someone* that will understand as I seem to be misunderstood by one and all! It is most unfortunate as well as sad for me to make an admission that my condition here grows daily less bearable, and God only knows how long shall I be able to endure! I am so much weakened by long confinement and my vitality is at such a low ebb. In a word I cease to feel any longer any enthusiasm or charm that life incites in every living being. It is all due beyond any doubt to the deplorable conditions in which

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we are forced to exist. It is really an unbelievable occurrence to me that in this so much talked of land of freedom and in an era of the brotherhood of man there exists such human monsters that rejoice and gloat in satisfaction while inflicting unbearable sufferings upon unfortunate convicts, his fellow men after all and does not feel no moral shame or pangs of conscience of the dastardly acts he commits. We are fed upon decayed victuals no health authorities on the outside would sanction. It is not only that our bodies are run down but even our mental make-up, our minds and thoughts are poisoned by a long and continuous process of innutrition and there is no getting out of it. I read somewhere that it says there are no prisons for one's thoughts or mind, but yet, I found out different! I found it out that your mind, your very thought can be poisoned or stupefied by a bad nourishment of your body by chronic innutrition and there you are in prison both mind and body and no getting away. Dear friend, do not think that I am a glutton, an Epicurean to harp all the while upon the food question, but no, I do not wish no luxuries or things that I can live without. All I want: decent wholesome food to keep my body in repair and protect from disease and wastage. We do not get that here. Last winter I became prostrated with the flu. I had a raging fever. I thought I was near end of my suffering, yet I survived. But my nerves went to pieces. Fever has shattered my nerves on account of lacking proper medical attention. If after the flu, had I got the right kind of nourishment I might have reached normality; but as it is I am left no better than the physical wreck. I can't sleep at nights, I can't eat that rotten food they give me here, it won't go through my stomach. I got those nervous jumps and I lose controls upon my nerves at the slightest disturbance. I can't stand no slurring and all kind of insulting remarks that I have been hearing from those insolent convicts here, those especially that is known in most all the prisons as "moral degenerates." I wonder if you 'll understand what I mean? It is awfully sad to what depths of degradation such people have fallen. There are hundreds of them, who are abusing their own nature and who are priding themselfs in being the subject of alleviating other men's passions. I hate them. I hate them, I shun them, and they in turn hate me and tell the officials here all kinds of lies about me, that I am no good — or rather bad man and dangerous because I tell them to keep away from me or I 'll hurt them if they persist in their immoral purpose. Officials like them from the lowest up and believe them and there is no chance whatever of getting a square deal. When a man is run down, when his nerves are worn out and he becomes easily irritable, the honorable warden and Dr. pronounce him dangerous man, not reformed and therefore must rot in jail, whereas in better conditions such man could be straightened out, nursed back to life and to amiability of temper. However, they don't look in that way. Their object is not to reform a man but to deform him for life — it costs nothing, deny him food, deny him medical attention, let him die by inches, they care none.

'They may tell you all kind of lies. Please believe them not. They are professional liars, they have lifelong practice of it and they have oily tongues to tell it. They almost believe their own lies to be the truth. My dear friend, if you want to help me get out of this hell hole please try to be on the right side of them. It does not pay to buck up against them openly. They

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have to much political influence back of them.

'My love to you.

'YOUR FRIEND.

'If you receive this letter, please let me know in your next letter, by writing my name on the front page of your letter right under or above the date.'

'It seems an eternity, but yet a recollection still lingers of the days of long ago, when my soul, too, was filled with joy on this splendid feast of Nativity. . . . Days, months, and years went by, cruel fate has shorn my soul naked of all the earthly joys and pleasures. It remains only a mocking remembrance of all my illusions, aspirations and shattered ideals that the youthful imagination ever so vividly used to reflect! All has irretrievably gone. . . .

'The tides of time rushes us all onward, toward what goal no one can tell. Hope is but a faint illumination that gives zest to all the lifes hardships, and yet at times that faint glimmer of hope are so obscure that one seems to be utterly immersed in the dreadful sea of despondency! How splendid, how perfectly sublime it would be if after life's harsh struggles there was a place of tranquillity and repose, the only well-earned reward after the severe blows that fate has dealt to those with whom Gods of destiny were seemingly displeased. Yes, there will perhaps be a reward, and rest in nothingness which is the only reward of the final heartbreaking.

'I was very much pleased to hear from you again dear friend, and God may recompense you for your generous Christmas remembrance — gift. Many, many thanks for both your very kind letter and a check.

'Please accept my best and most sincere good wishes of the season to you, and to all those good peoples that were kind to think of me.'

So end the last letters. The sequel may be briefly recorded. A few months later the Lithuanian Society, in the state where John was confined, appealed to the Governor for his pardon. There were not many wise or eminent among them, and their appeal failed. Less than a year later some Americans, impressed by the merits of the case, determined on another appeal. One of the group sought a personal interview with John. He was directed to the prison doctor, who gave the last chapter of the making of this American.

The failure of the Lithuanian Society to secure his freedom proved a final body-blow to John. It seemed a declaration that he was doomed to spend all his life in prison. The prison stupor and depression which John himself recorded were followed by other elements of mental and emotional weakening. He became gloomy, then suspicious, and finally violent. Two weeks before the visitor came to tell John that freedom was hopefully near, he was sent to a state asylum for the criminally insane. There he will probably remain until he dies.

What shall be our comment? Can our country afford to tolerate this Americanizing process?

I lived for eight years in the most congested section of New York City, where I saw all varieties of human makings and unmakings. I heard the dreams and shared the hopes of many prospective Americans. I also saw the pitfalls set to entrap them, and the disillusionment of too many. Later, as public prosecutor, I met some of the unmade or badly made. More than once I met such as John.

We shall easily agree as to the iniquity of the enticers and plunderers. But we need stronger social and official

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appreciation of the wrong done to our new citizens, and the harm and cost to society of present conditions. Surely such conditions loom large in explaining the shocking volume of crime in our country, and the shortcomings in our social and political life.

And what shall we say of the court, the police captain, and the prison authorities who dealt with the John whom our tolerated plunderers had made? I submit that the judge who condemned John took into consideration but a small part of the case of the People of America against John Sobiesky, and nothing of the counter-case of John Sobiesky against the People of America. Does not the reader of John's letters believe that there was a time when John might wisely have been released? We must have better-trained judges in our criminal courts, and better-trained officials in the other contacts with the subtle problem of crime and its relations to social conditions and abnormal mentality. Is it not expensive, cruel, and stupid, in the light of the opinions of warden, supervisors, and doctors, and his own self-revelation, to support John for life when he might have supported himself and contributed to the support of this 'new world' to which he came with parental sacrifice and high resolve? Like many others, was not his more a case for social justice and for the doctor than for the judge with no social understanding and no knowledge of mental hygiene?

PRISONS AND COMMON SENSE

BY THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

When the ingenious Mr. Boswell was not altogether sure of his ground in some case in which he was interested, professionally or otherwise, he liked to submit the matter to his friend and mentor, Doctor Johnson, whose life he was already preparing to write. The great scholar, disclaiming expert knowledge, would proceed to a careful examination and analysis — going back to the very beginning of things — to make sure there was no weak link in the chain of reasoning.

The delighted Boswell, after expressing his fervent gratitude, would then file away the paper for use in his *magnum opus* — the future biography.

Many articles and books have recently been published dealing with our prisons, some of them of considerable value; but there is great need to reëxamine the foundations upon which our various theories of crime and punishment rest; for while much thought has been devoted to the questions, how to build walls high enough and make bars strong enough to keep men temporarily in prison, we have devoted very little attention to the treatment necessary to enable them to come out permanently cured, inclined to be friends rather than enemies of their law-abiding fellow citizens.

One thing, however, is clear: we are beginning to understand that our prison system has been a failure; that

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not since capital punishment for minor crimes was abolished, have we evolved any logical method of dealing with criminals. But we also need to realize that more is needed to solve the problem than a brief spasm of good intentions, a speech or two at a mass-meeting, a few more bills for the legislature to pass or reject. We must have an intelligent plan of prison management, faithful and intelligent officials to carry it out, with a steady and intelligent public opinion behind them.

Boswell writes: 'I repeated a sentence of Lord Mansfield's speech, "My Lords, severity is not the way to govern either boys or men." "Nay (said Johnson), it is the way to *govern* them. I know not whether it be the way to *mend* them."'

If only, like Boswell, we could refer our prison problem to a Johnson, with his keen appreciation of ethical values and extraordinary clarity of mind — that rare quality we persist in misnaming 'common sense!' We can, however, adopt his method of examining his subject *ab initio*. Possibly in so doing we may find a series of more or less self-evident propositions which will receive general assent, and thus make it easier to arrive at a correct conclusion.

I. *Prisons exist for the protection of society; they have no other function.*

This is a proposition so very self-evident that discussion of it would be unnecessary, were it not a well-known and lamentable fact that very many of our prisons are used primarily as spoils in the game of politics. Wardens are often appointed, not because they know anything of the art of handling men, but because of their political services to the party in power, or because of some 'pull' with a local boss. In one prison, with the history of which I happen to be somewhat familiar, the wardenship has never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, been anything but the prize of the political county leaders. In another prison there has been a succession of incompetent wardens, the list including a plumber, a saloon-keeper, an ordinary city policeman, and a race-track gambler. What wonder if the history of that particular institution has been a succession of scandals!

The Federal Government ought to set the states a good example; but soon after the present Administration came into office the Attorney-General of the United States dismissed an excellent warden of the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, in order to make room for the leader of one of the factions of the Republican Party in Oklahoma. It seemed that the head of the rival faction had secured some kind of a Federal job, and trouble was brewing until the Atlanta appointment averted it. The most interesting point of the affair was that, in a public statement to the press, the Attorney-General ingenuously took great credit to himself for his action, in that the disastrous consequences of a split in the Republican Party of Oklahoma had been prevented. Apparently he was entirely unconscious that he might be doing an unwise or discreditable act in using a Federal prison as a political football.

Until we select our wardens with as much intelligent care as we should use in selecting the head of a college, or at least of a factory, we can hardly expect much in the way of moral improvement among the inmates.

II. *The old theory of a three-fold purpose of prison — retaliation, deterrence, and reform — is incorrect.*

Revenge is a motive not only hateful in itself, but directly productive of

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hatred and wickedness. If we are to retaliate, it is essential that the retaliation shall be just — 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'; but it is manifestly impossible to determine the exact amount of blame to be attached to the criminal himself. How can we ascertain how much is due to inheritance, how much to early environment, how much to other matters over which the offender has had no control whatever? If we cannot ascertain these, how can we tell just how much retaliation the offender deserves? When a man does not get enough punishment, it is bad; it encourages him to think that he can always escape with less than his deserts; and thus crime is encouraged. When a man gets too much punishment, it is bad; it makes him bitter and revengeful; and thus crime is encouraged. Failure results in either case, and the community suffers.

Incidentally, it is curious how many who call themselves Christians believe in the doctrine of retaliation, which in the Sermon on the Mount is specifically set aside by the Founder of Christianity. And it is St. Paul, following in the footsteps of the Master, who writes: 'Recompense to no man evil for evil. . . . Avenge not yourselves . . . for it is written, Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord.'

On the other hand, the treatment of prisoners on a basis of reform is foredoomed to failure. Neither honest men nor criminals will tolerate a bald proposition from any one to alter their characters or habits; least of all, if we attempt to gain such a change by a system of coercion — and all men in prison are coerced. It is not in human nature to submit to reform from without. Moreover, who are we that we should attempt to reform others? Do we manage our own common affairs with such perfect honesty and efficiency, that we can wisely ask the crooks to pattern by us? We must consider that the criminals know far better than do honest, law-abiding citizens the extent of our failures. Are all the men on our police forces honest? Be assured the crooks know which ones can be dealt with. Are prosecuting attorneys always selected for their high ethical qualities? If there are any weak spots in such officers, the crooks will find them. They know whether a judge can be influenced or circumvented — for even judges are human. And so with revenue officers and other officials engaged in operating our complicated social machinery: the crooks know all the weak spots. A retired burglar was once explaining to me how he obtained the money necessary to pay for his legal defense. 'I got out on bail,' said he, 'and accepted an invitation from a couple of old pals of mine to go out to —— [naming a state in the middle West] and pull off a job on a bank there. The three of us turned the trick all right, divided the money and my quarter share was $15,000. With that I fought my case and got a light sentence.'

'Four shares,' said I; 'I thought you said there were only three of you.'

My friend grinned. 'Oh, the other fourth went to the sheriff.'

Members of the criminal fraternity have very little respect for organized society; they often allude to themselves as the '*honest* crooks'; and most of them look upon us outsiders much as does the Pirate King in Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful opera, when it is proposed that he abandon piracy and return to civilization. 'No, Frederic, it cannot be. I don't think much of our profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest.'

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Neither retaliation nor reform, as a practical basis of prison, gets us anywhere. They have both been thoroughly tried, with the result of hopeless failure. They must be ruled out of consideration.

III. *Deterrence is the real aim of prison.*

Although, as individuals, we owe sympathy to the victims of a crime, the only real concern of society is to prevent, if possible, a repetition of it. An act, once committed, is fixed in history; nothing can alter it. But we can take measures to reduce the chances of future crime. After we have punished the offender by sending him to prison, it is the part of wisdom to employ such methods as may most effectually induce him to alter the direction of his energies; cause him to be more interested in construction than in destruction; make him willing and able to live an honest and useful life.

Then, not only will he himself be deterred from future crime, but he will influence others toward the right.

A young lad, who at the age of twenty-four had been ten years behind the bars, — having been originally sentenced to a juvenile institution at the age of nine, — left Auburn Prison after having taken an active part in establishing a system of prisoner responsibility there, in 1914. The opportunity given him in prison for unselfish work for others resulted in a determination to 'go straight.' He came out, secured an honest job; and then, to his dismay, found his next younger brother had started on the same career as a pickpocket that had landed him in the reformatory and the prison. The elder brother's talk and example, which had previously prompted the younger to a life of crime, now turned him back. I know both these brothers; they are leading honest and useful lives; and a still younger brother, the expenses of his education paid by the ex-convict, is soon to graduate from college.

A sensible prison system might be the most effective form of burglary insurance.

If deterrence is our aim, it follows logically that all sentences to prison should be indeterminate. Our present system is as absurd as if the doctor, on sending a patient to the hospital, should fix in advance just how long he should remain. The particular crime, which has resulted in the criminal being caught and punished, may or may not be a good index to his character or his criminal efficiency. A man may have committed fifty serious crimes before he is caught in a minor one. There is nothing more topsy-turvy than the comparison of characters and sentences of the inmates of a prison; if the sentences were drawn by lot, they could hardly be more absurdly inequitable — not so much in relation to the charges tried as in relation to the man's real character and exploits.

If we sent men to prison to remain there as long as necessary to secure the safety of society, it is obvious that some men should be held there for life, while others could safely be let out at once — they would never commit another crime. In these latter cases, however, the effect of a quick release upon other potential criminals must be considered. In all cases it is the deterrent effect which must govern.

How can the greatest deterrent effect be secured?

IV. *The old system of severity must be abandoned.*

It should be considered that when a man is sent to prison he is punished; the restriction of liberty and the stigma

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of the convicted felon are the severest penalties society can inflict. The brutal severity which has awaited men after they were locked behind the walls is not punishment, but torture. By this I do not mean alone the flogging, the starvation, the more obvious physical tortures which have been and, in many prisons, are still practised, but others even more destructive of a prisoner's respect for society: the dreary monotony, the long hours of close confinement in small cells, the swarms of vermin, the system of silence, the repression of all natural instincts, the eternal espionage, the filthy food, the daily proximity to unnatural vice, the hourly danger of insult and abuse, the vile language of keepers, the tyranny of intellectual inferiors, the indifference of wardens, the grievances unredressed, the sense of utter helplessness, the impossibility of being heard — the wonder is, not that so many men have gone insane in prisons, but that so many have remained sane.

'Do you know how a man feels when he leaves a place of this kind?' said an Auburn prisoner to me, ten years ago. 'I 'll tell you how I felt at the end of my first term: I just hated everybody and everything, and I made up my mind I 'd get even.'

It is safe to say that such is the feeling of ninety per cent of prisoners when they leave a prison dominated by the old system of severity. Does this mean safety to society?

'The most pernicious infection,' wrote Bacon, 'next the plague, is the smell of the jail, where prisoners have been long and close, and nastily kept.' This is almost as true to-day as it was three hundred years ago; but the physical infection of the jails has not been so dangerous and destructive to society as the moral infection which has come from the unintelligent severity of our prisons. It has been proved, in various phases of human experience, that men cannot be tortured into a change of heart. Fear will keep many quiet for the time being; but were severity really effective, we should have no prison problem to-day, our prisons of the past would have been shining successes instead of tragic and mortifying failures.

Why do we hesitate to give a job to an ex-convict? Partly because we distrust a man who has been caught; but principally because we have no sort of confidence in the training he has received in prison.

'Gentlemen,' says the eloquent counsel for the defense to the jury, in Galsworthy's *Justice*, 'men like the prisoner are destroyed daily under our law for want of that human insight which sees them as they are, patients, and not criminals. If the prisoner be found guilty, and treated as though he were a criminal type, he will, as all experience shows, in all probability become one. I beg you not to return a verdict that may thrust him back into a prison and brand him forever! . . . Is he to become one of the luckless crews that man those dark, ill-starred ships called prisons? . . . Imprison him as a criminal, and I affirm to you that he will be lost.'

V. *Sentimentality must be discarded.*

In many prisons there has been a flop from brutality to sentimentality; after too little freedom, too much. Some prison wardens, after trusting no prisoners at all, turn about, and in the endeavor to be kindly trust too many; and trust the wrong ones in the wrong way. When prison officials select the 'trusties,' they almost invariably fail to pick out good men — for reasons not hard to understand. Prisoners soon learn to become the

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most accomplished hypocrites, the cleverest liars, to be found anywhere; deception becomes the very breath of life. The stake for the prisoners is so large, that every faculty is trained to a dissimulation against which no warden can guard himself successfully. This is why the 'honor system' breaks down; it results in a demoralizing system of special privilege for the unworthy.

Of course, the prison officials are usually not aware of this. I know of prisons where the head is a thoroughly conscientious official — although, unfortunately, entirely satisfied with his institution: the machine runs smoothly, there are no riots or other unseemly disturbances; the warden meets smiling faces everywhere, and few men are punished; a number of privileges are granted by the administration and enjoyed by the inmates; everything on the surface is serene. Why, then, is not this a well-run prison?

Because under the surface one finds quite another picture. The trust placed in the prisoners is being secretly violated; the rules of the prison are constantly broken; the smiles are hypocritical; unnatural vice flourishes; the good discipline is deceptive — it is rotten at the heart. No prisoner trusts his neighbor: he is afraid of him, for 'stool-pigeons' flourish. It is practically necessary for the authorities to have their spies out in all directions; for the 'honor' of the prisoners is not really trusted — the whole thing is a solemn, hollow sham.

In one of the prisons which a few years ago was widely advertised as a remarkably successful instance of the honor system, and quite the last word in 'prison reform,' the espionage was carried to such perfection that its very efficient warden openly boasted to visitors that nothing ever happened inside the limits of his prison domain without his knowing it within fifteen minutes, if he were at home; or immediately after his return, if he were absent.

The difference between a system of severity and a system of sentimentality is that one threatens punishment and the other offers rewards — of selfish advantage. The warden makes in effect a sort of bargain with John Doe, convict, by which the warden agrees to give John Doe certain privileges, and expects a certain return. John is housed in a new cell-block or under more comfortable conditions in the old one; is sometimes allowed to work outside the walls; he converses with his fellow inmates, plays ball Saturday afternoons (and possibly on Sunday); and in return he must make of himself a 'good prisoner,' a quiet and well-behaved inmate; thus saving much wear and tear on the warden's nerves.

In the minds of many, the reform of the prison system has been accomplished when a cold-hearted, brutal autocrat has thus been replaced by a kindly, benevolent autocrat. But, so far as the ultimate effect upon the prisoner is concerned, there is little to choose. The former says, 'Do this, or I will punish you.' The latter says, 'Do this, and I will reward you.' Both leave altogether out of sight the fact that, when the man leaves the shelter of the prison walls, there will be no warden either to threaten punishment or offer reward.

Unless he has learned to do right on his own initiative, there is no security for society in the future. You cannot make good citizens through mental or moral pauperizing.

VI. *Prisons must be educational institutions.*

As criminals can neither be coerced nor bribed into a change of purpose,

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there is but one way left: they should be educated. We must provide a training which will make them, not good *prisoners*, but good *citizens;* a training which will fit them for the free life to which, sooner or later, they are to return. If men in prison were to remain there all their lives, it would be of comparatively small importance to society how they were treated. Of course, where there is injustice or cruelty, it reacts disastrously on the character of those who inflict it — the bad effect of slavery upon the slave-driver is always more serious than the effect upon the slave; but, aside from that, there would be no danger to the community. The most important thing to bear in mind, in considering the treatment of prisoners, is the fact of their ultimate release. It is of the most vital importance that they should be educated, not for the life inside, but for the life outside.

Not until we think of our prisons as in reality educational institutions shall we come within sight of a successful system; and by a successful system I mean, not one that ensures a quiet, orderly, well-behaved prison, but one that has real life in it, and restores to society the largest number of intelligent, forceful, honest citizens.

When I was warden of Sing Sing Prison, someone said to me, disapprovingly, 'I understand that you have pretty lively politics among the prisoners up here.'

I said, 'Yes, men differ in opinion here as elsewhere; and when they are given liberty to think and act there is more human nature to the square foot in a prison than in any other place I know.'

'But I have heard that politics here are not always clean. Is that so?'

'Yes,' was my reply; 'politics in Sing Sing bear a strong family likeness to politics outside.' Then, speaking seriously, I told of a young Hebrew prisoner whose time had expired. He came to the office to say good-bye and said to me, 'I did n't want to go, Warden, without telling you what I think of this place; for I don't believe you know just what you are doing here.' — 'I have some sort of notion,' said I; 'what 's yours?' — 'Well, as I see it,' he answered, 'you 've started the men discussing questions of right and wrong, from one end of the prison to the other.'

It was quite true; and my duty, as warden, was not to sit idly by and let political discussion end in futility, but to endeavor to bring to the test of practical ethics every question that arose. I welcomed the political discussions — they kept the brains of my charges busy; but I held the prison community to close responsibility for the acts of its members; and when any man went astray, — as human beings appear rather inclined to do both in and out of prison, — the vital question was: what course did the community take regarding the offender? In the answer to that lay the test of the prison community and of our system. In dealing with their own problems, the prisoners were gaining the desired experience.

Thus the education of a prison should be not mere schooling, — teaching the alphabet to illiterates, or even correspondence courses for the more advanced, excellent in their way as both these are, — but training for real life, the free life of an American community.

VII. *Prisoners must be trained in honest labor.*

There can hardly be difference of opinion on this proposition; but it is not always understood that the very worst form of labor education is the

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'slave labor' in force in our prisons. When men are placed at work, usually without consulting their preferences or capacities, are held at work only by dread of punishment, and receive no pay, — or very inadequate pay, — there can be no educational value. On the contrary, men come to associate work with prison and so desire to escape it altogether, when free.

In many prisons the work done is of a sort that the men would never, under any circumstances, do outside. Running a sewing machine at breakneck speed to make cheap shirts for some prison contractor, with a dark cell and bread and water, if he fails to complete his daily 'task,' is hardly the sort of labor that will turn a burglar into an honest workman.

The thing is preposterous. Any one of us, after years of that sort of labor and 'discipline,' would find burglary a most refreshing contrast. We should be inclined to wage war against society for the rest of our natural lives; and that is precisely what happens.

Work of vocational value should be the basis of labor in every prison. We should also pay a prisoner full wages for his production, and should make him pay for everything he receives from the state — such as board, lodging, clothing, and the rest. If he has a family, he should contribute toward its support. The balance should be his, to dispose of as he pleases; but no man should leave prison until he has enough cash to his credit to buy necessary clothing and supplies, and to support him until he settles down to a steady job.

It is entirely possible to develop a healthy, natural system of prison labor, which will be in full accord with both ethics and political economy. If we did this, our prisons might possibly become self-supporting communities instead of institutions where we teach men to contract a loathing for honest labor, at the yearly cost of many millions to the taxpayers.

But all attempts to solve the labor problem in prisons, all attempts to solve the problem of discipline, are futile unless a firm foundation is laid under them. So long as men are driven to work, they will not work willingly or efficiently; so long as they are coerced or bribed into good discipline, the discipline will be a sham.

VIII. *Prison training must be based on citizenship.*

In some prison schools will be found a class in 'civics.' That is very well, — all knowledge is useful, — but it has no relation to real training in citizenship.

As every boy knows, the only way to learn to play baseball is to play it. An attempt to make pitchers, catchers, batters, and base-runners by studying the rules and reading a history of the game would be so ridiculous that even penologists have not suggested it; even in prisons where it is permitted, they actually play ball instead of studying it.

So with citizenship: to know how to be a good citizen, — to do one's duty to the community and encourage one's fellow citizens to do theirs; to claim one's own rights without infringing upon the rights of others; to learn by one's mistakes; to trust and not to be discouraged when deceived; to be trusted and stand up under it — to learn how to do even a part of these and other necessary things, a man must actually do them. Fortunately, it is not impossible — even in prison.

At first thought it would seem as if this group of men were the last ones to be trusted with any freedom of thought and action. They are wicked criminals, and have been sent to prison; they should be forced to submit patiently to the bonds of virtue which we

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put upon them — such is the general feeling.

Well, Dr. Johnson said that was the way to *govern* boys and men; but he knew not whether it was the way to *mend* them. Were he alive to-day and familiar with our prisons, he would have not even a shadow of doubt. It is no way to mend them; but mend them we must, if we are to stop the rising tide of crime which threatens to engulf us.

Fortunately we do not have to theorize about this matter. Experience has proved that a system of inmate responsibility — '*prison democracy*,' it has been called — not only is possible, but has actually been tried and has produced most astonishing results in the way of temporary good conduct and permanent reform.

The full history of the Mutual Welfare League is still to be written; but the experiences of the last ten years at Auburn and Sing Sing prisons and the United States Naval Prison at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, are full of instruction for those who wish to learn. Unfortunately, the League no longer exists at Portsmouth, it has been crushed out of recognition at Auburn, and it was badly mutilated some years ago at Sing Sing, where, however, it still survives, having converted two wardens who took office as skeptics.

But what has been done once can be done again. A warden who is intelligent enough to be dissatisfied with his prison system and wise enough to plan for the future can easily learn the facts; and while we need not hold with Mr. Gradgrind that facts alone are what are needed in this world, yet in prison affairs they are far safer than theories.

After the Mutual Welfare League had been in operation at the Portsmouth Naval Prison for over two years, my executive officer left for a few months' sea duty; and in his place Lieutenant C——, an officer of long experience in the service, reported for duty at the prison. During the first day he looked about: he found upward of 2000 prisoners, most of them living in barracks outside the prison, with no wall about the grounds; saw a number of prisoners go down to their work in the Navy Yard, accompanied by a few marine guards; saw the rest going about their duties at the prison without any guards at all; saw the working parties return and the guards march back to the marine barracks; saw the third-class prisoners entirely under the charge of their fellow prisoners of the first class; saw, in short, an unguarded prison run by the prisoners.

At the end of his first day, Lieutenant C —— came into my office, looking pale and disturbed. 'Commander Osborne,' he broke out, 'I can't stay here.'

I looked up from my desk. 'What 's the trouble?'

'I can't stay here,' he repeated; 'I 'm scared to death. Why don't these men all run away? I would.'

'Now, don't get excited about it,' said I; 'sit down.'

He did so; and as he dropped into a chair, he fairly groaned. 'I don't understand it.'

'Well,' said I, 'lieutenant, I will tell you something. Please don't give me away, for it 's a secret: I don't understand it either. I 've been trying to understand it for six years — ever since I got into this prison game — and I have n't succeeded yet. However, don't let it worry you; it is not necessary that either of us should understand it. We know, as a fact, that they don't run away, and experience proves that we can proceed with perfect safety upon that fact. Now you may explain it any way you like, but I may as well tell you that I

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shan't care a snap of my fingers for your theory; and my theories are of no particular value or interest to you or anyone else.

'Not only that: I have not a single theory or idea about this prison game that I am not ready to alter or throw away the moment it bumps up against a fact. We are learning new facts every day here; because we are dealing with real, live human beings — the most interesting things in the world.'

The lieutenant seemed somewhat comforted; but as he glanced out of window, the troubled look came again into his face. 'But you have n't any wall here, or even a fence.'

'No,' said I, 'we have n't; and I 'll tell you why. When those barracks were built, they had a beautiful plan all mapped out, with a high and heavy steel fence which could be electrified and protected by barbed wire; and this was to go on the water-side as well as the land-side and spoil that fine view that does us all good to look at. I went to the Commandant and said: "Admiral, for heaven's sake don't let them put up that monstrosity. If we have a fence that is hard to climb, of course my boys will all want to climb it. Put up a light wire screen that any fool can get over, and I 'll see that they don't get over it." So they put up that light chicken-wire stuff that you see.

'Do you know what I have said several times at mass meetings to these fellows here?' I continued. 'I have told them: "Of course, you know and I know that it 's dead easy to get away from this place. I should be ashamed of any one of you who could n't escape from here." But I always added: "I should be ashamed of any one of you who did."

'Do you know what is the number of escapes we have had here? Eight out of over six thousand prisoners. And only think how easy it is. And we have had none at all since our last marine guards went overseas and the prisoner police have been on the job. More than that, lieutenant — '

But all that is another story.

If more people had seen the Mutual Welfare League in operation at the Naval Prison during the years from 1917 to 1921, we might add another self-evident proposition to those already enumerated; but perhaps eight are enough for a beginning.

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WHAT IS INTELLIGENCE?

BY HENRY C. LINK

An immature science often breeds premature conclusions. Psychology is distinctly an immature science. Twenty-five years ago it was still considered a part of philosophy, and only since then has it achieved the status of what, in university circles, would be called an *independent discipline*. Its progress toward becoming a genuine science has been rapid, and the nature of its achievements such as to engage a lively and universal interest. The human mind is always a fascinating subject for speculation; but the development of mental tests, probably the most notable achievement of the new psychology, has appealed to popular imagination as few scientific achievements have done.

With all respect for merit, Applied Psychology is to-day the Jackie Coogan of the scientific world. Such sudden popularity is rarely conducive to deliberate scientific judgments. In this case it has undoubtedly led some psychologists to make claims for their work which the criticisms of other psychologists would have compelled them, in time, to abandon.

But scientific investigation and analysis move slowly, whereas popular interest, when aroused, moves quickly. The journalists and writers through whom this interest has expressed itself have been quick to exploit the results and theories advanced by psychologists. Their zeal, in most instances, has been greater than their discrimination. Even so, they have performed a genuine service by pushing the implications of these theories to their logical limits and by showing their radical effects in the fields of sociology, racial psychology, and education.

During this discussion, the increasing number of psychologists who disagree with some of the claims made for mental tests has remained inarticulate. One of this number may now be allowed to present his analysis, on the ground that this is, for once, the *psychological moment*.

I

Probably the most widely advertised and most vigorously denounced assertion in regard to mental tests is that based on the results of the army intelligence tests, according to which less than fifteen per cent of all those tested were of very superior and superior intelligence. From these results it has frequently been inferred that only fifteen per cent of the population of the United States are superior in intelligence. It is surprising that these claims should even be questioned; for, regardless of the validity of intelligence tests, it must be obvious to any person that a certain proportion of the people in any group are superior in intelligence to the rest.

Without even using a yardstick, we can say that five per cent of a population are superior in height to the other ninety-five per cent, and that fifteen per cent are taller than the remaining eighty-five per cent. The average

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height might be five feet or seven feet, and still this statement would be true.

Just so, without the use of an intelligence scale, we know that five per cent of all people are superior in intelligence to the other ninety-five, that ten per cent are more intelligent than the other ninety per cent, and that ninety-nine per cent are superior in intelligence to the remaining one per cent.

This again holds true whether the average level of intelligence is high or low.

In order, however, to select the five, or fifteen, per cent whose intelligence is superior to that of the rest, it is necessary to apply a yardstick, or a device for measuring the intelligence of the individuals who compose the group. The intelligence tests represent an attempt to provide such a device. Their use has made it possible to arrange individuals in the order of their ability as measured by this scale, and to say that all those above a certain point on the scale are superior to those below that point.

Thus far the use of intelligence tests reveals nothing new or startling. Any test whatsoever, whether of height, weight, spelling, or speed in copying a letter, if uniformly applied, will arrange all those tested in a definite order, or according to certain levels. But though we admit the validity of an intelligence test as a means of arranging people in the order of the ability they manifest in meeting that test, by what authority can we claim that such a test is a measure of intelligence? How do we know that we are testing this particular quality and what do we mean by intelligence in the first place?

II

The question, what is intelligence, will puzzle almost any psychologist, because no psychologist has ever succeeded in giving a satisfactory answer. Indeed, the history of psychology is littered with inconclusive controversies over the meaning of this term. *Intelligence has been variously defined* as the ability to learn, to profit by experience, to adapt one's self to the environment, to solve new problems, to benefit by trial and error. True as they may be, these definitions add little to our understanding of intelligence. They are no more enlightening than the definition given by a pupil who said, 'Intelligence is that faculty of man, that divine spark as it were, which enables him to rise superior to his environment.'

Baffled in the attempt to define intelligence, many psychologists have implicitly accepted its existence as an inherited force of some kind, a spark divine or mundane according to one's personal belief, and are now trying to measure the degree in which individuals possess it.

This procedure again reveals nothing strange, any more than does the attempt to measure electricity, a force which no one has yet defined. The attempts to measure electricity were based upon careful experiments with its effects.

In like manner, the attempts to measure intelligence are based upon numerous experiments with the responses of children and adults to certain mental problems. The experiments from which most of the claims regarding the significance of intelligence tests are derived were conducted under the auspices of the Leland Stanford University by Professor Lewis M. Terman and his associates, and resulted in the well-known Stanford Revision of the Binet-Simon Intelligence Tests.

The Stanford Revision consists of groups of mental problems, one group

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for each step in mental age, and may be illustrated by the tests assigned to designate the mental age of ten.

1. Defining correctly thirty words of increasing difficulty; such as orange, health, plumbing, treasury.
2. Pointing out the absurdity in four out of five sentences such as this: An engineer said that the more cars he had on his train, the faster he could go.
3. Reproducing on paper two designs which have been shown for ten seconds.
4. Reading a sentence of fifty-three words and recalling eight of the facts contained therein.
5. Answering correctly two out of three sentences such as the following: Why should we judge a person more by his actions than by his words?
6. Naming at random sixty words in three minutes.

A person who passes this group of tests is credited with the mental age of ten. He is also credited with from two to four months for each problem which he does successfully in the groups for succeeding ages, and the sum total of his credits determines his mental age. The I. Q., or intelligence quotient, is obtained by dividing his mental age by his chronological age. Thus, a person twelve years old whose work in the tests entitles him to a mental age of six has an intelligence quotient of .50 ($6 \div 12 = .50$), and a person ten years old who tests at a mental age of five has an I. Q. of .50 also ($5 \div 10 = .50$). A child of eight years who tests at a mental age of nine has an I. Q. of 1.12 ($9 \div 8 = 1.12$).

If we bear in mind possible errors in giving and marking these tests, there can be no objection to their validity as measures of certain mental abilities. But upon what grounds can they be called measures of mental age and intelligence?

The answer to this question, as given by the psychologists who make this claim, lies in the method by which they constructed their scale. 'The guiding principle,' says Professor Terman, 'was to secure an arrangement of the tests and a standard of scoring which would cause the median mental age of the unselected children of each age-group to coincide with the median chronological age. That is, a correct scale must cause the average child of five years to test exactly at five, the average child of six to test exactly at six, and so forth.'

In other words, the mental age was set, arbitrarily, on the basis of what the average individual at a given chronological age could do with a given set of problems. And the problems assigned to each mental age were selected in such a way that this arbitrary condition should be met.

This in itself is a perfectly legitimate procedure, common to all scientific research. The inches on a yardstick and the decimetres on a metre-stick, as well as the degrees on a thermometer, Centigrade or Fahrenheit, are arbitrary units. When we apply these arbitrary units in measuring distance or temperature, their significance is generally understood. For accuracy's sake, the physicist, in stating the degree of temperature, adds also the letter F or C to indicate which arbitrary unit he is measuring by.

Now, in the case of the Stanford Revision, the units of measurement were arbitrarily selected on the basis of experiments with children and adults themselves arbitrarily chosen.

For the mental ages of from three to fourteen this intelligence scale was standardized from the results of tests given to 1305 California schoolchildren. These children, according to Professor Terman, represented an unselected or sample group; but he tells us also that, in the treatment of the final results, all children of foreign-born parents, about

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four hundred in number, were eliminated. The scale, therefore, actually represents the performance of 905 children, selected to the extent that all of them were in school at the time and, without exception, of native parentage. Consequently, wherever this scale is applied, it measures the abilities of those tested in terms of the abilities of this original group.

For example, when testing children in the schools of New York City, we are measuring them in terms of what 905 children of native-born parents in the schools of California have done. And when we say that children in one part of the country are less intelligent than those in another section, we should think of intelligence solely as defined by this arbitrary scale.

This again, is a perfectly legitimate procedure from a scientific point of view, assuming that we bear in mind the exact significance of what we are doing, and that we refrain from drawing inferences about intelligence which are not implied in the technique itself. But even though this procedure is scientifically sound, there is the question of how it works in actual practice. Can a scale based upon so small a group of selected subjects be used successfully in measuring children in all parts of the country?

The answer to this question is to be found in the results obtained in thousands of schools, in every state in the Union, from hundreds of thousands of children to whom the tests have been given. Obviously, the results could not agree perfectly with those originally obtained with the schoolchildren of California; but they were similar enough to indicate that the scale had a very wide applicability. For example, children of a certain age in the schools of New York City, or Dayton, Ohio, reached about the same mental age in the tests as that reached by the children in the schools of California.

Walter Lippmann, in his penetrating articles on intelligence tests, refers to the tests again and again as 'puzzles' and 'stunts,' and says in one connection that they may specially favor 'the type of mind which is very apt in solving Sunday newspaper puzzles, or even in playing chess.' Undoubtedly, there is an element of the stunt or puzzle in all intelligence tests, or, for that matter, in any mental problem which a group of individuals might be called upon to solve. An original problem in geometry is a clear-cut process for one student, but a twisting and elusive chase for another. The problems and questions in the Stanford scale were selected with the express purpose of reducing the stunt or puzzle element to a minimum.

The degree in which this purpose was achieved is demonstrated beyond question by the surprisingly uniform results obtained with the scale in all parts of the country. These results could not have been obtained with a collection of stunts and puzzles which, regardless of whether or not they were measures of intelligence, did not involve mental activities of a fundamental and very common type.

From this point of view alone, the Stanford Revision should be regarded as a scientific achievement of great note — though only those experienced in the intricacies of standardizing such tests are likely to accord it the appreciation it deserves.

In the face of the inertia which most radical innovations encounter, these tests have won for themselves an important place in the educational system. They have been adopted by thousands of schools as an aid in discovering children whose mental status is such that they should be placed in a higher or lower grade. The classifica-

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tions which they have made possible, whether right or wrong, have tended to upset the complacency of teachers and educators everywhere with the traditional methods of grading.

Indeed, these tests have given the educational world, for the first time, a universal language in terms of which all sorts of stimulating and irritating comparisons between the educational and mental status of children in schools all over the country can be made.

III

In view of these achievements, I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that Professor Terman and the psychologists responsible for the development of intelligence tests have made the greatest single contribution to the field of education in our time. Just because their work has claims to such greatness, it is unfortunate that they should saddle it with such statements as the following:—

That the Stanford Revision and similar scales are measures of native or inherited intelligence and not of education.

That intelligence as measured by these tests is affected little or not at all by education.

That the native intelligence of different races and different social groups within the same race can be compared on the basis of these tests.

That the intelligence of most people does not develop far beyond the mental age of fourteen or fifteen.

Let us accept, for the moment, the truth of these statements, and observe their effect upon the interpretations to be made from the application of the intelligence scale. If a fourth-grade teacher tests Johnny Smith, who is twelve years old and should be in the sixth grade, and finds that his mental age, according to the scale, is only ten, it means that he is lacking in native intelligence, not that he has lacked the proper education. Consequently the teachers, the school, and the community may absolve themselves from blame for the fact that Johnny is two years behind in his school attainments, and lay the responsibility upon the Creator, or biological forces which endowed him with less intelligence than the average child.

Or if the children in a rural school, where one teacher has three or four grades, register a lower I. Q. than the children of like ages in the schools of Boston, it is not because the educational facilities of the latter are superior but because the intelligence of the former is inferior.

The lower I. Q. of Negro children in the South as compared with negro children in the North must be attributed to a lesser inheritance, not to more meagre educational opportunities. As a rule, children from the homes of families well up in the social and economic scale have a higher I. Q. than children from families less fortunate in these respects.

This is due, not to a more favorable environment and the better educational advantages which parents of means can afford their children, but to the better heritage with which they endow their children at birth.

And when, as is usually the case, children of foreign-born parents have a lower I. Q. than children of native-born parents, it is not because the latter have the educational advantages of an English-speaking environment, but because the former come from races characterized by a lower level of inborn intelligence.

Whether these facts are true or not, the assumption that the scale measures inborn intelligence, independently of the effects of environment and education, tends to relieve the educational system from the responsibility for the

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mental attainments of its pupils. A child endowed with a certain degree of intelligence will attain a certain level of education, not because of the educational system, but in spite of it.

We have it in our power to improve the methods and standards of education, and the testing technique offers a valuable aid toward achieving this desirable end; but why go to all this trouble when the innate intelligence of those to be educated will not permit them to profit by these improvements?

'It is quite commonly believed,' said Robert M. Yerkes in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, 'that intelligence increases with schooling. This, however, is flatly contradicted by the results of research, for it turns out that the main reason that intelligence status improves with years of schooling is the elimination of the less capable pupil. All along the line, from kindergarten to professional school, the less able and less fortunate in home conditions tend to drop out. Not more than fifty per cent of our population are capable of satisfactorily completing the work of a first-class high school. . . . Education, instead of increasing our intellectual capacity, merely develops and facilitates its use.'

Professor Terman and his followers would probably agree to this as a fair statement of the case. Indeed, the outstanding fact in the entire field of tests is the constant agreement between the educational status and the mental status.

Therefore our pessimistic view about the importance of education is probably beside the point.

For, even though education cannot give a boy any more intelligence than he was given by nature at birth, it can at least 'develop and facilitate' his ability to use that which he has.

IV

Inborn intelligence and *acquired facility* in using it! The distinction called for here is the critical point in this whole doctrine of intelligence and its measurement. We may freely admit that the tests in question are measures of the intelligence which all individuals inherit in varying degrees. But common sense compels us to admit also that they measure, at the same time, the effects of education and environment.

The informal tests which we meet every day of our lives are tests of our native intelligence; but they are also tests of acquired facility. We solve our problems with what we have learned as well as with what nature has given us. Our responses spring from all that we are at the moment, beings in whom hereditary forces, physical nurture, the effects of education and environment, are blended into one. Our actions register like a man's weight — so many pounds, regardless of whether he is two-thirds flesh or two-thirds bone.

The intelligence scale, like a weighing scale, registers a single result called the mental age; and this result is derived from all that the individual is at the time. In order to obtain an undiluted measure of native intelligence, it would be necessary to measure it at birth before the effects of environment and nurture had come into play. But the very nature of the tests we are discussing is such that they do not become effective until the child has learned to talk.

Dr. H. H. Goddard, in his lectures on Human Efficiency and Levels of Intelligence, makes the assertion that 'intelligence is an inherited force, while knowledge is wholly acquired. Moreover, they are not to a large extent interdependent.' And yet, no

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intelligence test has ever been devised which does not measure in terms of acquired knowledge. When we give such a test, we do not measure an abstract and independent force called intelligence, but a composite of the inborn forces of intellect and character and the many forces exerted by environment and education.

We must think of intelligence, therefore, as something which is not only inherited but developed.

The psychologist who believes that his tests measure inherited intelligence would say to this: Granted that these tests do not measure pure intelligence, but intelligence as developed by exterior forces, they nevertheless enable us to demonstrate a difference between that which is inherited and that which is acquired.

For example, if we apply the scale to children reared in exactly the same environment and under the same educational system, we find that they register different degrees of intelligence. Therefore the differences in their mental ages can be attributed only to differences in their mental endowment. This is a logical inference; but we cannot make this inference until it has been proved that the intelligence of the children in question has been developed under uniformly favorable conditions. The task of proving this involves many serious difficulties. How can we measure the environmental effects of different parents, of different social and economic levels? Even the same parents may constitute a more favorable environment for one of their children than for the other. Moreover, the first-born child in a family helps to create a different environment for the second child, and so on. In school, the same teachers and same studies may constitute a more favorable environment for one pupil than for another.

Conceivably we might, under laboratory conditions, establish for a group of children a uniformly favorable environment and, from its results, deduce the differences in their native endowment. In the meantime, we have been applying our tests to children and adults from every kind of environment and school, and drawing inferences in regard to their mental endowments. 'That the children of superior social classes make a better showing in the tests,' says Professor Terman, 'is probably due, for the most part, to a superiority in original endowment.' Possibly; but until the effects of a superior linguistic, social, and economic environment have been determined, such a statement remains a bare personal assumption.

We saw that the Stanford intelligence scale up to the age of fourteen was constructed on the basis of tests given to children of native-born parents in the California schools. They are, then, tests of native intelligence *as developed by these schools.*

If, on the basis of these tests, a similar group of American children in another community attains a lower mental age, shall we say that these children are less intelligent by nature, or shall we, perhaps, look for a difference in the activeness of the educational systems involved? The control of the latter is within our hands. The control of heredity, even if we could measure it independently, is at present practically impossible.

If the children of non-English-speaking foreign-born parents register, as is usually the case, a lower mental age than the children of native-born parents, must we infer that they come from a race which is inherently inferior, or shall we say that the development of their intelligence has been handicapped from birth, by a poor linguistic environment? 'The vocabulary test,' says

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Professor Terman, 'has a far higher value than any other single test of the scale. Used with children of English-speaking parents (with children whose home language is not English it is, of course, unreliable), it probably has a higher value than any three other tests in the scale. Our statistics show that in a large majority of cases the vocabulary test alone will give us an intelligence quotient within ten per cent of that secured by the entire scale.'

Professor Terman might go further, and say that the reliability of the entire scale depends upon the ability to understand and use the English language; that it is a test of intelligence in so far as intelligence has been developed by English-speaking institutions. The admission he makes does not prevent him and other psychologists from using this and similar tests, like the army Alpha test, as a criterion of the innate intelligence of different races and children from different social strata.

In order to overcome the difficulties arising from the use of the English language, some psychologists have devised non-verbal intelligence scales. The army Beta test, which gives directions by means of pantomime instead of by words, is an example. Of such tests it may be said that their results are not to be compared, except for statistical purposes, with the results of a test like the army Alpha or the Stanford Revision.

Intelligence, we have seen, is always measured in terms of how it has grown up. Before we can infer that any race, or any group in the same race, is inherently inferior to any other, we must be sure that every individual has had the advantages of an equally favorable social and economic environment and an equally effective educational process.

There is absolutely nothing in the technique of intelligence tests as applied so far, which warrants any comparison whatsoever between the inherent intelligence of various groups or races. All that we can say is that there is a difference in their scores, and that this difference may be due to any number of factors, of which native endowment is only one.

We have, in our south Appalachian states, over five million people of old American stock, who can neither read nor write. The young men from this group, judged by their scores in the Army tests, possess no more intelligence than the twelve-year-old children of foreign-born parents in the schools of New England. Shall we infer from this that a large proportion of our native Americans are by nature inferior even to the 'inferior' races, or shall we attribute the difference to unequal economic and educational opportunities?

According to the statement by Dr. Yerkes, already quoted, the effects of education on levels of intelligence is only apparent, because all along the line those unable to benefit from further education drop out. Many of the illiterate Americans have never even entered school. Their intelligence has been neither stimulated nor arrested by contact with teachers. And who is so bold as to say that the chief reason for the low average intelligence of the people of the United States, as measured by these tests, is the fact that they have acquired all the education which their native intelligence will permit?

V

Thus far, we have confined ourselves chiefly to the question of measuring the intelligence of children up to fourteen years of age; but since the average adult intelligence is said to be approximately that of the average thirteen-to-fourteen-year-old child, we have not gone far afield in our analy-

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sis. There is some doubt among psychologists as to what the average mental age of our population really is. But according to the tests applied thus far, the majority of adults do seem to reach the limit of their intelligence at the age of sixteen or before. If this is true, the results of these tests indicate an extremely important characteristic about human intelligence. But is it true? Do these tests actually prove that a majority of us do not have more intelligence at the age of thirty or forty than at the age of sixteen?

Instead of analyzing the method by which these results are obtained, let us rather begin by an analysis of the conditions which made them possible. All children are born with varying capacities in varying degrees. Just what these variations are, we cannot say, since we have no means of measuring them at the time. Regardless of their original endowment, nearly all children are compelled to develop under the influence of a common language and a common school-system. They must acquire first a vocabulary and a command of sentence structure. Their intelligence in the grammar grades is subjected to a common discipline, consisting of such studies as reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, drawing. During the course of this discipline different children naturally display different degrees of proficiency, due either to differences in innate capacity, home environment, or the quality of their schools and teachers. Nevertheless, there is a genuine continuity and similarity in the attainments of most children under this discipline. It is this fact, above all others, which makes it possible for a scale like the Stanford Revision to measure pupils throughout the country in terms of a common test.

Let us compare the expression of our national intelligence to a tree, and let the trunk of that tree represent the common discipline which our language and institutions impose upon the operations of intelligence during early life.

Between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, about fifty per cent of all children leave the grammar grades before graduation and go to work. They branch off from the trunk and go into the stores, the factories, and commercial enterprises of every description. In these many occupations, their intelligence is subject to disciplines of many varieties, and their attainments become correspondingly unlike. Many remain drawers of water and hewers of wood, but a respectable number of them rise to positions of importance.

A certain proportion of the children who graduate from the grammar grades go to high school, and take either a commercial, academic, or technical course. Each of these courses involves different kinds of studies, in terms of which the intelligence of the pupils must express itself. Many of the pupils, either before or after graduation, take up occupations which again impose upon their intelligence restrictions and stimuli of widely varying kinds.

Some of those who graduate go to college, it may be to a liberal arts school, a normal school, an agricultural school, a school of business administration, or a scientific college for engineers — mechanical, civil, electrical, chemical. Once more we have a process of differentiation, the outcome of which is a collection of college graduates whose intelligence has become specialized in various degrees and in diverging directions.

Some college graduates specialize still further by taking up the study of medicine, the law, the ministry, or some

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special subject in a graduate school.

In short, the development of the attainments, if not of the intelligence, of our population takes place in a multitude of diverging directions in accordance with the exigencies and opportunities of our complicated civilization.

We have already pointed out that the Stanford scale, up to the mental age of fourteen, rests upon experiments with children in the schools of California. If the scale had been constructed in the schools of Michigan or Massachusetts, it would have served just as well; for the intelligence of children in these states as well as in most other states is subject to substantially the same discipline. Therefore their attainments lend themselves to measurement in terms of the same tests. But because this scale and similar scales fail to register an increase in intelligence much beyond the mental age of fourteen or sixteen, must we infer that the average person has reached the limit of his intelligence? Or is it more reasonable to say that our scale ceases to measure beyond a certain point, because thereafter the development of intelligence branches off in multitudinous directions?

The physicist and chemist apply accurate scales and measures in their study of the elements. When, beyond a certain point, their formulæ no longer explain the actions of the elements, they do not blame the elements, but endeavor to work out finer and more discriminating measures. In this way new elements are being constantly discovered.

Because our scale ceases to register an increase in average intelligence beyond the point at which most children have a common development, need we deny the further growth of intelligence, or shall we say that the nature of its growth is such that it can be measured only by additional tests of a finer and more discriminating type? Is it not reasonable to suppose that intelligence which develops in specific directions can be measured only by specific tests?

Attempts have been made to devise adequate tests of adult intelligence, and such tests have been successful when applied to homogeneous groups. College intelligence tests, for example, have successfully measured the capacity for making progress in college work, even though their reliability as a measure of intelligence, as defined by success in later life, is by no means certain.

A common test for measuring the mental age of unselected adults, however, has never been successful. And so long as the intelligence of the race is expended in a multitude of directions, — in the achievement of mechanical proficiency, artistic ability, professional skill, wealth, erudition, literary facility, the support of a family, with all the innumerable variations which these pursuits imply, — no such test will be adequate. Each adult reaches the limit of his intelligence, or his intellectual maturity in the field of his specific vocation or pursuit. Obviously we cannot, by selecting samples of intelligence in all these fields, construct a scale of tests which will be an adequate measure of mental age. Such a scale would fail to give due weight to the very factors that constitute the individual's chief claim to mental distinction. To a person who makes assertions about the mental age of adults, the life of intelligence must look like a ramrod instead of like the tree Igdrasil, an infinite conjugation of the verb *to do*.

But, says the psychologist, you are now speaking of specific types of intelligence, which, naturally, cannot be measured by any one scale. By mental age we mean a stage of general intelligence, and no more. The distinction is

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an important one though somewhat belated; for in the comparisons so frequently made between the mental status of different races and different groups, the fact that general intelligence exists only because of a common nurture and a general educational system has been quite ignored. The tests may have been intended to measure general intelligence, but they have really been measuring in a wholesale way the effects of many specific conditions upon intelligence. When the psychologist admits the existence of degrees of specific intelligence, his assertions about the early maturity of intelligence and the low mental age of the average adult become meaningless; for if man reaches his full mental stature in terms of a specific achievement requiring specific intelligence, his mental age cannot be determined by any scale which measures only in a wholesale fashion.

VI

Having said so much which must seem destructive, let us conclude by pointing out how valuable an instrument we possess in these tests if their application is properly understood. We shall begin by making a very simple suggestion, which will, nevertheless, make an enormous difference in our conception of the significance of these tests.

Let us think of the tests, not as measures of intelligence but as tests of *attainment*. The controversial claims that we have discussed arose not from the tests themselves, but out of the assumption that they were measures of intelligence as such. We know that this is not the case, but that they measure the mental habits to which, as a result of heredity and environment, we have attained.

If we think of these tests as measures of individual attainments, the scores of different racial groups will not compel us to infer that one race is inherently and permanently inferior to another. We shall simply say that, for any number of reasons, — heredity, economic circumstances, climatic conditions, linguistic difficulties, lack of education, — the intellectual attainments of one race are not equal to those of other races.

When comparing native adults of the South with natives of the North, we may take their scores at their face value and say, simply, that the attainments of one group as measured by certain tests are evidently superior to those of the other.

In comparing the scores of children from different social strata, we shall note differences in attainments but need not prejudice our further investigations by ascribing these differences to only one cause.

The army intelligence tests gave us an excellent survey of the attainments of a large section of the adult population. But to interpret these results solely in terms of innate intelligence is to close our eyes to the many other fruitful interpretations and investigations to which they might lead. As measures of what we have learned or, to satisfy the most meticulous, of how we have learned to use what we have learned, these scales are of inestimable value to educators, sociologists, and students of racial and group psychology.

If we describe tests like the Stanford Revision as tests, not of general intelligence but of common attainments, their controversial impedimenta will drop off and their intrinsic value suffer not the slightest impairment. Indeed, their practical worth will be enhanced; for, when these tests show differences in the scores of individual children, between groups of children in different communities, and between children of

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different racial and social environments, we shall not naïvely ascribe these differences to a mysterious factor, heredity, but concern ourselves equally with the many other factors which may have contributed to the result.

Used in this way, such scales are a powerful instrument in helping and stimulating the individual child to attain his fullest development, and in bringing the entire educational system to a more highly uniform level of effectiveness.

Among people who would govern themselves, general intelligence or a certain level of common attainment is the primary factor in the success of their common enterprise. Moreover, a civilization which, like the present, is becoming rapidly more intricate and involved, must evolve also a compensating rise in the level of general wisdom. Now, when we say that the mental age or native intelligence of the American adult population averages between thirteen and fifteen years, it is not only scientifically untrue but extremely irritating. Such a statement arouses widespread antagonism where general coöperation is most to be desired.

However, if we say that the level of common attainments is no higher than that of the average fourteen-year-old school child, our statement will seem not only reasonable but conservative. We recognize the inadequacy of our educational system. We know that large numbers of foreign-born and native adults have had little or no education. We appreciate the economic and legislative conditions which encourage many children to begin working at an early age. The general tendency toward premature and extreme specialization is a well-known phenomenon. All these factors and many others, besides inherited capacity, contribute to a low level of common attainment.

In calling attention to this fact, the tests we have discussed constitute a contribution of inestimable value. Assuming that our system of common-school education is fundamentally sound, psychologists have provided an instrument which will not only help to point out its inequalities but help to elevate its general level. When a higher level of economic independence and common education has been achieved, then, also, will our tests register a higher level of common attainment.

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FIRST EXPERIENCES OF A RADIO BROADCASTER

BY FORD A. CARPENTER

MILLIONS of persons have enjoyed 'listening in' on the radio telephone during the year of its marvelous popularity. The history of communication shows no such phenomenal advance. Hundreds of textbooks have been issued, and there are a score of magazines published in the interest of radio telephony. Besides (and here is probably the secret of this remarkable growth) all the newspapers regularly feature radio concerts and lectures. Although thousands of lecturers, musicians, and other artists have used this latest means of reaching the multitude, but little, strange to say, has been written concerning the art of broadcasting. Here, then, is the confession of an amateur broadcaster!

A few days before the occurrence of this initial experience, I had been given notice that I would 'have the air' for fifteen minutes at a certain hour. Realizing that all new experiences provided their own thrills, whether they were flying, submarining, or any other unusual performance, I made careful preparation in advance: the twelve hundred words comprising the talk were carefully written out. This draft was corrected; it was talked into a dictaphone, and in listening to my own voice I detected several faulty voice placements.

These errors were corrected, and the roll was laid aside for a few hours; then, on taking it up, I imagined myself a 'man on the street' picking up the ear-phones, and listening. With that imaginary circumstance in mind, I found numerous spots where the 'story' could be improved. This made another dictation necessary, and another manuscript. In short, nothing was taken for granted.

Fifteen minutes before the fateful evening hour, I hailed a taxi and was driven to the broadcasting headquarters. The radio station was on the roof of a large office-building, the lower floor of which was unlighted save for a desk at the entrance.

As I opened the door, a small figure stepped out. He was in the uniform of a hotel page, which was tight-fitting, begilded, and emblazoned with the insignia of what we shall call 'TFI — *The Tribune,* Los Angeles.' Before I could open my mouth in inquiry, this diminutive person said to me, with a comical insolence impossible to describe, 'Walk to the end of the hall; take the elevator to the roof — they're waiting for you!'

'But — ' I ejaculated, 'I am — '

'That 's all right,' impudently interrupted the boy; 'I "called" you the first time; you 're one of those broadcasting guys, a — a regular scientific gent that comes up here to give the radio fans highbrow stuff.'

I made no reply; for, indeed, what could I say? As it was after business hours, the office elevator was out of commission, and I opened the door of the automatic lift. These highly efficient but mysterious contrivances always fill me with apprehension; I 'd rather take a fifteen-thousand-foot flight any day in an airplane, or get

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into a diving-suit, than risk myself in one of those boxes with their rows of buttons marked 'B, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and R.'

I mustered up courage and touched 'R.' There was a clang of iron in the basement, and I rose steadily, stopped; and before I could open the elevator door the outer door swung wide and a smartly gowned girl greeted me with that 'afternoon-at-home' air, but with the addition of that grave, subdued professional welcome we associate with an undertaker's assistant.

'We are all ready for you; just step this way, please. Mr. Smith is expecting you.'

The lobby was hung in lilac tapestry; all lights as well as sounds were subdued; the environment was calculated to fill one with that awesome feeling incident to undertaking-parlors. And when Mr. Smith, who was 'TFI — *The Tribune*, Los Angeles,' appeared dressed in funereal black, patent-leather shoes, and a black moustache to match, I was ill prepared for his cordial greeting. But my fears were realized when, with finger on lip, he opened a heavy, padded door and ushered me into another lilac-tapestried room.

This room was without windows, the walls were thick and evidently soundproof. Softly shaded lights shone from sconces, and the word 'Silence!' glowed in electric letters on the walls. A grand piano occupied a prominent position, and before it, like a lectern, rose a black disc.

There was another such disc on a little desk at which the announcer was about to seat himself. I was waved to a place on a bench already partially filled by a somewhat agitated row of 'artists.' Said the announcer, 'TFI — *The Tribune*, Los Angeles. Master Robert Bruce, the boy soprano, will sing "Autumn Leaves" by Nevin, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Matilda Bruce.'

Robert, who had been apprehensively sitting by me, now rose unsteadily to his feet and stumbled to his place in front of that mysterious black disc.

The fond mother struck a chord, the poor boy opened his mouth; but not a sound came forth. He tried again, and as I sympathetically watched him I saw that, although he stood sturdily enough on his pipestem legs, his knickerbockers flapped about them in his nervous chill.

The mother struck another resounding chord; a faint squeak came from those agonized lips, and 'Autumn Leaves' by Nevin was radioed.

As I fatefully witnessed the performance (such was my own excitement that I heard not a word), my companions on the bench trembled violently in sympathy. I thought of that other performance witnessed many years ago, when Los Angeles was a small town and the schoolchildren came in long processions to be vaccinated. As the public-health doctor scratched the arm of the child in the front row, the child next in line began to bawl, and the cry was taken up, and away down the line of children the wailing progressed. And so it was on that broadcasting bench: the 'buck fever' was infectious.

When my turn came, and the black-coated announcer proclaimed, 'TFI — *The Tribune*, Los Angeles,' and proceeded to give the title of the address and the speaker, I groped my way to the presence of the black disc, thanking my lucky stars that I did n't have to stand, like the boy soprano, but was given a chair, and thus eased my trembling legs.

Realizing that every murmur would be reproduced, I as noiselessly as possible laid the crackling sheets of my address flat on the desk.

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'Speak in a natural tone of voice, don't hurry, and remember that every sound you make will be heard by hundreds of thousands of people,' enjoined my undertaker friend.

I began to talk, and I tried to appear unaffected; fortunately my address was memorized, for had dependence been placed on the written words alone, I should have broken down; for huge blank splotches appeared all over the typewritten sheets, and the words of my speech were invisible. It was a case of nervous astigmatism. Again and again I spurned my faltering self to action and to proper presentation. Platform fright is not usual for me; of course, like most public speakers, I keenly feel the focused attention of a thousand or more pairs of eyes; but after the first few seconds, I rally, and then their effect is to produce a tremendous reaction which is stimulating to a degree. Had I permitted my imagination to picture the countless number of men, women, and children from the Pacific coast to the Mississippi River, and from the Canadian boundary to the lonely ranches in Mexico, not to mention the many ships at sea, all 'listening in,' then indeed would my fortitude have forsaken me.

The next morning, one of my friends called me on the telephone: 'Say, that was an interesting talk you gave; I heard you when I was having my after-dinner coffee in the den, and I could n't help but think how comfortable I was, seated in my easy-chair with the ear-phones in place, and how uncomfortable you must be. But you did pretty well for a first time — you only gave three gulps.'

Radio-broadcasting managers tell me that invariably people are afflicted with stage fright when they first attempt broadcasting. Is it not the knowledge that every sound will be registered, and that they get no reflecting sound of their own voices?

Not long ago, 'TFI — *The Tribune*, Los Angeles' received an appeal by foreign mail, from Cuba: 'For heaven's sake, turn off that faucet; I hear the dripping of water every time you put on a programme and I tune in.'

Investigation showed that within sound-registering distance of the transmitting disc was the provoking leaky faucet.

Again, do not all unusual, not to say unnatural, environments inspire dread? I know that my first airplane and balloon flights caused sickening nervousness, as also did my first descent into the sea, although clad in a diver's suit. All children fear their first trip in an elevator as well as their first dip into the ocean or lake.

Doubtless fear of the unseen is largely responsible. With a multitude of people before one, the public speaker or singer becomes stimulated, and accomplishes much more than would have been possible if he had appeared before a few friends. Caruso once said that he would rather sing through an entire opera at the Metropolitan than make one phonograph record.

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CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

AN ATTEMPT AT REAPPRAISAL

BY PAUL HUTCHINSON

THE good churchmen who are building the Cathedral of St. John the Divine all unwittingly have rendered in stone an ironic comment upon the modern position of the Church. In this great pile they have placed nineteen figures, symbolizing the completed centuries of the Christian era. Up to the fifteenth they are practically all ordained servants of religion. The representatives of the eighth to the eleventh centuries are churchly warriors. But after the sixteenth century, which finds a questionable incarnation in Cranmer, not a statue depicts a man whose first interest was the Church. The representative man of the last century was not even a member of a church! In truth, the very stones cry out.

A recent effort to sketch church history by the 'high-spot' method has impressed upon me the growing sterility of Western church life. The book was to avoid details; to treat only the formative events. What were these in the last century? There was but one, the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* — something that happened *to* the Church, not *within* the Church. (The Salvation Army and papal infallibility were too restricted in significance for inclusion.)

The plain case is that the clearest evidence the modern Church can show of its continuing right to a place among the world's moulding factors is not in the part it is playing in so-called Christian lands, but in its foreign missions. Its foreign missionary enterprise is the contribution of the Western Church in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to the making of the twenty-first. Some day the Church *may* contribute a social gospel, substituting service for reward as a motive for society; but this is still no more than a hope. Christian missions are established, and they are affecting the structure of the world.

Then where is the Church in the West left, if its missionary programme withers? If the Church no longer furnishes the leaders of the West, if it lives at home in an atmosphere of small fireside concerns, what fate lies in store if this last commanding adventure loses its power?

To many it will sound like nonsense to suggest any failure of Christian missions. If the growth of the Church continues at its present rate in India, they will tell you, within one hundred and twenty-five years that empire will be at least nominally Christian. That is much less time than it took to win the Roman Empire! The Protestant churches claim to be increasing in membership at a more rapid rate in China than in any other part of the world. And the missionary societies, as they appeal for funds, explain that their needs are the result of success and not of failure.

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Yet at this moment, when missionary statistics tell their most encouraging story, it is idle to deny an increasing dissatisfaction. If the percentage of increase among Chinese Protestants is large, it is pointed out that it does not equal one new church member per paid worker per year. If there have been large accessions in India, it is admitted that there are ten men deriving inspiration from the life and message of Jesus for one who joins the Christian Church. And the suspicion of, and even opposition to, Christian missions to be found in the West is not wholly to be interpreted as lack of sympathy for the goal in view.

As an example, take the case of W. Somerset Maugham. In a single season Mr. Maugham has staged *East of Suez*, inspired *Rain*, and published *On a Chinese Screen*. In each will be found an observer's derogatory reference to certain phases of Christian missions. It is not enough to accuse Mr. Maugham of antimissionary prejudice. His accusation is, in essence, that Christian missions, like the Christian Church in the West, have come to occupy themselves with the nonessential. And that accusation, if it could be supported, would spell doom. Fortunately, except in unrepresentative cases, it cannot be supported.

I think it can be proved that the work of Christian missions in the past has been well done. From the time of Saint Paul to that of Livingstone, the men who left home to 'preach the Gospel' saw of the travail of their souls and were satisfied. Of course they were satisfied, for preaching the Gospel was precisely what the situation demanded.

(Perhaps it should be said, by way of an aside, that when these missionaries of the past found their path blocked by unusual conditions, they did not hesitate to turn from a direct preaching to other tasks. It is astonishing in how many cases this took place, from Ulfilas and Cyril with their alphabet-making, to Livingstone with his exploring and his fight against the slaver.)

What was this Gospel that these pioneers preached? Simply expressed, it built on three truths. It taught a universe ruled by a Father-God, with love as its unifying element. It taught that the welfare of every human is of supreme importance to this God. And it taught that freedom from all that is base and life on the highest conceivable level become attractive and possible through the worship of this God as He has been revealed in Jesus.

To teach these truths Christian missionaries found it necessary to give battle to the conception of a universe ruled by numberless nonethical deities, to the conception of society that refused dignity to every human unit, and to irresponsible standards of living. That was the first job that needed to be done. Preaching was the direct means to doing it. Men went out, as Vachel Lindsay says, to

> . . . slay the subtle gods of Greek delight,
> And dreadful Roman gods, and light the world
> With words of flame.

It hardly needs to be said that the task of the Christian missionaries of the past is still of basic importance to the world, and a long way from completed. And there can be no theory of Christian missions, in the twentieth or any other century, that does not include this familiar form of effort.

Any reappraisal of Christian missions, therefore, does not ask whether the preaching of the Gospel in non-Christian lands is a task that must be attempted, but rather whether it is the *only* task, and whether it is the task that the *missions* most need to do. It is trite to talk about a new era and a

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new world. I cannot see, however, that the Christian churches or their agencies, the missions, have more than an academic appreciation of this changed situation. If they had, it is certain that they would be readjusting their programmes to easily discernible facts.

The chief of these facts is this, that the increase of the acknowledged Christian community is being held back, not by any lack of attention to the preaching in non-Christian lands, but by a lack of evidence that the Gospel can be, or is being, applied to the ills that threaten the life of the world. An intelligent native of a non-Christian country is more often than not ready to admit the high ethical level of the Christian Gospel, while he holds Christians either blind to denials of those ethics, or actively engaged in flouting them. And he stands aloof from Christianity until it meets the ancient test, 'Physician, heal thyself!'

Mohammed Ali, the leader of the nationalist Moslems of India, not long before he became a prisoner was talking with a bishop friend of mine.

'I have nothing against missionaries,' he said. 'I have nothing against Christian preaching. It is only the "Amen" to which I object!'

Naturally the bishop asked what he meant by the 'Amen.'

'Why,' explained Mohammed Ali, 'I mean the gunboat that points its cannon ashore while the missionary is preaching, and at the end says, "Boom — Amen!"'

The last century has contained instance after instance, in the Far East, in the Near East, in Africa, and in the islands of the sea, in which the preaching of the Gospel has seemed to the natives only preliminary to political or economic outrage. Sometimes the two have gone hand in hand. Not soon will educated Chinese forget that the charter under which the Christian missionary operates in his land was a part of that same Treaty of Nanking that legalized the importation of opium. So it is that these peoples wonder in bewilderment why the bodies that proclaim their devotion to the setting-up of the rule of God can be content with the individual type of missions, while sins that give the very Christian concept of God the lie grow luxuriant.

The sins that Christianity must face to-day are not only the sins of Greece and Rome. The old sins are still with us, but there are sins, international sins, so pervasive that they cannot be dealt with on any limited, individual scale. So long as these sins survive, any talk of success for Christian missions is clear futility. What are they?

There is political injustice. It is a sad story, this tale of the political relations of West and East. The deeper you go into it, the more sordid it becomes. And if any American thinks he has reason why he may stand erect in the presence of English or German or French or Russian publicans, and thank God he is not as other men, let him read again the conclusion to which Tyler Dennett comes after writing 707 pages of evidence on *Americans in Eastern Asia:* 'No nation has escaped the valid charge of bad faith. The guilt of all parties being clearly proven, it has seemed profitless to continue the discussion of guilt with a view to determining the relative degree of wickedness. Each nation, the United States not excepted, has made its contribution to the welter of evil which now comprises the Far Eastern Question.'

Two or three years ago an American official of the Young Men's Christian Association revisited his former field of service in Shanghai. A public reception testified to his popularity. The following morning the first premier of the Chinese Republic, American-educated but not a Christian, told that he

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had asked the guest of honor: 'How do you explain the fact that it remained for a "heathen" nation to refuse to sign the most immoral treaty in history?'

Then there is economic exploitation. The ruthless manner in which the ancient handicrafts of India were destroyed to favor the mill-owners of England is a matter of parliamentary record. And the tale of the developing industrial life of India, China, and Africa is being written in blood. Western business demands, and secures, all sorts of governmental exemptions and favors to ensure its profits when it goes abroad. And again and again, when there, it follows a policy of inhuman hours and starvation wages that is sowing the wind against the future.

It is probable that the West thinks of Sir John Bowring — when it thinks of him at all — as the man who wrote

> In the cross of Christ I glory
> Towering o'er the wrecks of time.

But the East remembers him as the indefatigable diplomat whose labors contributed so much to the legalization of the opium traffic in China.

Surely, he did what he did at the behest of his Government and probably in opposition to his own desires. And his Government moved at the behest of the opium merchants of India.

Even more devastating is racial prejudice. The man who thinks this issue just a stalking-horse for Oriental politicians is of all men most deceived. We may try to cover it with a 'white-man's-burden' sentimentalism or a Nordic-great-race pseudo-science, but the tinted races are determined to stand erect in our presence. If we plant a 'model settlement' in Shanghai, let us not think that we can make the exclusion from public parks of Chinese and animals not on leash a part of the model, without paying a penalty.

A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* shows how this affectation of racial superiority is storing up trouble in India. On the railways he found plenty of examples of the young Englishman 'suffering from swelled head,' who 'thinks swagger and bad language will enhance his importance in the eyes of the coolies he is dealing with.' 'These young foremen, just out from home, they'll ruin all,' a veteran testified. 'They think themselves God Almighty, and they think the natives are all coolies, though there are men all round 'em that could put 'em in a band-box and hush 'em to sleep there.'

Finally, there is the devotion to material standards of success. The non-Christian lands have not all been, nor always been, contemptuous of the material. Witness China. But they have been becoming profoundly suspicious of the materialism of the West, and the war has confirmed them in their suspicions. The distrust of Japan, where Western materialism has most conquered, by other countries of the Orient is of vital significance.

The 'New-Tide-of-Thought' movement proclaims this from the housetops in China. Gandhi personifies it in India. That leader of three hundred millions is reported to have declared: 'If I could say the word that would make India free to-morrow, and have her under the same sort of civilization that England has, I would keep silence.'

This is the sort of international sin that most grievously besets the future — political injustice, economic exploitation, racial discrimination, material standards of success. Christian missions, if they mean to make the world truly Christian, must deal with these.

To deal with these sins will require an entire change of missionary method. It will cost enormously, compared to the cost of the present type of missionary enterprise. If funds lack, it may

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be necessary to leave the work of preaching almost entirely to the native churches, which have already shown promises of power. That might not prove the catastrophe it at first glance appears. But the piercing requirements of the larger task to which the missions would then be committed would go far toward cleansing and reviving the inner life of the churches of the West.

For they would then take the best of this magnificent young life, which they now attempt to enlist for the old type of work, and send it out to the world's spots of need to locate, describe, and checkmate these international sins. Organizations would be established for study of world conditions that would far exceed in scope and rigor the foundations that have been established by private wealth. The sins of the nations would be detected and denounced while being committed, and the call to repentance would be made without regard to nationalistic fetishes.

It is impossible to think of Christians carrying this huge undertaking to success as hundreds of unrelated units. They might try; they could not succeed. Some method of surmounting denominational distinctions would have to be found. So the benefits of this new type of missions would not be confined to non-Christian lands.

Will the churches consider any such radical readjustment of their missionary programmes, giving as much attention to checkmating international sins fostered by supposedly Christian lands as to seeking converts in other hemispheres? Not without a struggle. If a canvass of Church leaders could be taken this year, I do not doubt that they would almost unanimously vote against any such suggestion. But events may force the change.

The young Christians, who must man the missionary army, are not content with the old programme. The inside story of the way in which important elements in the last International Student Volunteer Convention showed their impatience with the 'old reliable' leadership is not yet told.

The Christians of these other lands are not content. 'What chance is there to win Tientsin to Christ,' asked a Chinese pastor, 'while troops from a Christian nation remain in possession of a part of the city illegally seized?'

Thinking Christians are not content. Sherwood Eddy used to spend his time preaching individual conversion to individual sinners. He did it in every land, and he was called a leader among Christian missionaries. Now he spends a large part of his time preaching international conversion to international sinners. And he does this because he actually has become a leader among Christian missionaries.

Unescapably the fact looms up that Christian missions will make this shift of objective, or they will just peter out. They are doing this in many countries now. Not Christianity — but Christian missions. Time was when Duff's schools in India, and the mission schools of Korea, Japan, and China were the controlling schools of those lands. It is not so now. Time was when the mission doctors were the unchallenged leaders in the medical profession. Not now. Time was when the commanding Christian preacher was the missionary evangelist. Not now. Christian missions, the method by which Western Christians contribute to the world's salvation, will pass; we watch the process.

This readjustment to a new campaign is not a minor matter. For either the churches of the West will make the readjustment, and find themselves once more engaged upon an enterprise of vigor and significance, or their bid for a place among the world's moulding forces will end in a formal sterility.

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HIS MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION

BY E. T. RAYMOND

I

THE British Labor Party has now had a full six months' experience as His Majesty's Opposition. The time is too short to reveal the full strength, or betray the full weakness, of what is now the second party in the State. The first session of a new Parliament rarely tests the character of a man or a group. Apart from the lassitude which naturally succeeds the fever of a general election, there is neither motive nor opportunity for effort on a large scale. Everybody is content with measuring swords and exchanging a few experimental passes. In Opposition speeches, of course, the Government figures as the worst and weakest of modern times; its authority is challenged; the manner in which it came into existence is impugned; and it is told that what was born in corruption must expire in shame. But in practice nobody desires or works for its downfall, and everybody is ready to give it full opportunities of carrying on. A wise government, on its own side, never attempts a large or challenging programme until it has settled down; and thus an air of unreality surrounds the first proceedings of a newly elected Parliament.

The late session has been no exception to the rule, and the test through which the Labor Party has passed cannot be said to justify any final conclusions. Enough, however, has been seen to form a general idea both of the possibilities and of the limitations of the new Opposition. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the Labor leader, recently boasted that his followers, by their Parliamentary conduct, have shown themselves 'at least as fit to govern as men of any other party or class.' That is a claim which even relatively friendly critics would hesitate to concede; and many would add that, since government is a much wider thing than Parliamentary management, nothing has happened, or could happen, during the past six months to disprove Mr. Churchill's famous dictum that Labor is unfit to rule.

But whether or not his party is *capax imperii*, it is generally admitted that Mr. Macdonald himself is eminently qualified for all the duties which ordinarily fall to a leader of the Opposition. Many years have elapsed since there was so able, vigilant, resourceful, and pertinacious a critic of the Government on the Front Opposition bench. Mr. Asquith was more indolent, and lacked fire. Sir Donald Maclean, with equal industry, had neither the flair nor the intellectual power of Mr. Macdonald. And it must be somewhat humiliating to Mr. Lloyd George to find that, in the very department in which he might have been thought incomparable, he has so far failed to impress the House as the equal of the Labor leader. His sword, as he said last autumn, is now in his

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hand, and he intimated that he would 'mak' it whustle'; but in fact the weapon seems a little tinny and the gladiator a little tired.

II

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's success has indeed surprised even his friends. Everybody knew that he was a most adroit Parliamentary chess-player. It was generally recognized, long before the war, that among the three or four men with the special gifts appropriate to a Parliamentary leader, he ranked certainly further from the bottom than the top of the list; and when, at the beginning of the session, the Labor Party passed over the claims of Mr. J. R. Clynes, there were few who did not acknowledge that its choice showed excellent judgment, always assuming that Parliamentary dexterity was the chief need.

But though Mr. Macdonald has achieved the kind of success which might have been anticipated, its degree is none the less astonishing. Under him the Labor Party has attained a momentum, a cohesion, and a dignity to which it could not pretend when led by one or another of the solid and stolid trade-union delegates who held command in the Parliament of 1918–1922. And this despite the fact that wild men have abounded as never before on the Labor benches.

Mr. Macdonald's following includes politicians of a type hitherto strange to Westminster. They have little in common with other portents of the past, like the late Keir Hardie, a thoughtful and kindly man behind his studied violence. They are not, like him, merely desirous of getting rid of certain social injustices. They aim at getting rid of society itself as at present constituted. They come to the House of Commons, as they announced on the first day of the session, resolved 'to end all this.' They have no sort of faith in Parliamentary government, no shred of respect for the House, no belief in the possibility of adapting it to what they conceive to be the needs of modern democracy, no wish but to smash it.

These levelers from the Clyde have made a system of obstruction, and have used insult as a weapon. On them Mr. Macdonald's authority sits lightly, and some of them do not even acknowledge a nominal allegiance; yet the discredit attaching to their presence necessarily casts, in the eyes of a public which fails in nice discrimination, a stigma on the Party as a whole. But though he cannot prevent scenes which he deplores, Mr. Macdonald, with quiet skill, minimizes them; and it is a testimony to his adroitness that the Labor Party has distinctly gained in reputation. In the last Parliament, though it was seldom noisy, it was deemed thoroughly irresponsible. In the present Parliament, though violence has indeed been frequent, it has acquired, on the whole, a reputation for playing the Parliamentary game both skillfully and in accordance with all the rules. Mr. Macdonald recently described himself, quite justly, as 'one of the decorous sort of people.'

Both physically and intellectually he is well qualified for the task set him. A tall handsome man, one of those rare persons who can wear rather long hair without looking affected and a sweeping moustache without looking effeminate, he has the pleasantest of voices, the most plausible of manners, and the gift (which was also Mr. Asquith's) of imparting to a dubious case the air of complete respectability. He has studied much; he possesses a tidy

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habit of mind; and, without much power of original thought, — or, for that matter, of striking expression, — he is a capital debater, with a specially quick eye to the weakness of an adversary's case, and a disconcerting way of using the *tu-quoque* argument to those who accuse Labor of immoral, selfish, or revolutionary aims.

Perhaps wisely, he is mostly negative, and exposes the smallest area to criticism. If possible, he does not so much dwell on the virtues of the socialistic remedy as on the fellness of the capitalistic disease. He has never defended Bolshevism. But he has given Bolshevism all the advantages of a defense by attacking its attackers. If accused of wanting to wreck society by a capital levy, he would deny, of course, that society would be wrecked; but his main reply would be that, under an orthodox Chancellor of the Exchequer, a capital levy is already in operation, but that it attacks the wrong sort of capitalist. And when told that Labor is unfit to govern, he would ask, with mild venom, 'What, then, is the standard of fitness? Was it reached by a Government which threw away a hundred million sterling in buying discomfiture in Russia; which left the Turk in a position to be troublesome five years after his supposed defeat; which has achieved no settlement with Germany, and has squandered in pure absence of mind millions on millions which no auditor can even trace?'

The sense of tactics is Mr. Macdonald's great gift as a Parliamentarian. Few men are more adroit in framing formulæ or constructing dilemmas. He is probably second in sheer intellect to his fellow intellectual, Mr. Philip Snowden. He is certainly Mr. Snowden's inferior in passion and strength of conviction. But while Mr. Snowden is mainly the man of ideas, Mr. Macdonald is, above all, the practical politician. Except in the single matter of 'Pacifism,' he has contributed little or nothing to the doctrinal stock-in-trade of the Party. He has always called himself a Socialist, and he talks the commonplaces of Socialism; but it is extremely doubtful whether he has ever conjured up in his mind the vision of a socialized world, more definite in its practical details than the dreams of Bellamy and his like.

It is enough for him that the Sidney Webbs, who can be of little use elsewhere, are thinking out in the study schemes of Collectivist regimentation. His business is quite distinct. It is to get and keep together an actual Socialist Party; when that party reaches power, it will be quite time enough to take down from the pigeonholes all the schemes for the state endowment of motherhood and the minimum wage for all citizens. These things are not to be despised, for they sound well in manifestoes. But they are and can be nothing until there is an organization to give them effect.

The whole of Mr. Macdonald's career has been spent in nursing this project of a powerful and self-sufficient Labor organization; and the skill and tenacity with which he has pursued his object are remarkable. Even during the war, though separated in view from the majority of the Party, even during the first post-war period, though he could not obtain a seat in Parliament, he never lost grip of the controlling wires.

III

How does it happen that this Scottish ex-school-teacher, polite, well-mannered, literary, middle-class, received in all kinds of intellectual circles, a bosom friend of Mr. Lloyd George in

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the old Budget days, and still so much esteemed that in the fiercest controversies the late Prime Minister would not tolerate a word in his disfavor, leads a party representing four and a half million electors belonging chiefly to the ranks of the manual workers?

An answer to this question is necessary to a full understanding of the Labor position. The Labor Party is like one of the anomalous animals of mythology. Its brains are Socialist, its body is trade-unionist, its tail is Bolshevist. Though the details of this strange organization are perplexing, and incapable of being covered by any concise formula, it is easy to understand how a socialistic character has been given to a body representing great numbers of men who never heard of Karl Marx or Robert Owen.

When the trade-unions, discovering their power, decided to put forward candidates of their own, it was soon discovered that a party, to be effective, must be something more than the sum of its members. The necessity was seen of those arts which alone can convert a mob of unrelated atoms into a working, fighting organization.

To supply the need, the so-called Independent Labor Party rose into being. Its name is as little descriptive as that of the Holy Roman Empire. It is not independent, for its whole character is parasitic, though it is the kind of parasite that controls what it subsists on. It is only nominally Labor, for most of its moving spirits are middle-class intellectuals or workingmen who have long abandoned their trades. It is not, in the ordinary sense, a party, for it has neither the funds nor the organization to run any great number of candidates at its own expense. But, as a factory of ideas and a centre of intrigue, it succeeded, by its appeal to the 'viewy' and ambitious young men of the trade-union world, in imposing its policy and its plan of campaign on the great craft organizations. Thus the vast funds and the far-reaching influence of the trade-unions were at the service of a knot of politicians who, of themselves, could not have won a single election. And thus it was that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, whose hands have always been as white as a duchess's, was for years the most powerful Labor politician.

Except for the war interval, he has mainly directed the policy of the Party, though not its nominal chief. It was due to him more than to anybody that from 1906 to 1914 a close working alliance was maintained with Liberalism. If he now falls in with the general Labor view against future coöperation with either of the older parties, it is because he believes that Liberalism is dying, and that Labor is the natural heir to its assets. He has already appropriated most of its ideas in foreign policy, and his brain works most naturally on 'advanced' Liberal lines in regard to home affairs. He is a free trader. He is a convinced and almost faddish constitutionalist. He feels all Mr. Lloyd George's affection for rich men of a particular type. The late George Cadbury, the chocolate magnate, he recently eulogized as 'the pious knight of his time.'

The tribute is significant. To Mr. Chesterton the 'factory in a garden' at Bournville was simply a well and humanely managed slave estate. To Mr. Belloc such an experiment in enlightened capitalism was merely a reversion to the villa of the decaying Roman world. But to Mr. Macdonald Bournville is simply an advance model of the industrial unit of a socialized state. To produce a number of Bournvilles out of nothing, or rather out of the wreckage of all private industry, would be a gigantic business. But it

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might not be so difficult to strike a bargain with large capitalists on the lines, 'Security for the worker against hunger and homelessness, security to capital against slackness and strikes.'

That, apparently, is the meaning of the new friendliness of the Labor Party, or rather of its chief spokesmen, to what may be called working as contrasted with inert capital. Mr. Snowden is careful to explain that expropriation is no dogma of Socialism. During the Snowden debate, Sir Alfred Mond was told that the socialistic state would be glad to secure his abilities at a salary of ten thousand pounds a year. Mr. Macdonald affects to believe that the better sort of capitalist will be won over to the Labor Party when he fully understands its policy.

It is true that policy is by no means easy to understand. All members of the Party, according to Mr. Snowden, are agreed that the basis of society must be changed, and that private ownership and control of productive industry must give way to public ownership and control. Mr. Macdonald has given this view his benediction. Peasant agriculture and peasant industries, he says, could still be practised under a socialistic régime, but 'trade must be organized like a fleet or an education system.' On the other hand we have Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb declaring, not only that all private property must be abolished, but that all citizens under the socialistic state must be equally remunerated. 'We suggest,' they say, 'that the community must deliberately accept equality.'

This haziness is at once an asset and a handicap to the Labor Party. It enables it to throw its net very widely, so that it catches at once the most idealistic and the most realistic people in the kingdom. But it sets against Labor all that vast mass of opinion, by no means confined to the middle and upper classes, which is simply concerned to have a rational Government, which knows its own mind and whose course of action can be predicated.

It is not a question of mere timid shrinking from heroic measures. The unheroic measures are too uncomfortable for any such squeamishness to be general. The average income-tax-payer is in the position of a bullock being slowly absorbed by a boa-constrictor. No being in that predicament is likely to be shocked by the prospect of somebody else losing a leg or an arm by the sudden bite of a tiger, and if he could be assured that such sacrifice would give him freedom and life he would soon develop a vivid interest in the tiger party. But in the absence of conviction on that point, he must remain apathetic; and the trouble with the Labor Party is that it carries no conviction of relief to those who are suffering from bad trade, unemployment, or overtaxation.

Take, for example, the capital levy. Nine people out of ten would vote Labor, merely because it stood for a capital levy, if they had any confidence in the general goodness of Labor faith and the general soundness of Labor economics. For, while it is only a very select minority which would be directly affected by the capital levy, there is an enormous number of people in good social position who groan under an excessive income-tax. A capital levy of a most oppressive kind is, indeed, in actual operation, and has been for six or seven years past. Men who in normal times would be saving a fourth part of a fairly large income for the support of their declining years are now forced to pay their whole surplus to the Exchequer. If they reposed any sort of faith in the

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economics of Snowden and Webb, and the honesty of Labor administration, they would certainly not be frightened by the finest bogey investment-holders could devise.

But no case has ever been made out for the capital levy, and the economics of the Labor Party are otherwise so manifestly absurd that no sensible person will take chances. The callous lack of sympathy which the Labor Party invariably shows where the middle-class income-taxpayer is concerned should alone be sufficient to defeat Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's hope of any large accession of strength from the black-coated wage-earner.

IV

It is true that such material considerations might not be final if the Labor Party possessed, even with its dubious programme, a man capable of appealing to the imagination of the country.

After all, it stands for an ideal, and ideals are scarce in the post-bellum England. Liberalism has, temporarily at least, lost its soul. Conservatism has only one animating motive which is not connected with class interest, and Imperialism makes little appeal to-day to a people more conscious of the cost of its commitments than of the glory of its position in the world. Labor alone, with all its shortcomings, and the dubious character of its motives, has a message to which, if adequately stated, the mind and heart of the country could respond.

But it is precisely in the realm of imagination that Labor fails. I have dwelt on the mental equipment of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald because he appears to me to represent at once the strength and the weakness of the Labor Party. Its strength is exactly that which might be least expected. It excels in intellectual vitality, in power of organization, in capacity for management and intrigue. Considering the necessarily anomalous character of the Labor machine, considering the unruly and heterogeneous mob of units brought together under men who are really almost usurpers, it is a marvel of contrivance. Practical statesmanship of a high order is essential to the mere preservation of unity and balance; and the habit of working miracles daily and almost hourly has given the Labor managers an uncanny tact and dexterity.

Thought, moreover, is forced on every man who would keep his place in the Labor world. He may and does often think in a most confused fashion, but think somehow he must. He cannot, like members of the other parties, settle down comfortably with a small selection of prejudices, to be defended with a smaller selection of platitudes. There is, Heaven knows, plenty of platitude in Labor speeches, but it is never pure platitude. There is always a due seasoning of fact and practical experience. The Labor man may be weak in logic, but he is pretty sure to be strong on figures. He may fail in the arrangement of a syllogism, but he can quote a bluebook. The theory of rent may be unknown to him, but he cannot be hoodwinked as to the practice of landlords. He may not know much about the law of diminishing returns, but he is fully cognizant of the means by which real profits increase while nominal dividends seem to grow smaller. He who sets out to argue against the Labor Party without very definite knowledge of what he is talking about will be wise to confine himself to generalities. In no conflict is a slip in detail more likely to give an opening for telling riposte.

The one thing in which the Labor Party is deficient is exactly that in

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which it might be imagined to abound. It has no inspired, persuasive, juicy demagogy. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is a fine Parliamentarian and an able schemer. He is not, in the broader sense, a great party leader. That cool temper of the duelist and intriguer which makes him a master of House of Commons attack and defense, which gives him his eye for tactic, and enables him to pull wires with consummate skill, withholds from him the kind of power which sets on fire a popular audience.

It is the same elsewhere. The ultra-democrats have no super-demagogues. Mr. J. R. Clynes is an admirable debater, lucid and cogent, with a terrier-like talent — in strict congruity with his whole terrier-like personality — of seizing a point like a bone, getting all the meat off it, and leaving it speedily clean, wagging his tail meanwhile with meek and disarming geniality. But he has no kind of fire as a platform speaker. Mr. J. H. Thomas performs miracles of diplomacy in his capacity as General Secretary of the National Union of Railway Workers, who present him on an average with three Lausannes a year; he can argue well any concrete case; and he possesses the amazing fluency of Wales; but though he has the spate, he has not the glory of words. Mr. Arthur Henderson soothes with the respectable eloquence of the chapel. Mr. Snowden, with a fine gift of expression, is not a popular speaker; there is about him a bitterness, a bleak hostility, a thin acidity that has no winning efficacy; for the rest, Dean Inge is not more an intellectual.

In short the whole Party contains nobody who could by the furthest licence of language be called an orator. Possibly the extreme respectability of the Labor leaders checks rhetorical expansion. But it is curious that wealthy and aristocratic recruits equally lack the true Promethean fire. Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Trevelyan have high soporific qualities, and Mr. Patrick Hastings, K.C., whose eloquence earns twenty or thirty thousand a year in the Law Courts, is a stick on the platform and a dinner-bell in the House of Commons.

This is a serious matter for Labor, which must proselytize on a large scale if it is ever to be in a position to govern as an independent entity — and its present resolution is against any kind of coalition. Labor is by no means in the assured electoral position which its attainment of the position of official Opposition might suggest. It owes something over 140 seats to the casting of some four million votes. The two Liberal factions, polling practically the same number, obtained only 120 seats; while the Conservatives, favored by three-cornered contests, secured 350 seats for five million and a quarter votes. Thus, out of something over thirteen million votes, only four millions were given for Labor candidates. The true facts are rather more unfavorable than would appear from this crude statement, since there were a very great number of uncontested Conservative constituencies, and many Liberals voted for Labor in divisions which were left uncontested by Asquithians and the Lloyd George party. But the mere figures as they stand suffice to show how unreal, on the present facts, are the apprehensions of a sweeping victory for Labor as the result of any ordinary 'swing of the pendulum' against Conservatism.

Labor, with considerably less than a third of the electorate on its side, has a task much more formidable than is generally assumed, and has need of all the tact and enthusiasm it can command. But its tact is not enthu-

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siastic, and its enthusiasm is not tactful. It has no plain and potent cry to win people. Only a very special temperament can thrill over the constructive formulæ of Socialism. The average man's heart beats no faster when he is told that Labor stands for the socialization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Mr. Sidney Webb's gospel lacks simplicity and overabounds in statistics; and the temperature of his new Collectivist Heaven is hardly higher than that of the old Scandinavian Hell.

But while it takes a connoisseur to appreciate the constructive glories of Socialism, people of quite ordinary tastes and perceptions are easily disturbed by its destructive ideals. These ideals, expounded from very low stumps by very small stump-orators, give the Party a great deal of its motive power; but they also frighten the very classes that the leaders wish to attract. Men like Mr. Macdonald see quite clearly that Labor can reach power only by gaining that lower-middle-class opinion which was the chief popular support of Liberalism. But while they speak fair, the street orator breathes fire against the bourgeois, and, unhappily, he is at once more precise and more interesting than his betters. What proceeds from the Labor head makes people yawn; but everybody marks the vicious movements of the Labor tail, and infers a basilisk disposition in the whole animal.

V

Were the times normal, there would be little chance, with the present policy of the Labor Party, for the success of Mr. Macdonald's effort to bring into it 'men and women of all classes — the finest men and the finest women in the whole country.' It must, however, be allowed that the present situation contains elements which, with dexterous exploitation, might conceivably yield Labor a majority.

The plight of Liberalism is its great opportunity. Not only is Liberalism paralyzed by a disputed succession: even more serious is the fact that it has no very obvious cause. Of the reforms which were its pre-war stock-in-trade some are accomplished and others are manifestly incapable of accomplishment in the present financial conditions. The franchise can be extended no further. The plural vote is gone. Ireland is self-governing. On the other hand, the 'free breakfast table' is a clear impossibility. The old Liberal ideas are obsolete, and there seems to be no new Liberal idea.

There may arise a chief and a creed to regenerate Liberalism, but undoubtedly some danger exists that it may gently disintegrate, the moderates going to reinforce Conservatism, and the more fiery spirits seeking a spiritual home with Labor. When Captain Guest, the Liberal Whip who helped to engineer the 'coupon' (election of 1918), takes the view that Liberalism is now only 'an attitude of mind' and 'a political expression,' we have at least to give this painless and insensible dissolution of Liberalism a place among political possibilities. In any case Liberalism is for some years likely to be depressed and helpless, and Labor stands to be the gainer by that fact.

There remain to be considered the conservative elements in society, which are much wider than the actual Conservative Party. These are naturally strong enough to defeat any party pledged to a programme of innovation which makes appeal to no strong passion and rouses no splendid expectation. The average British

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workman, no less than the average middle-class man, tends strongly to the status quo. He is of the opinion of the old lady who refused to be comforted by the curate's glowing description of the joys of the hereafter. 'It may be as you say, sir,' she replied, 'but what I 've always said is, Old England for me.' Old England, with some reasonable improvements, is good enough for the majority of Englishmen. It is really very difficult to persuade an Englishman that he belongs to the International Proletariat. He will say so, many times and most glibly, but he does not believe it; and the foreignness which flavors most Socialist propaganda is to a large extent its own antidote.

Much depends on the Conservative Party. If it can make up its mind to sacrifice, on the principle, if not in the form, of the capital levy; if it can free the taxpayer who produces from a considerable part of his obligation to the tax-eater, who merely consumes; if it can make a clean sweep of many ancient anomalies and injustices which even the most conservatively minded resent (for example, while the owner of small property is robbed by rent-restriction acts, the great ground landlords are making exorbitant sums out of the renewal of old leases); if it can, in a word, prove itself a truly national government, Labor will never rule until it has shed much and clarified more in its policy.

But it is difficult to be enthusiastic for the mere status quo in an impoverished and tax-ridden country which can yet afford 'record Ascots' and 'seasons of unparalleled brilliance.' The average citizen has fallen on a fatalistic apathy. There is no interest in politics. There is no hope in politics. It is assumed that the reign of mess and muddle, extravagant expenditure and high taxation, merely to keep going, is of the fixed and unchangeable order of things.

There was a moment of relief when Mr. Lloyd George left, a sense of thankfulness that at least we were rid of the 'first-class brains.' But the second-class brains afford no positive joy. Mr. Baldwin's Government so far is just what Mr. Bonar Law's was. It is not unpopular. It is not popular. It rouses no emotion of any kind.

It is in this apathy that the hope of Labor resides. It, at least, has ideas. It, at least, has hopes. It, at least, is warmly interested in politics. It, at least, thinks, if confusedly, and cares, if only to wreck things. Outside there is no interest, thought, or hope, only a dull acquiescence in the assurances of governing persons that their whips will be outclassed by the Labor scorpions, and that the loins of Mr. Baldwin at the Exchequer are thinner than would be the little finger of Mr. Sidney Webb.

There is, in short, no likelihood that England will consciously and of choice 'go Labor,' however sweetly Mr. Macdonald may woo and however convincingly Mr. Robert Smillie may promise to be quite good and constitutional. But there is just a possibility that a few years of dull, uninspired, muddling, and wasteful government, of enormous taxation, of unchecked profiteering, and uncurbed extravagance, with the hordes of pensioners, investors, and idlers generally preying on the industrious classes, may so destroy the vitality of the older parties that Labor will win, as Ivanhoe did in his last fight against the Templar, by virtue simply of being alive.

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A NEW SOUTH — THE NEGRO MIGRATION

BY E. T. H. SHAFFER

I

MEN, like birds, seem subject to sudden mass movements from one place to another. From the dawn of history tales have come down to us of these shiftings among the tribes of the earth. Abraham, with his people, left the land of the Chaldees and pitched his tents in Canaan; the Children of Israel turned their backs upon the land of bondage; and from the mysterious highlands of Central Asia came wave after wave, sweeping over continents, changing history in their course, and breaking at last on the distant shores of the Atlantic.

The exact causes of bird migrations remain obscure to science, although seasonal and climatic changes are undoubtedly involved. But, knowing as we do far more of the minds of men than we know of the ways of birds, one can nearly always, upon investigation and study, determine exactly the underlying causes of strange tides that ebb and flow through the sea of human affairs. History itself may be regarded as but a record of the causes and effects of the long series of these man migrations. So long as the different tribes remain stationary and contented, each in its accustomed place, the years that pass, while peaceful, are not long remembered. But when men are driven forth by diverse causes, economic, religious, racial, or again at the call of ambition or for mere adventure's sake, then are set in motion forces that mean the rise and fall of nations and the lasting exile of peoples to alien lands.

Considering the importance and the far-reaching effects of these moments of human unrest, it is interesting to inquire into the motives, and also to speculate upon the consequences, of such a racial wave as we see gathering force in our own country and generation.

The intricate social and political problems occasioned by the presence of two dissimilar races in the United States have heretofore been deemed purely sectional matters. By anyone at all familiar with the history of the country for the past two centuries it was easily understood why the Negro race was found almost entirely within the Southern states, and it was assumed that it would probably always remain there. Now suddenly the race, moved by some widespread impulse, begins of its own volition a migration northward which may alter the entire aspect of the racial question in America, and possibly swell into one of those mighty floods which, like the flight of Tatar tribes, changes history.

The matter has but recently begun to occupy the attention of the press, and one learns with surprise that the movement, first noted about two years ago, has already shifted nearly half a million of our colored citizens to the states of the North and West. In less than twelve months forty thousand

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colored farm-laborers have left Georgia. From replies to a recent inquiry sent out by the Agricultural College of South Carolina it appears that during the period of six months ending May 1, 1923, forty-one counties in that state sent North fifty thousand Negroes, chiefly adult laborers. It is difficult to take in the full significance of these figures when applied to sparsely settled districts. One county, for instance, reports the loss of 3600 Negroes, or just 22 per cent of its entire population, white and black. It further reports the abandonment of 2520 farms during the present season, showing that in the Cotton Belt the Negro exodus and the agricultural crisis go hand in hand. Another Carolina county, celebrated in the old days as standing second in the United States in point of cotton production, claims to have lost 3500 Negroes since the planting of the present crop.

It has been the cause of some editorial comment in Northern papers that, in spite of the approach of the harvest season, so little concern is manifest in the South over the diminution of her labor supply, the chief note sounded by Southern papers being one of warning to the Negroes that conditions in the North may prove less attractive than they have been led to believe. Quite wide publicity is also given to any rumors of race-friction north of the Potomac, or of instances where the newcomers have failed to find employment.

While such comment may not be entirely disinterested when coming from quarters that fear acute labor-shortage as an immediate result, the most generally expressed opinion is that of the governor of one of those Southern states most vitally concerned. In a statement given out to the papers he declares the matter one that concerns only the Negro, and one that he must decide for himself. If his condition will be bettered by leaving, then no argument can be adduced which will cause him to remain, and the Southern white man must do the best he can without him.

If the South is calm over the potential loss of her labor supply, it is largely because she realizes that the exodus is but an effect and not the cause of her agricultural troubles.

An analysis of the situation would reveal, I believe, that while the Negro was a necessary factor in that older civilization of the South which reached its culmination in the eighteen-sixties, and for a full generation afterward cast a glow over Southern life, it is realized now that, owing to economic and agricultural change, the section is definitely entering upon a new phase in which the Negro, as the South visualizes him, can play almost no part.

The industrial portions of the South, which just now claim a considerable place in the public eye, are apart from any consideration of the question. Here the Negro population has always been small, has never taken any part in industry; and so, to these busy sections, it is a matter of indifference whether this minor, nonessential group goes or stays. Nearly all the exodus, however, is from the purely agricultural districts of the flat, coastal plains which have always teemed with an overwhelming mass of Negro labor. So long as Cotton was king and needed vast armies of untrained, unskilled privates to maintain his rule in the fields, this labor formed a vital link in the economic life of such communities. Now, with the cotton-growing industry prostrate, one matter of grave concern has been the presence of the helpless mass of unneeded tenants, serf-like laborers, and small landowners, who with their families crowded into towns and villages from abandoned farms.

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If this mass will of its own accord transfer itself to other sections, then, many feel, one pressing phase of the boll-weevil problem will have been well solved.

Back in 1920, when it became patent to all that the boll weevil was soon to overspread the entire Cotton Belt and cause a reduction in the output of American cotton, a working solution of the South's coming crisis seemed simpler than it does to-day. Then the world demand for cotton was small, the carry-over large — apparently more than sufficient for years to come. On the other hand, the demand for foodstuffs was enormous and seemed bound to continue, with starving nations calling to us for bread. Our government issued its appeal to the farmers of the country to raise more food in order to avert world famine. Under these conditions the South eagerly subscribed to the apparently obvious doctrine that her future prosperity lay in relegating cotton to a minor position and making grain, hogs, cattle, and truck her chief money-crops.

Inspired by such examples of quick success, the entire Cotton Belt was ready to follow this lead as a sure road to avoid financial stagnation. Everywhere bankers, supply-merchants, and public officials preached to the farmer diversification. The farmer who refused to hearken to the new gospel obtained money or credit with difficulty; the farmer who sought assistance in the purchase of pure-bred stock, grain seed, and modern machinery obtained it. So, having listened to his advisers, the Southern farmer produced food-crops as never before in his career.

Then came the era of quick deflation. From one season to the next the price to the grower for peanuts, for example, fell from $240 to $40 the ton; corn rapidly fell from a dollar and a half to fifty cents and under; many perishables, costly to cultivate, would not bring freight charges to consuming markets; and hogs and cattle dropped to less than it cost the small farmer to raise them. Having seen the vision of her salvation as a great grain- and meat-producing section, the South awoke to the grim truth that, save in abnormal times, other sections can produce and transport into her midst many of these commodities more cheaply than she can make them at home. Sandy lands, divided up into small patches, requiring the annual stimulation of high-priced fertilizer and tilled by inefficient Cuffy and his mule, cannot compete, year in and year out, with limitless prairie acres, gang-ploughs, and tractors.

Just at this juncture, further to complicate the situation, the price of cotton began to climb to double, treble any remembered pre-war levels, so that the average farmer figured for himself that at such prices a half or a quarter of his old yield of cotton would better fill the hungry little mouths in the cabin and clothe the patient wife who labored beside him in the field from dawn to dark, than would new strange crops, which had frequently failed to repay the actual cost of seed, and whose culture had only sucked him deeper into the bog of debt. The Negro tenants and farmers, feeling themselves deceived by man and abandoned by God, gave up the struggle and crowded into near-by towns, where business was bankrupt and where ten men stood waiting for every job.

By the fall of 1922 many of the bankers and supply-merchants who had preached most loudly, 'Diversify,' seeing their farm-paper mount constantly higher and higher, changed their advice and frantically cried to the farmer that now the only hope lay in planting once more a bumper cotton-crop and in trusting to luck that an

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abnormally dry season might hold the boll weevil in check. Faced by a condition, and having tried out a theory, and apparently guessed wrong the first time, they now deemed a gambler's chance to be sound business policy.

These men, it must be recalled, had lived well and prospered under the old one-crop system, even though it had held three fourths of the agricultural population in economic serfdom. Only so long as the change seemed necessary for their own financial safety did they, as a class, hearken readily to the altruistic arguments of those who sought to better average conditions through a better-balanced system of farming.

Fifty years ago Henry W. Grady, with prophetic understanding, pointed out to his people the way up from things that hindered their civilization. 'When every farmer in the South shall eat bread from his own fields and meat from his own pasture, and, disturbed by no creditor and enslaved by no debt, shall sit amid his teeming gardens and orchards and vineyards and dairies and barnyards, pitching his crops in his own wisdom and growing them in independence, making cotton his clean surplus and selling it in his own time and in his chosen market and not at a master's bidding, — getting his pay in cash and not in a receipted mortgage that discharges his debt but does not restore his freedom, — then shall be the breaking of the fullness of our day.' But not until fifty years after, when boll weevil and trade stagnation combined to render the raising of more cotton precarious to her commercial classes, did the South freely pass these words on to her farmers as a watchword and a slogan.

At present the South is split into two camps — torn between the permanent benefits of diversified farming on the one hand and the lure of high-priced cotton on the other. In the one camp we find the chauvinists, — land-barons, town farmers, bankers, factors, supply-merchants, cotton exporters, — all with eyes glued to a past that favored their own oligarchical rule; they seek vainly after every new nostrum to wipe out the weevil and restore old conditions. Their cry is that, unless she can devise some method of producing more cotton, the South will lose her place of world supremacy, and the industry will be developed in the vast semitropical possessions of France and England. The other or modernist camp includes many of the more open-minded and progressive white farmers, the graduates and teachers of the agricultural colleges, the workers of the various extension services, as well as able editors and journalists in every state. 'Far better,' say these, 'that our mills import a portion of their cotton from other lands than that our farmers continue to import their meat, their hay, their vegetables, and even their cheese, butter, and milk. Restore again credit and prosperity, but build this time on the sound and lasting basis of well-balanced, self-supporting farms.'

In that older South the Negro found an ideal home and congenial occupation. Cotton brought him to America; and so long as the large cotton-plantation existed, he was content to jog along in a shiftless, servile status but a step removed from actual bondage. But there is no place for such a class either in the new scientific warfare required to grow cotton under boll-weevil conditions or in the intensive struggle which it takes to bring to success a modern diversified farm.

This in outline is the agricultural upheaval in the South to-day, which is casting forth tens of thousands of Negroes to distant corners of the nation. Coexistent with these conditions comes the shortage of unskilled labor in the North and West, brought about by

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restrictions upon European immigration and, at the same time, a revival of industrial activity.

II

Besides the foregoing, which I might term a combination of agricultural and economic causes, I shall now mention as contributing factors certain less obvious things. There exists a universal belief among Negroes that their race can enjoy greater liberty in certain phases of existence in Northern states, and that there it is less subject to danger from the dreaded Ku Klux and other forms of mob violence. The Southerner will tell you, and he believes it, that the Negro looks upon his white neighbor in the South as his best friend. But the mind of Africa is of the East — inscrutable. The blue-clad soldiers who once came, bringing freedom, and then marched back to the Promised Land are fresh in the memory of a silent people. When out of the North came the call of higher wages and of better living-conditions, the younger men answered, for they remembered tales told long ago.

Again, for the past thirty years there has been a constant increase in the number of schools for colored children — all crowded to capacity. The effect of this wide spread of elementary education is seen for the first time in this present generation. It is marked by more initiative, a quicker comprehension of changing conditions, and a greater willingness to embrace new opportunities. Likewise experiences gained during the World War have rendered many colored men, who are leaders in their communities, discontented with local conditions, and have also familiarized them with the ease of transportation from one part of the country to another.

Negroes, being an emotional folk, love to follow the crowd and are easily swayed by power of suggestion. At the most important times of planting or harvest, the fields for miles may be deserted on a certain day because the entire countryside has suddenly left to attend a funeral or a 'meeting.' When a colored man tells you, 'I got to go off,' the malady is at once recognized as fatal. No details are ever given, but the words are final, and one realizes that soon the speaker will vanish to parts unknown and that, for a time, the place that has known him will know him no more. No argument, no reasoning will prevail — the call has come. So it is that now the racial fancy has been caught with enthusiasm for 'goin' up No'th.'

Every factor that I have mentioned seems destined to be a more or less permanent one. Certainly bygone conditions will never return, and so it is fair to assume that the movement which we see is but a beginning. There may be temporary breaks and pauses, but the tide has set.

Inquiring into the possible effects upon the South of the migration, I can see no eventual injury. The Negro has never played any part in Southern industrialism; the old system of cotton-growing, where he seems to have been essential, will soon be as dead as indigo culture on the coasts of Carolina; in those new methods of scientific and intensive farming which constitute the one hope of the agricultural South he has shown neither willingness nor aptitude to assume a share. Should his exodus continue to the point where his numbers show a marked decrease, the result may be a beneficial influx of white immigration into the Southern states — something that has not occurred for a century.

However, those vast humid plains of the South Atlantic and Gulf states are destined to remain forever the home of

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the bulk of the African race in America. There, climate and the ease with which an existence may be wheedled out of Nature most nearly resemble conditions in his ancient land, and it is there that the race shows the greatest increase despite the constant trickle to other sections. In the North his numbers can be maintained only by accretions from the Black Belt. Recent statistics compiled by Dr. Walter F. Wilcox of Cornell University show an amazing preponderance of Negro deaths over births in the colder states. In New England the ratio is 135 deaths to 100 births, in New York City 16 deaths to six births, and in the state of Minnesota 65 deaths to one birth. While these may be rather extreme instances and may be also somewhat discounted by the large proportion of male immigrants, they are still sufficient to indicate that the mass of the Negro race will never concentrate very far north.

Yet, owing to the several causes into which we have inquired, it is equally evident that from now on there will be an ever greater leaven of color spread through the hitherto all-white states. One effect of closer acquaintance and a better knowledge of the differences and peculiarities of the newcomers may be to win for the South a keener sympathy in her efforts to adjust social and political tensions caused by her vast black populations. At the same time the presence of more Negro votes in the North will tend to render more remote any possibility of change in the status of those Negro citizens who remain in the South.

Those who take part in any voluntary race-movement are the able, the energetic, the more efficient. This fact is bound to have an effect upon that quasi-caste system that now maintains in the Southern states, upheld by local custom and the authority of individual state legislation. Everywhere one finds separate schools, churches, fraternal orders, hotels, railway waiting-rooms, street-car and railway accommodations. In politics, the white race alone votes, holds office, and does jury duty. By the constant weeding-out through emigration of the more enterprising and intelligent members of the Negro race, the only source from which leaders might in time have been developed, this caste system will continue, become more firmly rooted, and, in the end, be accepted by the nation at large as a thing accomplished.

As a matter of fact, the more completely such conditions obtain, the less friction does one observe in interracial relations. As an example of this, in the city of Charleston the population is about equally divided between the two races, and in that city all rules of caste and class are most rigidly enforced. Yet, in spite of the enormous Negro population, riots are unknown and the city is without a single case of lynching in all its long history. Nearly all reports of race troubles come from places where the rules of caste-living are not well defined. I do not suggest this caste system as the final solution of the racial problem in America. I mention it as the best working solution so far devised, not in theory where the Negro does not live, but in practice where he is found in the greatest numbers.

III

Many writers and politicians in the past who have dealt with race questions in America have drawn up in grim array the difficulties and obstacles presented by the situation, and then, being unable themselves to find any way out from the maze of conflicting rights and interests that their investigations have exposed, have pessimistically declared the whole matter to be one incapable of any solution whatso-

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ever. Such an attitude is too frequent with individual beings, who can see but a part and experience but a brief moment of that slow forward process by which humanity ascends. One becomes too prone to grow impatient with the exceeding slow grinding of the mills. But viewing in retrospect the vista of completed things down past centuries, it is easier to read into human events the writing of the Divine Wisdom, and to catch a vision of that onward sweep that some term Evolution and others know as God.

For some still unfathomable purpose a portion of the Negro race was transported from Africa, the stagnant land of yesterday, to America, the active land of to-morrow. Those human agents by whom this work was accomplished regarded their actions as destined to promote solely their own welfare and that of the sons who should follow them.

But reviewing now the two centuries that have dropped into the void of Time since the first slaves came, the lasting benefits seem entirely those which have come to the black man. The swamps along the tidal rivers of Georgia and the Carolinas, reclaimed by the toil and blood of Africa, have been gathered back into the lonely arms of the forest, mighty canals dug under urge of whip and lash are filled and overgrown with trees, the banks and levees of innumerable rice-fields are covered by each rising tide. Every vestige of the luxurious culture founded on slave labor has crept back into the twilight of forgotten things. The only benefit to be seen to-day from the fact that human slavery long flourished in many parts of the United States is the elevation of the former subject-race. Compare the American Negro's wealth, education, and moral status, not with the white man's, but with his own fifty, a hundred years ago — after all, but a moment in the life of a people. Already sufficient has been unfolded to convince the impartial observer that it is the Negro who is to garner from the harvest that was sown.

Local outbursts of race hatred, of ignorance, or of blind intolerance can never really hinder the steady march of great purposes; but the dawn of a clearer day may be hastened by a more general acceptance of the fact that principles of truth and justice are universal in their application.

Viewed strictly from a racial standpoint, a more general diffusion of the Negro race throughout the states of the Union is a movement, if continued, destined to bring appreciably nearer the ultimate solution of questions that at times have threatened to clog the wheels of our Great Experiment in democracy; viewed from another angle, one purely economic, it presents to my mind a more serious aspect. One may here consider it as but another instance of the inability of agricultural sections to retain labor permanently, through ups and downs, against the greater emoluments offered by other sections dominated by the intensive organization of modern industrialism.

In other countries, notably England, a similar difficulty is being encountered, and there, in the urge for mass production of machine-made things, farms are being denuded and rural life relegated to an inferior plane. The closer linking into one of the whole earth but increases the danger, by flooding industrial nations with cheap farm-products from distant lands having lower living-standards.

Such current tendencies cause some to question seriously the ability of agriculture as a calling to maintain its ancient station of dignity and worthiness — whether it can continue to offer an attractive field for ambition and to labor an adequate reward.

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INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION
ITS PROSPECTS AND LIMITATIONS

BY ALFRED E. ZIMMERN

I

THERE are numerous indications that American public opinion is once more devoting serious attention to the problem of the better organization of international relations. But if the discussion is to lead to the practical results which are hoped from it, if it is to rise above the atmosphere of thoughtless idealistic phrase-making and equally thoughtless cynicism that together contributed to the deadlock in which the problem has too long been involved, it must be based upon a clear analysis of the existing condition in the various fields of international organization, of the difficulties with which schemes of closer union are confronted, and of the directions in which advance can most usefully be attempted. It is the object of the following pages, if but in the briefest outline, to attempt such a survey.

The simplest and clearest way of approaching the subject is to begin by setting forth the nature of the material with which international relations are concerned. When we have before us a view of the business which has to be conducted, we shall be better able to form a judgment on the machinery needed for its effective discharge. No business man would dream of organizing an office before he had a knowledge of the business that passed through it. Yet a good deal of the current comment on the problem of international relations is carried on in complete detachment (to use no stronger word) from the nature of the material with which it is professedly concerned. A survey of this material will enable us at the same time to measure the change in the character of international contacts which has taken place during the last two generations, and to appreciate the change in international machinery which has already taken place as its natural consequence. The school of writers in Europe and elsewhere who maintain that the fabric of civilization is dissolving and that the world is relapsing into chaos are simply ignorant of the facts.

The business of international relations, the business that is arising out of the relations between sovereign states, transacted through public officials, may to-day be grouped roughly under five heads.

First, to begin with the easiest, there are routine matters arising out of international contacts. These fill the greater number of the files which occupy the desks of the officials concerned with international relations in foreign offices and elsewhere. Two groups of business may be specified among them. There is the material arising out of the appointment and transference, the regular reports and special recommendations, of ambassadors, ministers, consuls, and other officials residing abroad; and there is

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the material arising out of the network of treaties concluded on what may be called the noncontentious side of international relations — the prevention of disease and crime, the improvement of communications, the promotion of science and scientific standards in the numerous regions in which mankind is moving, by general agreement, toward a greater uniformity. All this is part of what has increasingly become in recent generations the fabric of a common civilization.

The second group of material, which is distinguished by no clear line of demarcation from the first, deals with what may be described as routine matters outside the zone of agreed principles. We pass here insensibly from routine administration to diplomacy proper. All civilized states are agreed as to the desirability of extraditing criminals, of facilitating postal, telegraphic, wireless, and other means of communication, of providing effective quarantine regulations against plague, promoting safety at sea, and so on. But when we pass to business, however insignificant, involving such issues as the Open Door, the equality of races, the control of immigration in the homeland or in dependencies, the Monroe Doctrine, we pass from a region of agreed principles to a region of difficulty, contention, and possible danger. Such business cannot be transacted by standing upon agreed first principles and working out convenient ways of putting them into practice. It must be transacted by avoiding the discussion of first principles, or, at any rate, their logical and methodical application, and working out a provisional arrangement such as will meet the immediate need of the moment without arousing popular passion or prejudice. This is the characteristic work of foreign offices and ambassadors. It is this which distinguishes their work, and the qualities required from it, from the work of administration in the domestic departments of government and from the work of administrators, at Geneva or elsewhere, who are carrying out the provisions of a general treaty.

The third class of business, which impinges closely on the second, is what is described, sometimes with bated breath, as 'high policy.' It is concerned with the handling of issues arising not out of ordinary routine contacts, whether in the noncontentious or the contentious zone, but out of the *policies* of the powers, and especially of the Great Powers. The difference between a principle and a policy, in foreign affairs as elsewhere, is the difference between passivity and self-assertion. Disagreement about principles may leave the waters of diplomacy unruffled; but it is of the essence of policy to awaken life and movement. There is nothing regrettable about this. It is as right and healthy for a state to have a foreign policy as for an individual to manifest his personality. A state without a foreign policy is a dead state. If, for fear of the resulting contacts and clashes, civilized states and their foreign ministers forbore to put forward policies, and thus abstained from seeking to incorporate in the general world-order principles which they held to be of value, mankind would be spared the risk of warfare only to perish of inanition.

If Britain stands for the lowering of fiscal barriers and a one-power standard of naval strength as essential to her life and security; if Japan stands for the recognition of the equality of nations as essential to her self-respect; if Australia stands for the exclusion of nonwhite immigrants as essential to the survival of her national personality; if the United States stands for the Monroe Doctrine, and the Open Door in the Far East and elsewhere, nothing

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is to be gained by attempting to repress, conceal, or ignore these fixed and firm expressions of national will and determination. They are indeed far more dangerous repressed than expressed.

On the other hand, everything depends on the manner of their expression. Generally speaking, it is not nowadays in policies themselves that danger lies, but in their handling. There have been criminal autocracies, as recently as 1914; but the criminal democracy is not a real source of peril. It is the unwise, ignorant, and precipitate democracy, pushing a policy, not in itself unreasonable, by unreasonable and unimaginative means, which constitutes the danger-point at the present time. And it is the main function and justification of foreign secretaries and diplomats to promote the fixed policies and permanent interests of their countries in a manner so persuasive and reasonable as to make them intelligible to peoples who necessarily view the same issues from very different angles of vision.

Wise statesmanship can go far in the promotion even of contentious and difficult policies without evolving active displeasure or bringing about a crisis. But it remains true, even under the most prudent and tactful régime, that complications with a foreign power will occur, sometimes, as in the Venezuela boundary dispute of 1895, from unforeseen and relatively trivial causes. Such complications involve the fourth class of international business, the material which, whatever its nature, or the importance or insignificance of the opposing state, may be described as *disputes*. It is in the technique of the handling of this class of material, as we shall see, that very notable improvements in international organization have been made in recent years.

Finally, affecting and affected by the work of those who conduct foreign relations, but not actually administered by them, are the armed forces upon which states rely, in the last resort, for the maintenance of their independence and the promotion of their policies. The acutest form of international contact is war.

II

Having thus rapidly surveyed the material of international relations, we may turn to consider the organization available for dealing with it.

The recognized method of transacting international business is through a special department of state, the foreign office or ministry of external affairs, with its staff of ambassadors, ministers, and consuls abroad, in regular communication with it. The foreign office as an institution dates back to the middle of the seventeenth century, and the institution of permanent legations, adopted by Britain, France, Spain, and Germany as early as the end of the fifteenth century, became regular among the civilized states in the seventeenth century. Foreign offices and their agents abroad were, in fact, until comparatively recently, apart from the personal activities of monarchs and heads of states, practically the sole channel of international intercourse. Not only the routine business in normal times but the conferences and congresses which supervened in time of crisis were left in the hands of foreign secretaries and their personnel. The 'staff of secretaries and Foreign Office assistants' with which Lord Salisbury and his chief repaired to the Berlin Congress in 1878 did not differ in composition from the staff which accompanied Castlereagh to Vienna in 1814.

But in the period between the Berlin Congress of 1878 and the Paris Conference of 1918 an important, if little noticed, change occurred in the conduct of international relations. A number

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of routine matters belonging to the first, or noncontentious, class specified above were withdrawn from the management and, in some cases, from the control of foreign offices, and handed over to special bodies created by treaty for that purpose. The process, in fact, had begun a few years before 1878, and was a direct and inevitable result of the nineteenth-century inventions and the immense increase in international contacts which resulted from them. The most important of these new agencies may be briefly enumerated. The International Telegraph Office of the International Telegraph Union was established in 1868. The International Post Office of the International Postal Union was established in Berne in 1874. The International Office of Weights and Measures for states using the metric system was established in Paris in 1875. The International Union for the Publication of Customs Tariffs, with its office in Brussels, dates from 1890; the Central Office of International Transports at Berne also from 1890; the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome from 1905, and the International Health Office in Paris from 1907.

Two reflections suggest themselves from a perusal of this list. In the first place, the subjects which it covers are not only noncontentious but of a kind to invite uniformity — in other words, management by an international authority. Posts and telegraphs, weights and measures, transport, the prevention of disease, and the dissemination of information about tariffs and crops, are all matters which can safely be withdrawn from the day-by-day management and vigilance of separate sovereign governments and allowed to become what may be described as international material. I remember once calling on a clergyman of my acquaintance just after he had returned from a visit to the hospital. I asked him whether he confined his ministrations to patients of his own denomination. 'Did you ever hear,' he replied, 'of Jewish dropsy, Presbyterian measles, or Roman Catholic housemaid's knee?' The material of the International Health Office is material from which every drop of the bitter waters of nationalism has been squeezed out. It is, therefore, material which can be studied impersonally, supernationally, scientifically, in the interests and under the auspices of mankind as a whole. And what is true of health is true, if in a lesser degree, of most of the other material for which international unions and offices had been created before the war.

The other reflection which leaps to the mind from the list is that the matters with which it is concerned have now ceased to be foreign-office material, even at the domestic end. Posts and telegraphs have passed from the foreign secretary to the postmaster-general; tariffs, weights and measures, and transport to the department of commerce or board of trade; crop reports to the department or board of agriculture, and health to the ministry of health. In other words, contact is in these cases no longer between foreign office and foreign office, or between foreign office and this or that international board, but between the specialized departments of the various governments and the international boards concerned with the same material. Instead of a single form of contact, through the agency traditionally and rightly concerned with the maintenance of the national interest and prestige, we now have a whole series of contacts through agencies established to promote human welfare in various departments of social activity. States which used to touch one another with a single finger, the finger of power, now meet

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with a handclasp in a spirit of collaboration and joint human service.

So far we have been dealing with international relations prior to the World War. But in this, as in other spheres of international organization, the war, by creating new problems, forced men to take stock of the progress already achieved. For the contacts between the Allied states in the war were not exclusively military, naval, and diplomatic, as in previous wars, but extended along the whole line of governmental activity. There was hardly a department which was not required to contribute from its expert service to the Allied collaboration. By the autumn of 1918 the Interallied organization had reached a point of development far beyond the wildest dreams of pre-war administrative internationalism. Never before in human history has the world been so regimented in its activities, from Iceland to Australia and from tonnage to tobacco, as in the closing months of the war. This amazing achievement of collaboration disappeared with the disappearance of the common purpose which had sustained it; but its administrative experience remains. The lessons to be drawn from the experiment have been ably and lucidly summarized by Sir Arthur Salter, one of the men most closely concerned in it, in his volume on the *Allied Shipping Control;* and from his pages we can learn of the prospects and pitfalls of international organization in the field of noncontentious activities. What is wanted, he sums up, to make international administration more effective is 'morally, a great effort of faith,' and 'administratively, a great effort of decentralization.'

Future historians, looking back over the process of world-integration, are likely to fix on Article XXIV of the Covenant of the League of Nations as the most epoch-making section of that much-discussed document. That article, which has lain quietly under the hedge while the battle raged to and fro over its more obtrusive colleagues, lays it down that 'There shall be placed under the direction of the League all international bureaux already established by general treaties if the parties to such treaties consent'; and adds that 'all such international bureaux and all commissions for the regulation of matters of international interest hereafter constituted shall be placed under the direction of the League.'

It is by virtue of this article that the Secretariat at Geneva does a large and expanding part of its day-by-day work. The work of the Secretariat is not, as is commonly supposed, a work of 'centralization.' It is a work of coördination. Its significance lies, not in the importance of the material that it is handling, or in the number and authority of the governments which allow part of their domestic concerns to pass through its hands, but in the fact that it is engaged in working out a satisfactory technique for the collaboration of governments in the handling of problems which are at once too intricate and domestic to be centralized and too international in their ramifications to be solved by individual governments acting in isolation. We are a long way yet from the full possibilities of administrative internationalism. There are a host of thorny problems — the conservation of the world's mineral resources is an outstanding example — which are not yet ripe for the sober Geneva technique. But the mould is there ready to hand; and when the public opinion of the world is prepared for the experiment, the metal can be poured into it.

So far we have been concerned entirely with the first, or noncontentious,

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class of international contacts. It was necessary to emphasize the transformation that has taken place in the transaction of this class of business, because it indicates the general drift and direction of international organization. The world cannot be integrated by sentimental crusades against war or by ingenious devices to conceal divergences of high policy. Diplomacy is, at best, only a makeshift, and propaganda, however well-meaning, is hardly even a makeshift. Integration must begin with the material that is ready for it. Fifty years ago the world was not ready, Britain was not ready, for an opium policy. What is being done for opium and dangerous drugs to-day may be practicable for oil, or nickel, or tin to-morrow.

What is important, let it be repeated, is not what has already been achieved, but the testing of the soundness of the method of procedure. We know now that it is possible, when public opinion is ripe for it, to take a problem 'out of politics,' or, to be more accurate, out of diplomacy, and to entrust it to a body of men drawn from many nations who have the training and outlook, not of the negotiator and old-time statesman, but of the doctor and the scientist. This is what is meant when it is claimed that Geneva has given the world for the first time an international civil service, an organized body of servants of mankind. This surely marks one of the greatest advances ever made in the art of managing human affairs. Yet it has been effected without doing violence to existing principles and ideals. It does not reject democracy and substitute the tyranny of the expert, nor does it invalidate national sovereignty by the imposition of a centralized oligarchy. It merely enables the free self-governing peoples of the world, if and so long as they desire it, to employ the best men and the best means for collaboration in problems which no government, however powerful, can solve for itself alone.

III

We pass now to our second class of business, the zone of contention, difficulty, and danger. What means exist for improving the handling of this still essentially diplomatic material? It has already been said that governments, in dealing with this material, are compelled to avoid the discussion of principles. There are few more fatal errors in statesmanship than the attempt to push a principle, however apparently unexceptionable, which important parties to the negotiation are not prepared to accept. In the existing state of opinion in Australia about the equality of races, to take an instance replete with possibilities of controversy, it is idle to seek to lay down a general principle as the basis of an agreed world-policy. It may be that in a few generations' time Australians will feel as much ashamed of their present attitude toward nonwhite races as Englishmen do of their mid-nineteenth-century opium-policy. It is, however, much more likely that the problem conveniently summed up in the slogan, racial equality, will be seen in a different light; that numerous interrelations, at present unperceived, will be brought into view; and that, if the problem as we see it now has not been solved, some elements of it will have been disengaged and found susceptible of non-contentious treatment. A survey of these and kindred attitudes suggests that the existence of strong feeling among any people or peoples in opposition to what seems to be an enlightened and progressive world-policy should be taken as an indication that the question has not been sufficiently explored.

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What then is the line of advance? Surely it should be an advance in double column. The diplomatist, working necessarily by rule of thumb, meeting each crisis and difficulty as it arises, must keep in close touch with the prevailing sentiment of the opposing parties. Meanwhile, outside the range of day-by-day solutions and provisional formulæ, students of politics must be attacking the problem from every angle, seeking to probe its difficulties and to disengage some elements which admit of a more scientific treatment. The fact that a problem is not yet ripe for scholars and scientists to manage is no reason why they should abstain from considering it. On the contrary, it is a challenge to submit it to the process, first of research and then of expert conference, in the hope that conference may lead in due time to consultation by governments, and that the recommendations thus arrived at may eventually form the basis of an agreed policy.

Scholarship and statesmanship necessarily dwell in different worlds, as Plato told us long ago; but in this at least Geneva has brought his *Republic* to life, in that it has provided, and will increasingly provide, for their meeting and collaboration. Diplomacy is still necessarily diplomacy, and rash attempts to impose solutions by pressure and propaganda may have broken down; but the philosophers and the engineers, the economists, the chemists and the geologists, the doctors and the lawyers, have been enticed down from their ivory tower to the consulting-room, to their own advantage and that of mankind.

In one of these departments, indeed, that of law, a definite and fundamental relationship has been established with international politics. The International Court of Justice has, at present, but a restricted scope of activity. Its work is confined to questions which arise under treaties, or within the very limited area of agreed principles known as 'established international law.' But we have only to look back, not to Grotius, but to Austin, to realize what an achievement it is to have secured any real terra firma at all amid the hazards and vicissitudes of the world's affairs; and the setting-up of the Hague court, like the institution of the Geneva Secretariat, marks, in Mr. Hoover's words, a 'sound and sure step' toward the ultimate establishment of world-wide 'processes of justice and moral right.'

In the third sphere, that of high policy, there has been, as a result of the war, a remarkable advance in the understanding of the possibilities and limitations of organization. The first result of the war was to drive men to simple and ultra-idealistic solutions. The war, it was argued, had arisen out of the diplomatic struggle between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, itself a product of the European tradition of the Balance of Power. The post-war settlement therefore should provide for the disappearance of all alliances and for the extinction of the idea of a balancing equipoise. They should be replaced by a comprehensive partnership of peoples working with single-minded community of purpose in a League of Nations. In other words, it was proposed to replace Triple-Alliance policy, Triple-Entente policy, and American Monroe-Doctrine policy by world-policy, carried on by the powers, especially the Great Powers, in close and organized coöperation.

In the light of what has happened in the last four and a half years this notion may well seem fantastic to-day, and there are some who will even deny that it was ever entertained in the framing of the Covenant. But it must be remembered that in 1918 men were living under the impression of the close

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war-time collaboration of the Allies, and that, on the British side at any rate, there had been an encouraging precedent. When the framers of the 'Cecil draft' devised their plan of the Council of the League, or Conference, as they preferred to call it, they modeled it deliberately on the Conference of Premiers in the British Commonwealth, one of whose main functions was, and is, to arrive at a common foreign policy for six or more peoples in five continents. It is true that, as General Smuts has remarked, a common policy for the British Empire must necessarily be drawn up on very simple lines; but the difficulties which have since arisen, in connection with the Japanese Alliance, the Near East, and other questions, were not then foreseen; and even now, in spite of all, and with necessary modifications, the Conference of Premiers to frame a common British foreign policy remains a standing institution.

But what is barely practicable for Britain has proved totally impracticable for the world at large. It is true that the experiment was never given a fair chance; for when room on the Council was found for four (now six) so-called representatives of the lesser states, appropriately called 'states with special interests,' any chance that it would be used by the Great Powers as an organ of high policy was dissipated. But it is probable that, in any case, the idea of such a world-organ was too ambitious. The questions that form the material of high policy are too various and scattered, the passions and interests involved are too diverse, the responsibilities too unequally divided between continent and continent, and, above all, the angles of vision from which they are approached are too divergent, to permit of the framing of a real partnership. Quite apart from the breakdown of this side of the League's original design, all sorts of natural causes, psychological, political, and economic, have been operating since the Armistice to drive peoples and governments away from the idea of world-partnership in high policy back to the idea of special affinities and alliances.

We need only mention the close association between France and Belgium, the Little Entente between Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, with which Poland is in such close touch, the revival of Monroe-Doctrine sentiment in the United States, and the Four-Power pact limited to the regions of the Pacific.

But these new groupings, closely examined, bear a very different character from that of the traditional European system, and give a clear indication of the direction in which we must look for a reconciliation between the vigorous pursuit of national interests and the necessities of a harmonious world-order. In the first place they are public, not secret; in the second place they are regional and not general; thirdly, and most important of all, they are not merely compatible with, but actually sanctioned by, the Covenant of the League and therefore included within its larger framework. As for noncontentious issues Article XXIII is all-important, so Article XXI is pivotal for the future conduct of high policy.

'Nothing in this Covenant,' it runs, 'shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration and regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace.'

Thus the present possibilities for international organization in the field of high policy seem clearly indicated. There is no super-government. We are far even from true international cooperation. We are limited to regional

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coöperation, backed up, on the one hand, by an elastic concert of the Great Powers, operating through conferences, as and when the need arises, and, on the other, by formal and strongly guaranteed precautions against a breach of the world's peace. The post-war world still finds France more interested in her eastern frontier than in the Far East, the United States more interested in Panama and China than in the Rhine, Australia more interested in the Pacific islands than in Upper Silesia, Czechoslovakia and Poland more interested in the evolution of Russia than in the Tacna-Arica controversy.

Those who are disappointed with this situation, and with a world in which (to quote from a disillusioned member of the Geneva Assembly) 'nations are only internationally minded where their own interests are not immediately concerned,' should remember that the substitution of democracy for autocracy in the conduct of the policy of the Great Powers has necessarily tended, in the early stages, to the advantage of passion as against reason. It was easier for Bismarck and Lord Salisbury in the eighteen-eighties to take long-distance views on questions of national interest than it was for Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau in 1919. On the other hand, the reader of Bismarck's dispatches and of Lord Salisbury's life rises with a vivid sense of the definite advance brought about in the conduct of high policy since their time.

The framework of the League may seem a weak and flimsy bulwark against the forces of national growth and self-assertion which it is designed to check or channel. But as public opinion comes to realize the meaning and incidence of its various safeguards, as, when occasion arises, its provisions against the validity of secret engagements, against sudden resort to war, against inequitable commercial policies and proved abuses in colonial government, are brought into play, it will become increasingly clear that, if the ship of high policy is still tossing on a rough and partly uncharted ocean, at least she has a compass and strong anchors, and a crew pledged and eager to bring her to port.

We have already encroached upon the fourth region — that of disputes. Here Articles XII to XVII of the League, together with the Bryan treaties, mark an advance which has not yet been fully realized. They commit civilized states to the doctrine that to resort to war without inquiry and delay, in however good a cause, is an international crime.

In other words, they make, once and for all, a broad distinction, too often ignored in discussing the events of 1914, between the predisposing and determining causes of a breach of the peace. This distinction is a direct result of the interdependence of the modern world. Historians of the nineteenth and previous centuries have not been wont to ask who lit the match which embroiled Piedmont with Austria or the Kingdom of Naples, or William III with Louis XIV, or Queen Elizabeth with Philip II. Bismarck, who manœuvred declarations of war against his master both in 1866 and in 1870, was perhaps the first to see the importance of formal correctitude in the initiation of hostilities. But it was the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, followed by the German ultimata to Russia, France, and Belgium, which brought home to public opinion that, in our modern large-scale world, the way in which a dispute is handled is of more concern to mankind than its actual merits. All that remains, after the formulation of the League's provisions against a breach of the peace, is to ensure that their sanctions will be effective. This is the object of the joint

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scheme of disarmament and guaranties, partly general and partly regional in scope, which Lord Robert Cecil and the Temporary Mixed Commission on Disarmament are preparing for the consideration of the League Assembly next September. Its details are too complicated to be discussed here, and the degree to which military force, sea power, and economic power are to coöperate in the enforcement of peace will form the subject of much debate; but the general principle, that of the organized coöperation of the police forces of civilization against a law-breaking state, or, in other words, the organization of Might behind Right, may surely be regarded as acceptable to practically every school of opinion.

Our argument has already carried us forward from disputes to armaments. Of armaments in general there is indeed little to be said. They are a symptom, not a disease; a thermometer by which to register the fever in the blood of the world's body politic, not a germ to be extirpated by direct action. The road to the reduction of armaments lies through the promotion of confidence by wise policy. And the road to the promotion of confidence in statesmanship is the same as in any other department of responsible trusteeship — through a large-minded prudence in the assumption of obligations, a strict and even pedantic loyalty in their observance, through continuity in the framing of policies, tact and consistency and patience in their promotion, and a keen and delicate sense of what is owing both to the comity of nations and to the interests of which statesmanship is the trustee. And of statesmanship of this order in the post-war world, at last provided with sure precautions and anchorage against a drift to disaster, of men such as Cecil, Bourgeois, and Beneš in the Old World, and of others whom it would be invidious to mention in the New, surely we may apply the words which Newman used of the scholar in his ideal university: —

'The intellect which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands and how its path lies from one point to another.'

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE ART OF SITTING DOWN

'I THINK I know how to sit down to look at life.' Thus Pierre de Coulevain in the introduction to her *Sur la Branche*. It is a sentence thoroughly French, in its matter and in its origin. She has adapted it, she tells us, from Corot. If you wish to realize, he said, to understand, 'to seize,' the soul of a landscape, you must 'savoir s'asseoir' know how to sit down. Life is not written so that he who runs may read. Ruskin expresses the same idea in *Præterita*, where he speaks of that 'patience in looking, and precision in feeling, which afterwards, with due industry, formed my analytical power.' As a child, he often passed days contentedly 'in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of [the] carpet; — examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses.' The art of sitting down may be practised, you see, in England, or even in the United States; but Americans who wish to become truly proficient will find Paris the ideal place to study.

There are, for instance, the cab-drivers. I think especially of a certain stand at the corner of the rue Babylone. (Is there, I wonder, a significance in the name? By the waters of Babylon, you remember, the prophet sat down.) When we moved to the apartment — it was always known as *the* apartment, as if there were no others in the city worth mentioning — we marked that cab-stand, its drooping horses slanting into dingy nose-bags, and thought how convenient it would be on mornings when we were late in starting for the office. Less than a week had elapsed, when a sunny June day saw us, Louise having been dilatory with the *eau chaud*, panting round the corner full twenty minutes behind our time. Under the plane trees on the boulevard stood one solitary man guarding six slanting horses. Breathless, we asked for a carriage. Very good. But we wanted it at once. Impossible; the *cochers* were at breakfast. A wave of the hand indicated a tree-shaded *buvette* on the other side of the road. All of them at breakfast? Why, of course, all of them. Politely mild surprise was indicated in the lift of the eyebrows at our implication that one might breakfast alone when good company was to be had. When would they have finished? Oh, in twenty minutes, perhaps. We walked, but we did not hurry; we were beginning to learn.

The French know how to sit down at their work as well as at their meals. There is a printer's on the rue St.-Honoré where I used to go to read proof on Red Cross bulletins. Instead of the elevator to the twelfth story by which you reach your press in New York, you step into the shadow of an archway, where a tiny crowd is gathered about a dark-eyed girl singing to the accompaniment of a wailing violin. You cross a little stone-paved court, stumble down two worn old steps, and stoop suddenly through a dingy door into the shop. A counter, a desk, a dusty light, and a tall, immaculate Englishman in a high wing-collar. He is the proprietor. Fifteen years a printer in Paris, he wears that fatalistic, slightly bewildered look of the Anglo-Saxon who has tried to hurry the East.

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He has learned at last to sit down, but he still does it under protest.

His partner is a thin elderly Frenchman, with an abortive Van Dyck beard and a beautiful sad courtesy. The head of the composing-room — printer's ink is a better obliterater of nationality than any melting-pot — is a thick, square Hindu, who speaks his English with a cockney accent though he learned his trade in Seattle. His domain is separated from the office only by a swinging door, but since there are no linotype machines, and most of the presses are worked by hand, this is rather a convenience than otherwise. The typesetters are all French, — most of them have wooden legs or walk on crutches, — and though they follow English copy surprisingly well, they hyphenate in the convenient French manner, simply stopping a word with whatever letter chances to come at the end of the line. It necessitates some rather drastic proof-reading; the whole system is not quite what one would call expeditious; but, after all, what is the use of expedition?

I came in to read proof about five o'clock one dark afternoon, and found the French partner working at his desk, while, in the corner, his stenographer made tea on a little alcohol stove. Monsieur C—— insisted, despite my protests, that I occupy his desk and chair while he continued his writing at the counter. Then, while I displaced hyphens and corrected strange misspellings, the little stenographer placed at my elbow a rose-patterned china cup and a *petit pain* spread with marmalade. It was late in the day, we were all three working hard, but the fragrant steam shed about us an aroma of leisure and of calm. Proof-reading became, not a drive against time, but a dignified and charming occupation. My mind swung back to a night in a New York press, some months before, when, dinnerless at nine-thirty, I had stood reading wet proof-sheets as if the future of the country hung on my having them O.K.'d by ten o'clock.

The most commonplace things of life become beautiful when you sit down to look at them. Lunch, for instance — how exquisite and graceful a thing when two hours are dedicated to its consumption instead of fifteen minutes! How pleasant is a daily paper with time for philosophy and literature on its front page! And the very names of things! The French do not baptize their streets, for instance, with regard to the length of time it will take to spell the name over the telephone or to write it on an envelope. The Street of Our Lady of the Fields, the Street of the Market of St.-Honoré, the Street of the Halberd, the Street of the Dancing Goat, the Street of the Jumping Dog, the Street of the Trapped Cats. Here is prayer, and humor, and romance, and history. You cannot hurry down those streets; you must stroll along them slowly, swinging your cane, looking at life and savoring it. There is a street in Orléans which could have been named only by a people who, through generations, have looked at life slowly and steadily, and seen it whole. La rue des Pensées, the Street of Thoughts; it is perhaps the perfect symbol of the art of sitting down.

JACKSON

MR. J. A. JACKSON, whose interesting experience I have just been reading in one of those signed editorials that add so much to the attractiveness of our more popular magazines, is, by his own description, a 'vigorous, two-fisted he-man,' who owes this emphatic masculinity to the jolly practice of exercising ten minutes a day to music.

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Stand on your toes,
Tum-tum! Tum-tum!
Breathe through your nose,
Tum-tum!
Stick out your chin,
Your stomach draw in,
Tum-tum! Teetumtum!
Tum-tum!

But Mr. Jackson was not always so vigorous, so double-fisted, so, in a word, *he*. There was a time, not so very long ago, when he envied Mr. Kennedy, Walter Kennedy, who 'came down to the office with the vigor and freshness of a boy — the man with the sparkle in his eye, indicating health, and a springy step that confirmed the indication. Answers to business problems that baffled the rest of us, came with surprising ease to Kennedy.'

It puzzled and, as we now say, intrigued Mr. Jackson; and he tactfully questioned the superman.

Kennedy laughed — no doubt a vigorous, two-fisted, he-laugh. 'The splendid health and energy which I enjoy now,' said he, 'and which I expect to have when I am in my nineties, is due to certain exercises combined with music. It is a method I learned of a few months ago, when I was about as weakly, sickly, lackadaisical and nervous a chap as you'd meet in a month of Sundays. I was a wreck. Why, I expect to live to be at least a hundred, and I'll be a real man every day I am on this old earth.'

The best of it is that what Kennedy and Jackson accomplished — *I can do too!* I also may become vigorous, two-fisted, and 'he.'

Stand on your toes,
Tum-tum! Tum-tum!
Breathe through your nose,
Tum-tum!

All I need is the phonograph; for, although I can, and do, perform the same gyrations in silence, I do not get the same results as Mr. Jackson. Mr. Jackson's muscles began immediately to take on a 'corded look' (similar, I imagine, to those of Mr. Dempsey when about to strike M. Carpentier), which I miss in my own. Everybody soon noticed the improvement in him; nobody has noticed any improvement in me. If J. A. Jackson were writing this essay, he would, I dare say, have already finished it, and started another. It must be the music.

It is a commonplace of human nature that civilized man is so fundamentally averse to regular exercise, and at the same time so reasonably certain of its beneficial effect, that he frequently begins with determination, and rarely keeps at it long enough to do him any good. If regular exercise were a bad habit, it would be easier to acquire. But the practice offends no present conception of moral behavior, and is so unattractive to the average man that the few of exceptional strength of character (like myself) who *do their exercises on the Sabbath* have escaped observation. This, of course, would have been impossible, except by the hypocrisy of a 'sacred concert,' if we had done them to music. The exerciser might be impelled by vanity (as in my own case, who saw myself with apprehension growing wider and wider in proportion to my height), or by ambition (like Mr. Jackson, who found himself stumped by business problems that Mr. Kennedy handled with the careless ease of a schoolgirl disposing of an ice cream soda); he might exercise to postpone his death or to improve his appetite for breakfast; but, whatever his motive, nobody argued or pleaded with him to stop before it was too late. Everybody, in fact, knew that he would. It was a good habit, and some men, wise in self-knowledge, and wealthy enough to afford the painful luxury, every now and then hired an ex-pugilist to make them practise it.

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But the addition of music may, and very likely will, make a great difference. Subtract music from the dance — and what enthusiastic maiden (or she-girl) would honestly exclaim, 'I could dance *forever!*' Add music to the daily exercises — and may we not presently hear a like spontaneous tribute to the inexhaustible joy of doing them? Already, in many cases — for I have no doubt that men of all ages and everywhere have read and been influenced by the experience of J. A. Jackson — this idea must have affected exercise as the invention of the typewriter has affected authorship, making what was once a quiet, self-respecting, and private occupation often (to put it bluntly) a neighborhood nuisance. It's all very fine for the poet, composing a song to dawn, and up early to get the proper atmosphere; but think of the poor mother trying to put her babe to sleep in the house across the street! This, however, is an intruding thought; and indeed, if we substitute Mr. Jackson for the poet, the music might lull the babe, and the poor mother seize the opportunity to do her own daily exercises, without having to wind up the phonograph. Nay more, a little later in the morning, one band might suffice for several adjacent houses, and the entire neighborhood, men, women, and children, could begin the day by exercising together.

There is, it appears, a health-wave as well as a crime-wave, and the ancient slogan of Horace, *mens sana in corpore sano*, runs in effect through the advertising pages, cunningly modified to offset the natural laziness of civilized man by the promise of quick results. We are not only advised to exercise ten minutes a day to music, but we are told to eat yeast-cakes between meals, so that some future novelist may deduce that this was a social custom comparable to the earlier taking of snuff. A vitamine to the rescue! Hardly a page away from Mr. Jackson (whose very picture is so radiant of 'pep' that I almost sneeze and fall over backward when I look at it), I find the experience of 'an old man at fifty,' who made the happy discovery that 'by practising a few simple exercises each morning before arising, he was gradually but surely winning back health and strength. Yes, actually exercising in bed! Just a series of gentle exercises, of an original sort, devised by himself, proved his salvation.' He is now a 'young man at seventy-two,' and I have no doubt that many an honest citizen, with the book of directions by his bedside, tries to do those gentle exercises of an original sort before he gets up. This is not a matter that concerns the neighbors, and in most cases, I dare say, the gentle exercises will soon put him to sleep.

But the point of general interest is that this movement is not exclusively for the young: it is a call to us middle-aged, irrespective of sex, — for what is sauce for the gander is sauce also for the goose, — to front our declining years with courage. If it lacked reasonable response, the call would soon cease. And it is altogether a braver and better way to front them, if we may believe a contemporary essayist, than was that of the middle-aged a hundred years ago.

'As we advance in life,' wrote Hazlitt, 'we acquire a keener sense of the value of time. Nothing else, indeed, seems of any consequence; and we become misers in this respect. We try to arrest its last few tottering steps, and to make it linger on the brink of the grave. We can never leave off wondering how that which has been should cease to be, and would still live on, that we may wonder at our own shadow, and when "all the life of life is flown," dwell on the retrospect of the past. This is accompanied by a mechanical tenacious-

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ness of whatever we possess, and a sense of fallacious hollowness in all we see. Instead of the full, pulpy feeling of youth, everything is flat and insipid.'

Not much, Mr. Hazlitt.

> Stand on your toes,
> Tum-tum! Tum-tum!
> Breathe through your nose,
> Tum-tum!

If we find ourselves losing that 'full, pulpy feeling of youth,' — I recommend the phrase to the ad-writers, — we will exercise ten minutes a day to music and get it back.

Only we must not expect *too much* and *all at once*. Without questioning Mr. Jackson's rapid improvement, the common experience, I feel safe in saying, is not so promptly gratifying. It is more akin to that of the sedentary gentleman who pauses to satisfy an intelligent curiosity as to what the little crowd is looking at in the shop window, and sees Hercules in person demonstrating an exercising machine. Involuntarily he compares himself with Hercules — those arms and that torso which he knows so well in his bedroom mirror, with these arms and that torso on the other side of the plate glass. It would be fine to look like that in the bedroom mirror! And why not? Presently he is inside the store, buying a 'Home Gymnasium'; and so impatient is he to begin, that he can hardly get it home fast enough. He attaches it to the wall, studies the directions, and exercises regularly for a whole week. Each morning and night he hopefully feels his biceps — but there is no material change. Even at the end of the week, he looks no more like Hercules in the bedroom mirror than he did at the beginning. It is very discouraging.

But some of us middle-aged are exercising as the middle-aged never did before.

> Stand on your toes,
> Tum-tum! Tum-tum!
> Breathe through your nose,
> Tum-tum.
> Stick out your chin,
> Your stomach draw in,
> Tum-tum! Teetumtum!
> Tum-tum!

And some of us, I hope, will stick to it, though we have to make up the music in our heads as we go along; for we, too, like Walter Kennedy, are determined to be real men every day we are on this old earth.

There is, however, one element of danger in the music: it may be questioned by those who unselfishly preoccupy themselves with such matters whether regular exercise is still a *good* habit. Mr. Jackson does not describe the music, but I hope it is not sensuous.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

'THE Family Circle' is a phrase, like 'the bosom of the family' or 'hearth and home,' associated in our minds with the intimate and narrow confines of the living-room or the dining-room of the house in which we were reared. But why? There is 'the human family,' and 'the family tree,' expressions indicating a point of view with a wider outlook. Take for instance the family tree — even that is a misnomer. It is likely to carry suspended from its boughs the names of only those among our ancestral and contemporary blood-relations who have the name of our father; but how about our mother and all our million grandmothers? Are we not equally descended from them?

There is another genealogical emblem, a sort of chart composed of ever-widening circles, which is more truly indicative of ancestry. It looks something like a picture of a cell multiplying by fission, as shown in a textbook on biology. One's own personal self and name are represented in a little circle

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in the middle, a sort of nucleus or nucleolus, encompassed by rounded boxes containing the names of one's two parents, beyond each of which spread his and her parents, and so on ad infinitum, until in ten generations one reaches the appalling number of more than two thousand little boxes, which should contain names of as many ancestors, who are just as much blood-relations as those ten in the narrow paternal line. The family circle as thus envisaged is an affair of such geometrically progressive immensity as to stagger the genealogist bent on a knowledge of his forbears rather than of the mere bearers of his name.

So also among one's contemporary relations the family circle may embrace more people and things than are dreamt of in the philosophy of those of us who keep our eye fixed singly on the relationships that are too near to be denied or too advantageous to be ignored. Suppose we should systematically acquaint ourselves with all our blood-relations, whether poor relations or rich relations, whether near or distant, whether reputable or disreputable — how our family circle would widen out under our startled vision! And we should touch with brotherly and cousinly hand the extremities of the human family. As we can, by going back far enough, reach the king on his throne and the savage on his mud-sill, so, by going about far enough, we may reach the millionaire and the nobleman in one direction, and in the other the criminal, the lunatic, and the pauper. To know all phases of life one has only to know one's own cousins.

As each of us can speak best of his own affairs, I would illustrate my point by telling about a few of my own cousins. I have among my extant cousins one who is a European prince and another who keeps the post office and general store in a village in Vermont. Among my deceased cousins whom I knew in earlier years, I number two of real and enduring fame — one of the greatest of our American poets and one of the greatest of our American criminals. The former figures in our anthologies, the latter monopolized for months the largest headlines and the most advantageous space on the first page of the newspapers from Maine to California. And all these four are cousins of one another as well as of obscure me. I don't know whether my cousins, the poet and the parricide, were friends as well as cousins. I remember them both as very fine gentlemen, the latter an especially gilded and glittering youth, of a devastating charm to a little country mouse of a cousin from New England on her infrequent visits to the bewildering metropolis.

My contemporaries, however, the Prince and the Postmaster, are enthusiastically friendly, and boast of their cousinship at every opportunity. The Prince was, of course, the offspring of one of those international marriages between an American heiress and the impoverished scion of a noble line, which are customarily inveighed against by the patriots of our native press and pulpit. When the Postmaster first heard that his uncle's daughter was to disgrace the family by going back on the bulwarks of democracy and over to the pride and prejudice of caste, he formulated the usual provincial eloquence that is *de rigueur* on these occasions; but when, twenty-five years later, the Prince appeared on his first visit to the States, and eagerly sought out the relations whom he had made every preparation to meet, — including the elimination from his vocabulary of the word peasant and the acquisition of an expletive for use in moments of emotional stress: 'Gosh!' — and treated them as if their acquaintance were the most broadening experience and the

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greatest privilege of his hitherto socially limited existence, the Postmaster discovered that the infusion of good red American blood into the weak blue fluid that circulates through the veins of the European aristocracy was the recipe for the redemption of the effete civilization of the continent.

The Prince moved among the natives of his ancestral home as one to the manner born. His serious thoughtful head, containing his omnivorously inquiring mind and a range of intellectual curiosity never before exhibited on Vermont soil, was to be viewed for hours on end by anyone visiting the post office and general store for a possible letter or an essential grocery, and was generally inclined in rapt attention toward Cousin Postmaster and his agricultural and mechanical friends, who were sawing the air on every conceivable aspect of American life from the Vermont point of view. No one so avid of information and so undiscriminating as to its nature had ever appeared in those parts before. The Prince so entirely threw the summer visitors into the shade as to shove them into the outer darkness of complete contempt. He might be a prince, but everyone was made comfortable in his presence by feeling himself temporarily a king. The foreign prince sat at the feet of the native kings and queens, and eagerly drank their words of wisdom.

Cousin Prince's powers of adaptation were indeed exceptional, as was proved on many occasions. One that I vividly recall was that of the entertainment given in his honor by Mrs. Postmaster. She had read in the ladies' periodical which she subscribed for and diligently perused, that the breakfast party combined the *chic* with the informal. A suggested menu for such an occasion was elaborately set forth, but the appropriate hour was omitted from the directions for performing this feat of hospitality. This omission, however, was hardly noticed by Mrs. Postmaster, for, of course, anyone knew what was the proper time for breakfast; so the guests were summoned for 7.30 A.M. The Prince was overwhelmed with delight at the opportunity afforded him to assist at so unique an American function. He foresightedly borrowed from the kitchen shelf that admirable native invention, the alarm clock, and in the course of his early morning toilet manufactured a defense against the ravages of the imminent feast: he was regretfully forced to confess to a slight indisposition, — the location and nature of which he elaborated with dismaying frankness, — which made it necessary for him to take only tea and toast from the festive and groaning board that had been spread in his honor. No one suffering from an alimentary affection had ever before, however, so brilliantly performed all the other functions of a guest; and the hostess had the consolation of observing that he scrutinized the courses with intense interest, even if he did not partake of them, and subsequently asked her for a copy of the menu, which she was able to furnish by just cutting out a paragraph from the printed page of her monthly guide, philosopher, and friend.

Cousin Prince had a *succès fou* in Vermont; and doubtless Cousin Postmaster would have given equal delight to the social set of his kinsman if he had been able to afford the trip across. Indeed, so might all of us enjoy these privileges of contact with circles where we do not ordinarily live and move and have our being. Here is a field which would produce a rich harvest of true democracy; for the brotherhood of man is n't a patch on the authentic cousinship of men and women. This is the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

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OUR THOMAS

I CAME across Thomas and his wife twenty years ago, on Hampstead Heath. They were hungry and homeless, so the colonel's wife and I gave them a fresh start. We rented a room, furnished it like a home, rigged them out with decent clothes, gave Thomas boots and windows to clean, with the promise of more work if he proved worthy, and composed ourselves to listen to the reproaches of our friends.

It was rash, I know. Thomas had helped a grocer, a butcher, a fishmonger, in his day; had been a laborer and a tramp; he and his wife were just out of hospital. But we longed to give them the fresh chance he implored; so we settled them in, and Mrs. Thomas encouraged him to work hard and keep her in comfort. I was brought up to speak ill of nobody, so I shall just say that Thomas is grateful and industrious, gentle-voiced and peaceable; and that his wife was none of these things.

My method of proving his honesty was simple. I gave him a golden sovereign to change for me at the post office. I sat, sick with anxiety, saying to myself: 'I've lost a sovereign, or found a friend.' Back he came, proud and breathless. I did not count the change; I just smiled to my friend.

The late Dr. Richard Garnett, Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, lived in our street; and soon Thomas was brushing the Great Man's boots. He came to me one day and said, —

'Please 'm, is the nyme o' the gen'leman up the rowd Dr. *Richard* Garnett?'

'Yes,' I said.

'Well, please 'm, Richard 's *my* nyme, bit there cawn't never be more nor *one* Richard in this 'ere street, an' thet 's the gen'leman; so will ye call me Tummas?'

So Thomas he is.

Soon he became a personality. Everybody knew him; our little street was full of kindly people who employed Thomas. He was scared of the colonel, but adored his wife, the soldier and sailor sons who came and went, and the girls in the schoolroom. They all called him 'Uncle'; the boys gave him smart socks and gay ties, and in return their bicycles shone.

Thomas has one peculiarity; all clothes fit him. He seems to shrink or swell to the desired size, and the larger the number of people whose old clothes he is wearing at one time, the prouder he is.

Soon we found that he had adopted us; he began to swagger about us. I first noticed it when I was seeing my professor husband off to lecture in America. Thomas came to Euston, too, and himself carried the two suitcases to the compartment. To an uninterested porter he explained: —

'Mawster's 'eavy luggage all went orf yestidy.'

When the train had gone I said, —

'What made you tell that porter an untruth, Thomas? You know quite well Master took no heavy luggage.'

'Yus, 'm, I do, bit I did n't want that there porter ti think my Mawster wiz trevelin' si light,' said the unabashed Thomas.

One day my brother sent me a salmon of his own catching, from his own bit of river.

'W'ere did thet come frum?' he asked, poking it.

'Mr. George caught it and sent it,' said Cook.

Thomas sniffed. 'Ye catches salmon, an' then ye eats them.' He jerked his head toward my professor's study. 'Ye writes books an' then ye puts them in a row in the book-kyse. Books lawsts longer nor salmon.'

At last, his wife died. Thomas had cooked and cleaned and washed for

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years, and had put up, with dignity and silently, with much. He and I were the only mourners; we arrived at the cemetery literally hung around with wreaths and crosses of our joint manufacture, and I was clutching a stack of 'honesty,' which Thomas said was her 'fyverite' shrub. When the coffin was lowered, he said very quietly, —

'She's out o' 'er pyne an' mis'ry, an' I'm out o' mine.'

He saw me home, and I asked him to go to tea in the kitchen.

'Naow, thenk ye,' he replied; 'I'm a-goin' right 'ome, ti put on a *big* fire, an' set right in the very middle uv the 'earth, an' 'ave a kipper ti me tea, an' 'ot towst an' drippin'.'

It was an emancipated man who spoke.

Soon after, Thomas and I went to a wedding. It was the youngest of the colonel's daughters, 'Little Miss Catherine,' as Thomas most inappropriately called her. It was bad enough to travel by bus with him, all covered with wreaths and honesty, and to have to put up with the amazed sympathy of my fellow passengers. But Catherine's wedding-bus journey was worse. It was very hot, and Thomas was perspiring freely; he was very happy, and kept telling me who had given him every article of his clothes: check trousers, knitted waistcoat, frock coat, colored shirt, smart tie, army boots, and a bowler hat, far too small. He looked like a very low-class comedian.

'Me bryces are me own,' he said complacently. He had asked if he might wear a 'fyver,' and I had not had the heart to discourage him. The favor was a huge bunch of red, white, and blue ribbons. It was the most painful journey of my life.

But everybody welcomed him; or, rather, as we had got to the church before the red carpet was down and the choir-boys had arrived, he welcomed everybody. The colonel was dead, and the family had moved to Kensington, so there were many handshakings. An admiral and the governor of one of our colonies were there, to see their young relative married, and they both remembered 'Uncle.' When the bride came, it was Thomas, bowler in hand, who opened her car door; Thomas spread her train; and Thomas managed to shut the car door on Catherine and her husband.

''Ave n't I 'ad a lot o' love showed me this dy?' said our Thomas.

Thomas grows old, and is afraid he will get dizzy one day and be run over.

'But they 'll know 'oo I am,' he told me.

I asked if he carried his name and address in his pocket.

'Better nor thet,' he answered; 'look a 'ere.'

He shewed me an old envelope, addressed to my husband, with any number of degrees after the name.

'They'll fetch me right ti you, or else tyke me ti the 'orspital, an' ring you up — an' you'll know it's not Mawster, jist me.'

Our American friends have never seen anybody quite like Thomas. They listen, amazed, while I tell them of his care of us during the war years, of his love and devotion, — nothing is ever a trouble to him, — of his grief when the young 'gen'lemen' who came so much to the house were killed, one after another. They love to hear his account of the air-raids.

'Missus said I wore n't to be frightened, so I wore n't. "Let 'em drop," I sez, "they carn't drop on me; Missus sys they won't."'

'Does he really clean your boots, and speak of "Mawster and Missus," always?' asked one friend.

'Certainly,' I said; 'why not?'

'Well, I'd like to *buy* that man, he's so servile,' he answered.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

We were a little out of breath when we had finished reading **Ramsay Traquair's** 'Women and Civilization.' He had slain with an analyst's knife most of the things we supposed eternally true about women. 'Women are more imaginative and more artistic than men,' for example. We still feel disputatious on some points, but that does n't lessen our appreciation of 'Women and Civilization.' Ramsay Traquair is the head of the department of architecture at McGill University, Montreal. He is author of 'The Canadian Type' in the June *Atlantic* and of 'The Caste System in North America,' March 1923. **A. Maude Royden** is assistant preacher at the City Temple, London. Long active in the suffrage movement in England, and the author of that widely discussed book, *Sex and Common Sense*, she has the reputation of being the most eloquent woman preacher of to-day.

* * *

James Truslow Adams is an American historian, the author of *The Founding of New England* (Atlantic Monthly Press) which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1921 for the best history of the year. His work, *Revolutionary New England: 1691–1776*, will be published in the fall. **William Lawrence,** for a generation Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts, has identified himself with every good cause, temporal as well as spiritual, with which the Church is confronted.

* * *

Wife of the novelist, **Mrs. H. G. Wells** is herself a short-story writer of grace and originality. **Lew Sarett** is a new *Atlantic* contributor. Missionary, essayist, and poet, **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** writes in this number a missionary's views of luxury and hardship in the heart of Africa. **James G. Harbord,** Major-General, U. S. A., after a remarkable career in the Regular Army, was made Chief-of-Staff of the A.E.F. in France, May 14, 1917. He later commanded the Marine Brigade near Château-Thierry, and the Second Division in the Soissons offensive, bringing home with him a reputation unsurpassed by any American soldier in the war. General Harbord has received military honors from the American, British, French, Belgian, and Italian governments.

* * *

An American mediæval scholar living in England, **H. E. Allen** is also a skillful writer of short stories. Her 'Ancient Grief' was published in the February *Atlantic*. **Katharine Lee Bates** is professor of English at Wellesley College.

* * *

As President of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, **James Bronson Reynolds** had his attention directed to the case of a Lithuanian peasant who came to this country an immigrant with high purposes and ambitions. He fell into bad company, for which Mr. Reynolds believes American social conditions in part responsible, and later, while half intoxicated and suffering from an epileptic fit, he killed a man and was sent to State's Prison for life. In his first two years in prison, he learned English and wrote a series of letters, published in this number of the *Atlantic*, which constitute a true and moving record of the life of a sensitive mind under prison conditions. **Thomas Mott Osborne,** formerly Warden of Sing Sing, is known to every American as a courageous reformer of intolerable prison conditions. He is author of *Within Prison Walls*, and *Society and Prisons*.

* * *

Henry C. Link is a psychologist who has specialized in industry. He is on the staff of the U. S. Rubber Company, and is the author of *Employment Psychology* and *Education and Industry*. **Ford Ashman Carpenter** is a consulting meteorologist of Los Angeles, and manager of the Department of Meteorology and Aeronautics of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

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Paul Hutchinson formerly a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal church in Shanghai, and editor of the *China Christian Advocate*, writes, 'I suggest that you label me as "formerly a missionary in China." The sad fact is that the activities of a certain species of Asiatic germ have caused me to fall from my former high estate.' He is at present in this country, a member of the Committee on Conservation and Advance. ¶Born in the North, but living for many years in the South as farmer and business man, **E. T. H. Shaffer** is the author of 'A New South: The Boll-Weevil Era' (*Atlantic*, January 1922) and 'A New South: The Textile Development' (*Atlantic*, October 1922). **Alfred E. Zimmern** is the English historian and scholar, author of *The Greek Commonwealth*, and *Nationality and Government*. ¶Editor and student of politics in Great Britain, **E. T. Raymond** writes at our request a study of forces and personalities in the British Labor Party. He is the author of 'British Personalities' (*Atlantic*, August 1922), and 'Leaders of British Labor' (*Atlantic*, September 1922).

* * *

An interesting confirmation and practical supplement to the paper on 'Prisons and Common Sense,' by Thomas Mott Osborne, which we print this month, is this letter from a well-known business executive, who is also President of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Ill treatment of the prisoner has been used thousands of years and has not stopped or diminished crime. On the contrary it will harden the prisoner and is apt to make him revengeful and worse than before. There is one deterrent that is of particular importance, and that is swift and sure justice. The prisoner should know that if he commits a crime it is very likely that he will be caught and will go to prison, and that there will be very little delay about it.

In order to bring about good conditions in prisons, the first essential is that the administration and those in charge of the prisons, the officials high and low, wardens, keepers, or whatever may be their titles, shall be high-grade men of good reputation and character, and shall receive fair remuneration for their services, and to have it understood that it is an honorable office if they do their work right. These officials should receive instruction how to handle the subject, to qualify them for their important duties. Brutality and the exploitation of the prisoner should cease. It should be well understood that the administration wants to help the prisoner to reform and go out of prison a better person than when he went in. Cleanliness, proper care of health, necessary exercise and recreation are imperative, but the prisoners should also be required to do a fair day's work and be employed at such work as they are fitted for and that will be useful to them when they go out of prison, so that they will likely be able to take care of themselves and their families after their discharge, and not spread disease mental or physical.

For their labor they should receive fair remuneration, and for particularly good work they should be rewarded. Part of the wages earned should be used for their maintenance and part for their families or dependents.

The prison administration, the wardens, keepers, and so forth, should set a high example of honesty and fairness. No good can possibly be accomplished if the prisoners see that those in charge of the prisons are dishonest and unjust, or if those placed over them are inferior. The prisons should, of course, be entirely taken out of politics. The education of the prisoner, both in the work which he is to perform and generally with the view of improving him, is most important and there should be the spirit of coöperation all around.

I think everybody will agree that the prisoner upon entering the prison or reformatory should be thoroughly examined as to his mental and physical state, and his treatment and the work assigned to him determined accordingly. There should of course be a competent medical staff and the right type of religious representative — the latter not only able to conduct services and carry out religious formalities, but to take a personal interest in the prisoner and help him to improve himself in a spiritual way.

I do not lay so much stress upon looking after the prisoners after their discharge, but rather to giving them the right opportunities in prison, such as education and training in the kind of work that will be of use to them when they go out and enable them to make a livelihood for themselves and their families in an honorable way. Given such opportunities in prison, the chances are that a great many of them will go straight — not all of course, as earlier habits and conditions may be too strong for some of them to overcome. Parole and probation are very good things, and the difficulty of the prisoner getting employment on account of the prejudice of a large part of the public is to be dealt with, but at the same time if the prisoner learns a trade and has good education, he is very likely to be able

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to help himself. It would more or less adjust itself.

We should overcome the inclination to harbor bitterness toward the prisoner, and, on the other hand, should avoid extreme sentimentality toward him. Both are harmful to the prisoners as well as to the general community.

It is well to bear in mind that we must not expect ideal conditions. The subject is one of the most difficult, and as no two persons are alike in every respect, general principles do not apply. We are either too severe or too lenient. The same applies to the education of children, though not in the same measure. The effect of treatment works very differently on different persons. There are some principles, however, that can be definitely applied in all cases: —

1. The proper examination of the prisoner both as to his physical and mental condition, and of his early history to determine if the causes of the crime can be established;

2. The choosing of honest and able wardens, keepers, and other officials, and the recognition by the public of the importance of their positions, credit to be given them when they deserve it;

3. People of good standing in the community to interest themselves in the matter;

4. To keep the criminal well occupied with the kind of work that he can well perform, taking into consideration his health and ability, also the kind of work which will be useful to him after his discharge;

5. Also to add to his education, not overdoing it but using some part of his time for education in various branches. Even giving some education in music and the arts, to those who have talent in that direction, might be a good thing.

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I again refer to your article in the January *Atlantic*, on 'The Technique of Being Deaf' and the helpful letters which have followed it? Perhaps others have evolved similar mileposts on the road to the goal of perfect understanding for those with defective hearing.

A charming gentleman of our acquaintance, entirely deaf, whose technique has attained the quality of art, has set up for himself a list of qualifications as his goal of achievement as a lip-reader.

The lip-reader must have: —

The eye of a huntsman.
The vision of a mind-reader.
The power of concentration of a scientist.
The sense of rhythm of a musician.
The ruthlessness of purpose of a financier.
The ability of the little boy who always guesses right the first time!

ELISABETH GREENE PREBLE.

* * *

Senator Borah will pardon our printing the comment which he sent us in a letter on Walter Lippmann's article, 'The Outlawry of War' (August *Atlantic*): —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I notice one thing in the article to which I cannot refrain from adverting for a moment. Mr. Lippmann says: 'Let Mr. Borah ask himself whether he is prepared to entrust the creation of such a code to Lord Curzon, Mr. Hughes, M. Poincaré, and Baron Kato, and so forth.'

I should not like to entrust the matter to these gentlemen, and if the public opinion were organized in the right direction, we would not have to do so.

But, assuming that we would have to entrust to them the proposition of writing an international code, I should infinitely prefer to assign them to that task rather than to assign them under the scheme of the League of Nations to govern the world without any code at all. The difference between Mr. Lippmann and others and myself is that I am not willing to erect a political autocracy without law or limitations save the unlimited discretion and unbridled will of a few men.

If we cannot have a code of international law which shall govern us, if international affairs are to be controlled by the whims and the intrigues and the unlimited discretion of politicians, then my plan is to stay out. But I am not willing to concede that a code of international law by which international affairs shall be controlled and directed cannot be established.

* * *

Mr. Nicol Macnicol, writing of the spread of industrialism in modern India, in the June *Atlantic* ('Barriers to Freedom'), remarked that a 'black steel-smelting city, called Jamshedpur, had arisen in the midst of the wide solitudes of Behar.' He went on to say that these iron-foundries work the ignorant peasant under conditions to which they are little adapted and that they themselves and their children die. We are sorry not to have space to publish the long and interesting letter written to us by Stewart M. Marshall, an experienced engineer of the company, but are glad to print the following paragraph from it: —

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I have a fair familiarity with the welfare work of large corporations in this and other parts of the world, and I know of no company where these matters have received such liberal, detailed attention, and where so large a total of the investment has been put into services of this kind as is the case with the Tata Iron and Steel Company.

* * *

Ramsay Traquair's article on 'The Canadian Type' in the June *Atlantic* has been much discussed in the press and out. Here is a friendly criticism by a Canadian: –

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread — and this rushing into the high company of your correspondents is occasioned by a very real loyalty to the *Atlantic*.

Indebted as we are for the sympathetic study given 'Johnny Canuck,' one fears that certainly an inadequate, and in some respects an incorrect, impression of Canada has been given by Professor Traquair to the American people. Hence this rash adventure in your mail!

Professor Traquair dismisses the Prairies and Ontario with little more than mere mention. What is perhaps the most distinctive note in our national character is being struck west of the Great Lakes. From the Ontario farms and towns and cities the pioneers of that new life west of the lakes set forth. Ontario and the West are intimately linked with each other. As for Ontario, we wish to suggest that she is too vital a factor to be casually omitted. Out of the 8,000,000 of Canada's people 2,700,000 live in Ontario. That province combines the life of the large city (Toronto is nearing the 700,000 mark), the small town, the rural community, and the vast hinterland with its rugged and adventurous pioneers. Income-tax returns for last year show that in corporation and general income-taxes Ontario leads all the Provinces of the Dominion; the total for Ontario being $29,369,052 and for Quebec $19,014,016. Could Boston fail to appreciate the influence on the type that is exerted by the University of Toronto — the State University — which has the largest enrollment of any university in the British Empire, not to speak of the three other universities in Ontario?

It is quite a jump from Ontario to Nova Scotia, but we make it almost every year on vacation and have spent several seasons on her coasts as a 'Sky Pilot.' Therefore to the statement that the typical 'bluenose' is 'a little suspicious of strangers' we take most vehement exception. Any commercial traveler or tourist will take issue with Professor Traquair on that point. And the statement — or rather the inference from it — that 'Nova Scotia is a land of schools' should not pass unchallenged, for it is not true of the Nova Scotia of to-day.

We feel much better now and if you put your foot on the top of the already overflowing wastebasket we are sure you will be able to crowd this 'folio' into its friendly and expectant space! And in spite of all we are most loyally yours!

H. M. PEARSON.

* * *

When in this Column we touched upon the phenomenon described by a correspondent of the transmutation of horsehairs into water snakes, we did so in the same spirit in which we might discuss the vagaries of dragons, unicorns, sea serpents and all the familiar fauna of childhood. A legend which reproduces itself from age to age seemed to us diverting. But the scientists, watching us divert ourselves thus unseemly, have written to warn us of their 'amazement' that we should accept such exceedingly natural Natural History. If we may do so without desecrating the Temple of Science, we should like to print one more letter which we have received: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read in the July *Atlantic* Mrs. Pearsall's article on 'Snakes Developing from Horsehair.' Our watering-trough was similar to the one she described, and I have seen the 'horsehair snakes' in the water. On examining them, I found that they were made up of numerous small insects clinging closely to the horsehair and entirely covering it.

JAS. A. MOORE.

How is that for high?

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